VISIT…

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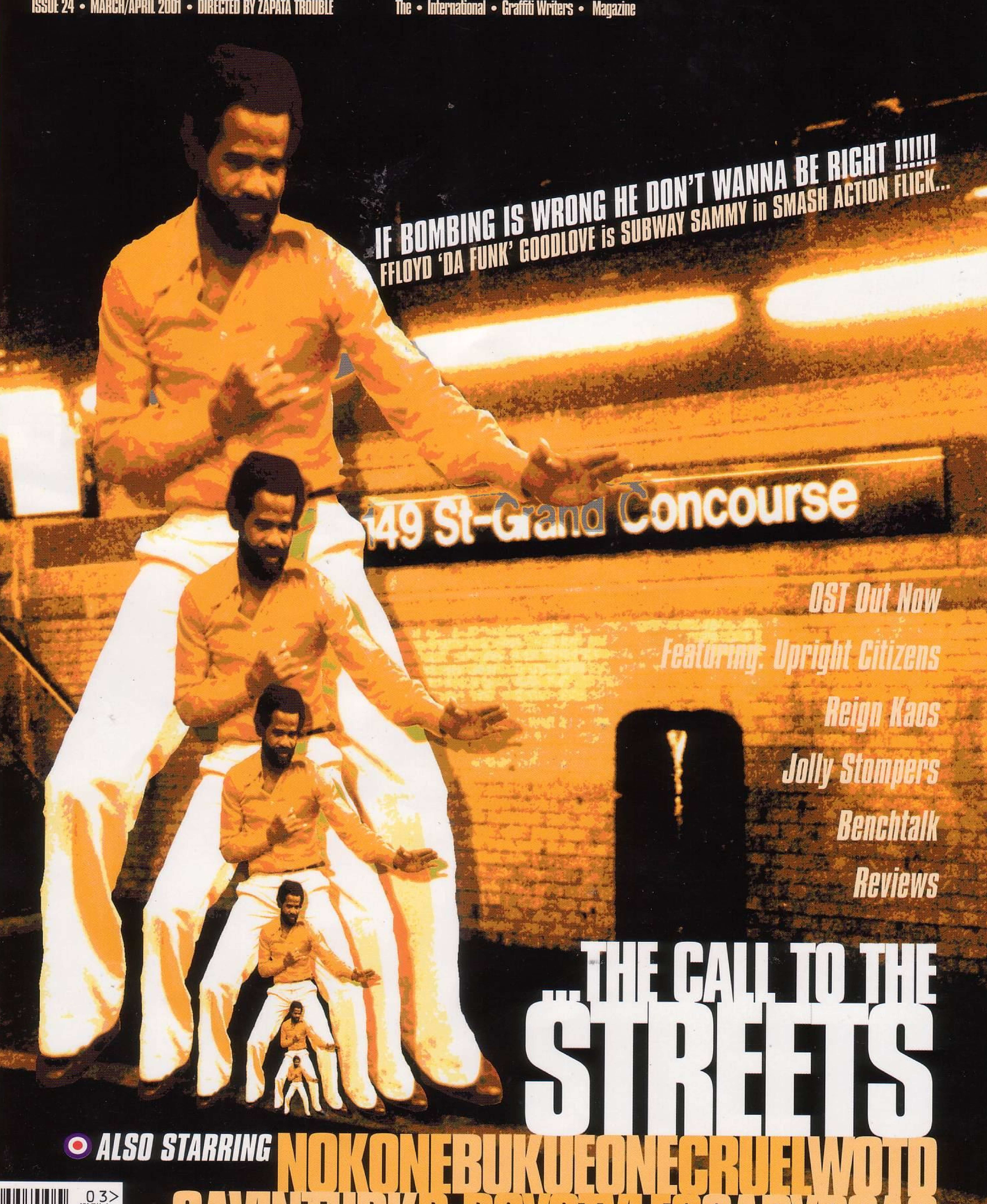
GRAPHOTISM™

ISSUE 24 • MARCH/APRIL 2001 • DIRECTED BY ZAPATA TROUBLE

The • International • Graffiti Writers • Magazine



IF BOMBING IS WRONG HE DON'T WANNA BE RIGHT !!!!!!

FFLOYD 'DA FUNK' GOODLOVE is SUBWAY SAMMY in SMASH ACTION FLICK...

OST Out Now

Featuring: Upright Citizens

Reign Kaos

Jolly Stompers

Benchtalk

Reviews

...THE CALL TO THE STREETS

ALSO STARRING NOKONEBUKUEONECRUELWOTO GAVINTURKB-BOYSTYLESGARYBOAS

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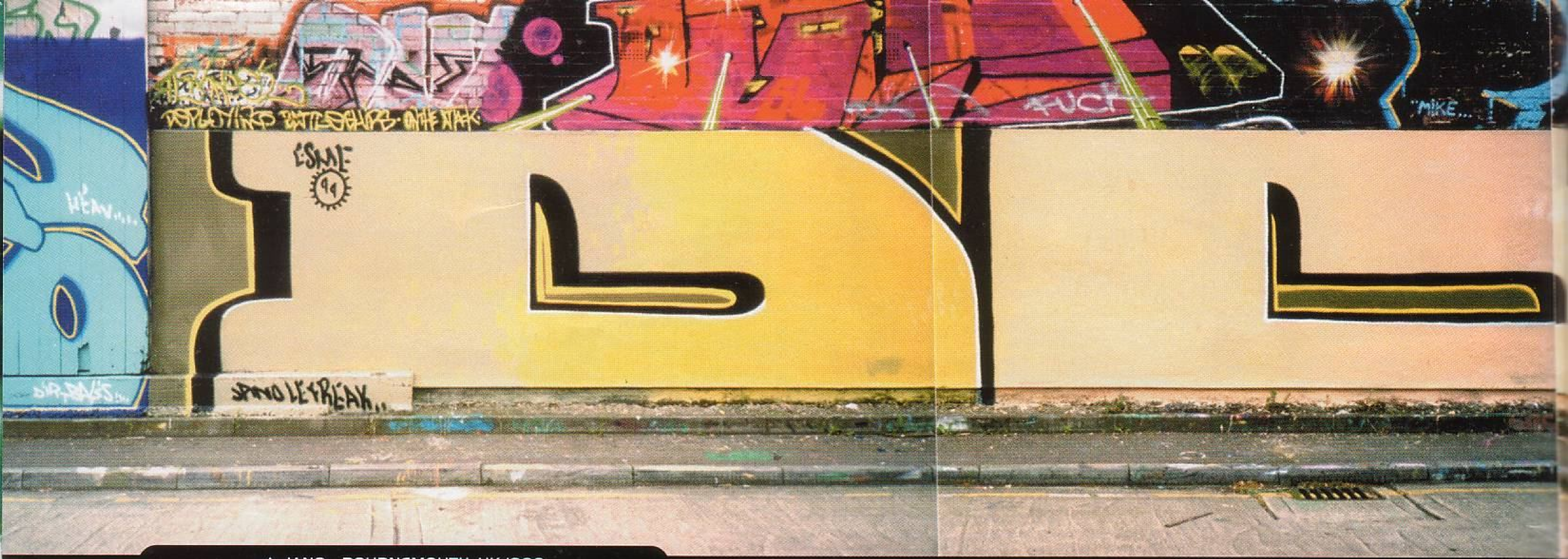
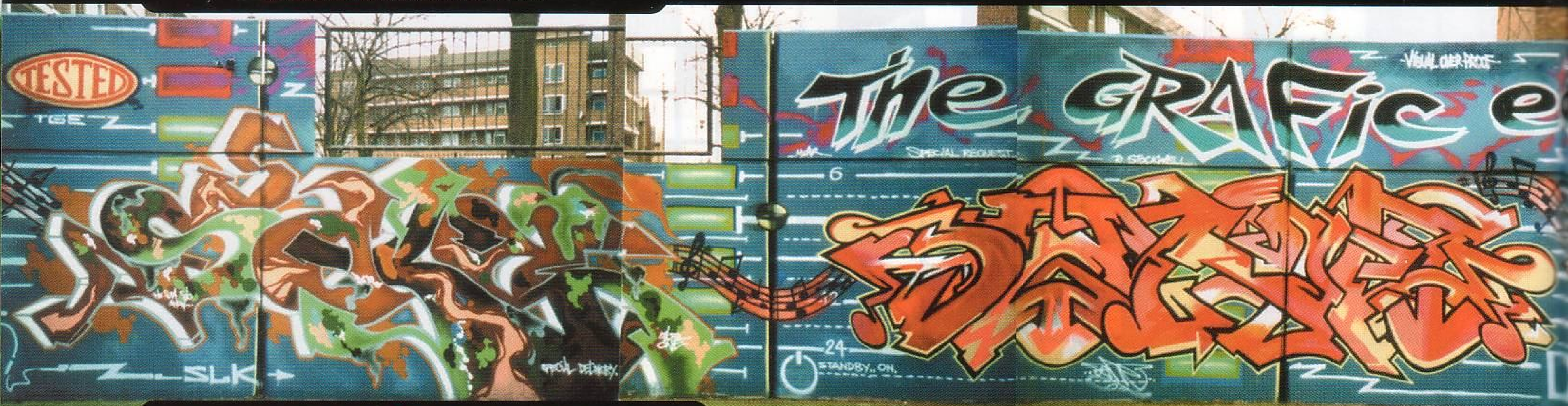
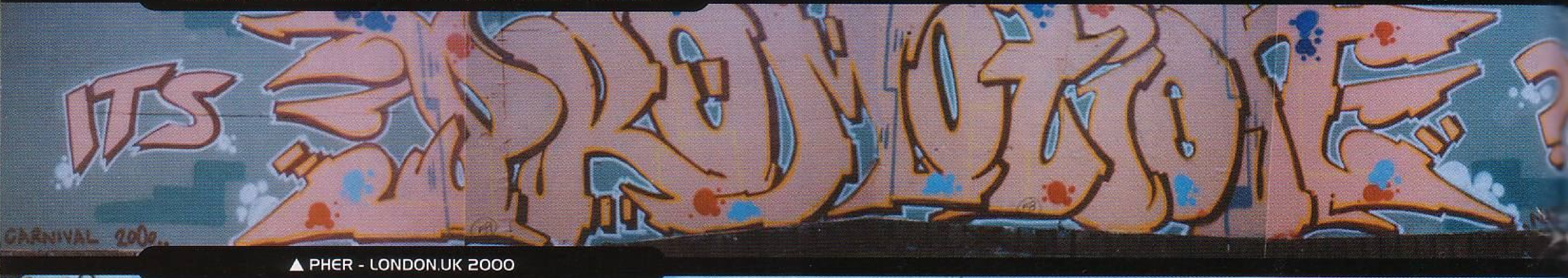


▲ JANO - BOURNEMOUTH, UK 1999


TESTED
THE GRAFIC e
SLK
STANDBY...ON.

▲ SOLO · DANE · MEAR · ASTEK · STYLO - LONDON, UK 2000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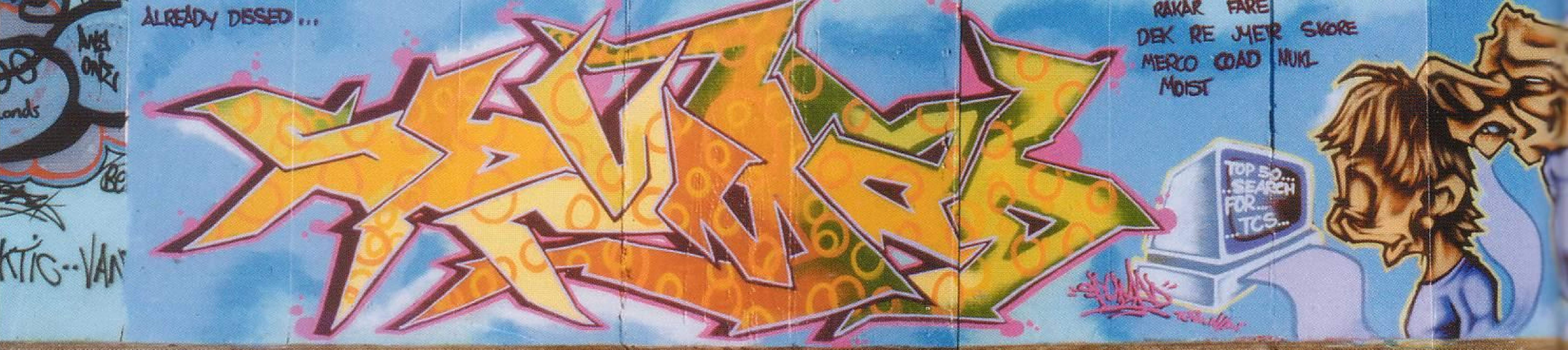
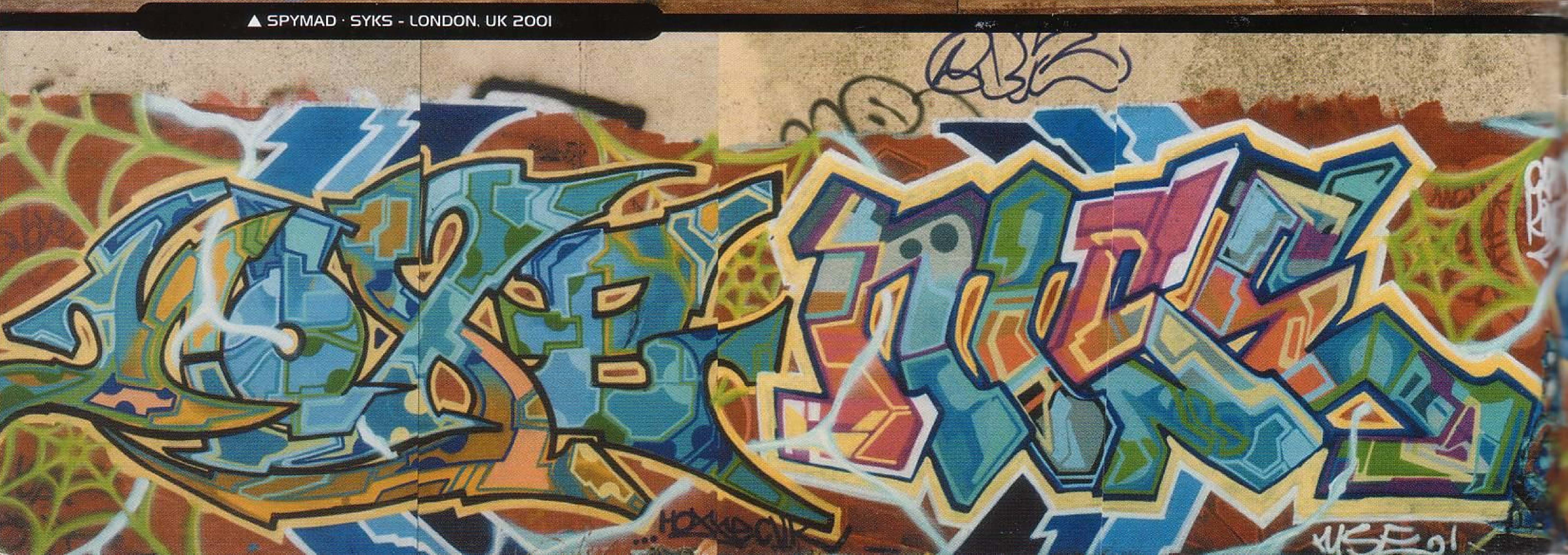
CARNIVAL 200..

▲ PHER - LONDON.UK 2000


ALREADY DISSED...
RAKAR FARE
DEK RE JMER SKORE
MERCO COAD NUKL
MOIST
TOP 50...
SEARCH
FOR...
TCS...

▲ SPYMAD · SYKS - LONDON, UK 2001



...VISUAL POLLUTION...
P.SKOL

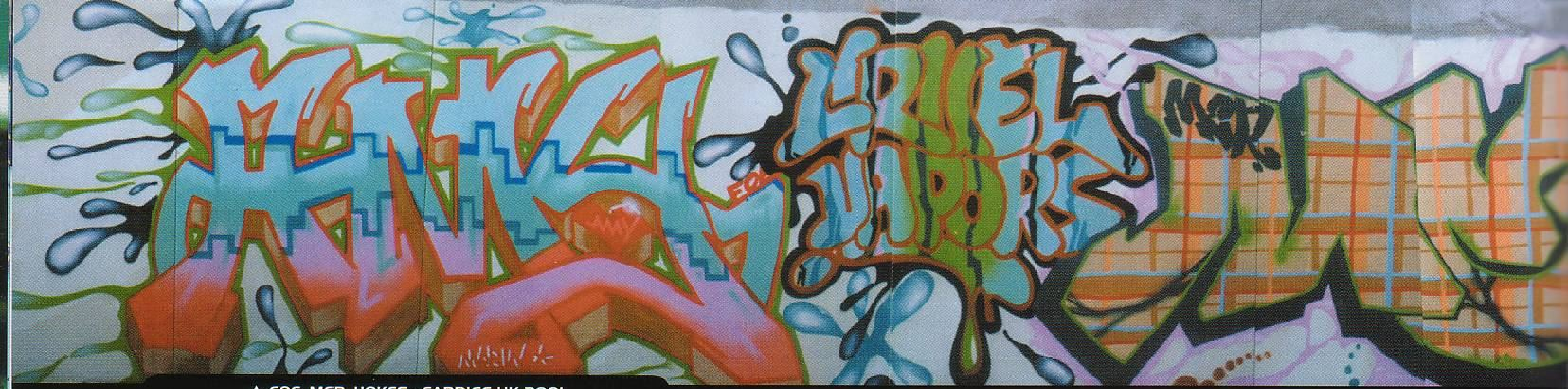
VISUALISERS...
VOP
PASSED
vop 2000.

SHK
THANKS CLIVE.
FOR
SOLO
AND ALL WHO MADE IT DOWN.

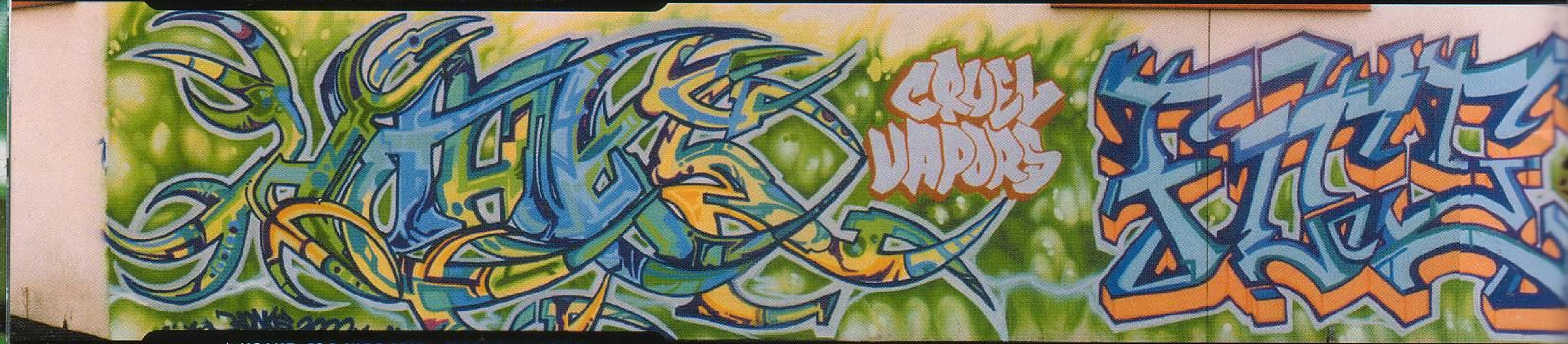
TCS
NIC
#2001.
...NO BEEF!
THE CHEMICAL SOULS

HOKES · NISE · MER · FOE -CARDIFF. UK ▼

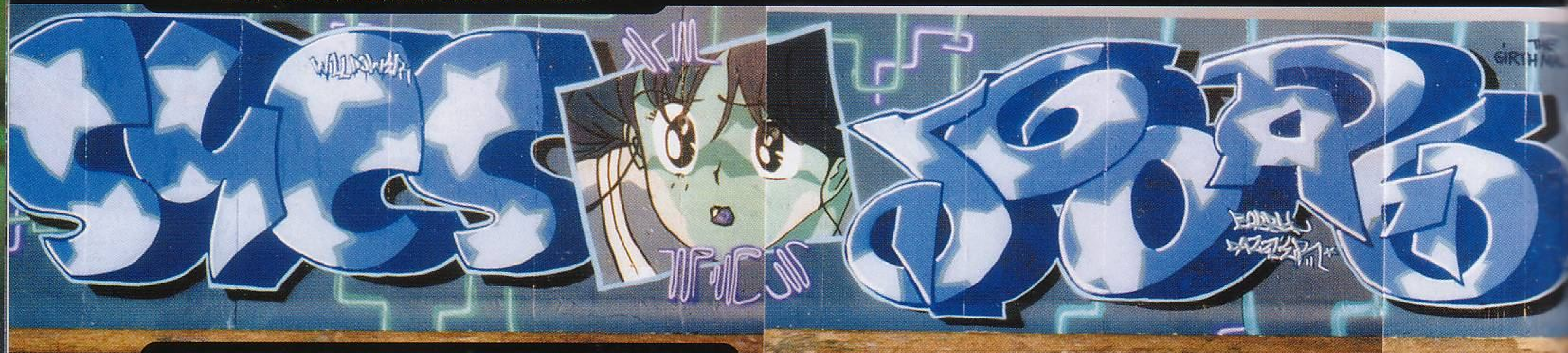
Marin
Andy
C.V.K


CRUEL VAPORS
MER

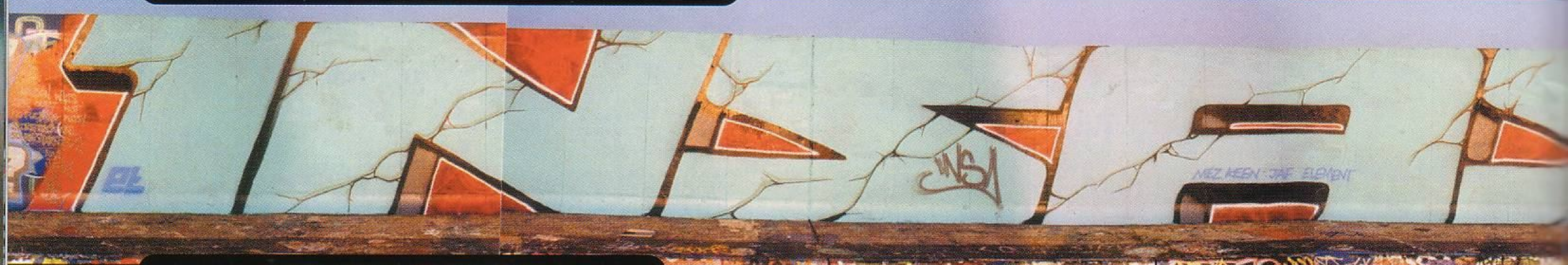
▲ FOE, MER, HOKES · CARDIFF UK 2001


CRUEL VAPORS

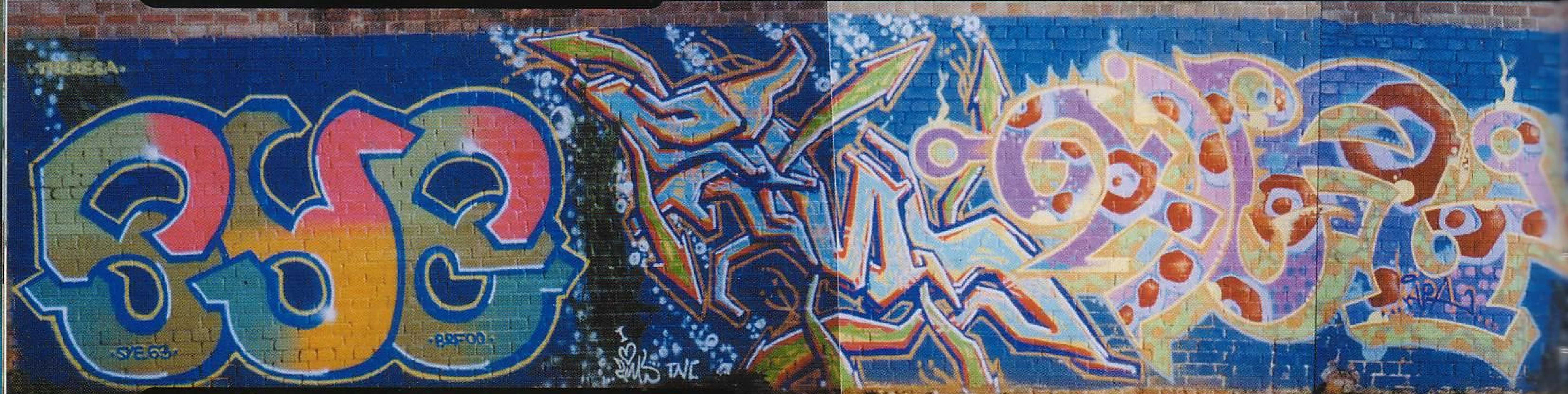
▲ HOAKS, FOE, NISE, MER · CARDIFF UK 2000



▲ SYKS, SKORE, MERC, KOAD, DEK (CHARACTERS) · LONDON UK 2001


INSA
MEZ KEEN · JAF ELEMENT

▲ INSA, ASTEK · LONDON UK 2001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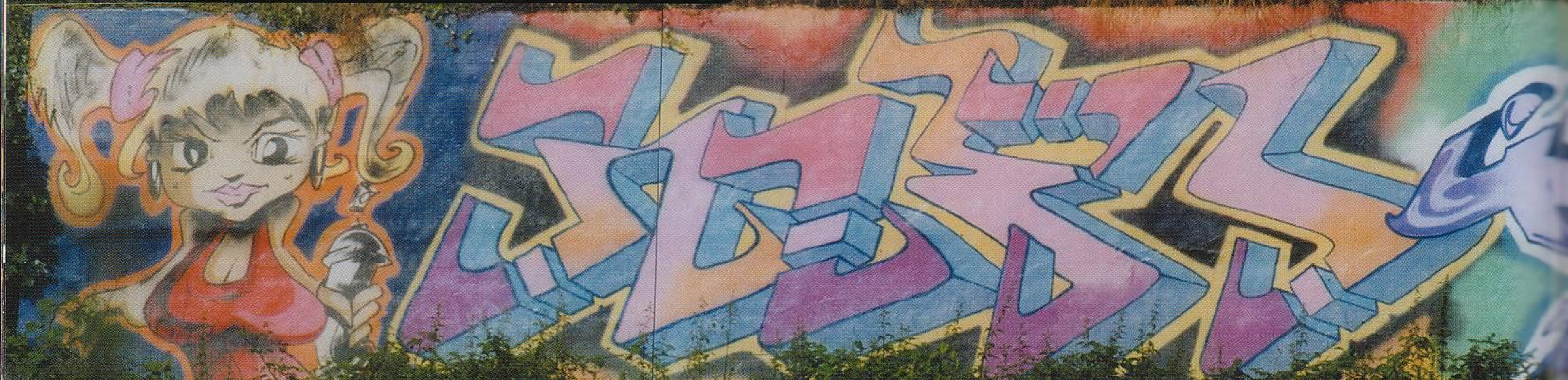
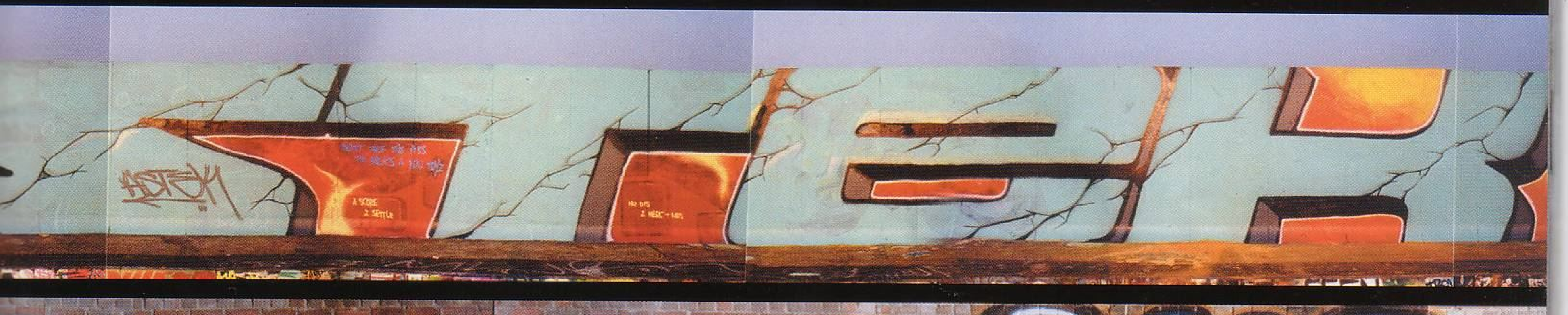
SYE.63
BRF00

▲ SYE63, ZIMS, BICH, NOME, THAT, SIED · KINGS LYNN UK 2000





INFS, TAME, - BRISTOL UK 2000 ▼

editoràl

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EDITORIAL

Set behind a row of terraced houses were a group of garages caned with trackside uprights I was out to take flics of. To reach the spot I had to walk up an alley between two suburban homes. "Hello, can I help you?" It was the voice of a retired gentleman cleaning his car. Holding my camera up I said, "I'm just taking photos of the graffiti." "Well this is private property," he stiffly replied. "It's for a magazine article about how unsightly graffiti is and they need a few examples. The stuff here is pretty disgusting," I white lied. Sensing a graf hater, he dropped the stern act: "Oh, it's for a magazine. Yes, the graffiti really is a problem here. You see that?" said my new friend pointing towards a blitzed garage door. "The neighbours painted it last week and within two days the buggers had come back and vandalised it again." Man, he was pissed off.
Two days later I'm at the Swiss Embassy checking out a "Graffiti Party". Y'see the Swiss are attempting to entice Europe's young and restless to their country and what better way to do so than through a series of events emphasising how un-square they are. The first happening was said party, which had writers from Switzerland and the UK showing their work to an appreciative media/club/art crowd. A country as sober as Switzerland using graf to promote itself as a holiday destination is a "Jesus H. Christ" moment.

I can't remember a time when graffiti has been as vilified. I can't remember a time it has been as appropriated and celebrated. It's making my head hurt and it's only February.

Going for a nice lie down, EW

kids need guns not books: The Bunny Lake Collection by Georgina Starr - Check page 64

GRAPHOTISM

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MAGAZINE REVIEWS

by
Marvin C

RATING SYSTEM

WHOLETRAIN
TOP 2 BOTTOM AND DIDN'T GET BAGGED ▮▮▮▮▮

WHOLECAR
A WINDOW DOWN BY MIDGET WRITERS ▮▮▮▮

PANEL PIECE
20 MIN QUICKIE BUT A TRAINS A TRAIN ▮▮▮

SILVER DUB
TEENAGE TERROR ANGST ACID ACNE ANGER ▮▮

FUCKING TOY
STENCIL STICKHEAD FLURO USING TWAT ▮

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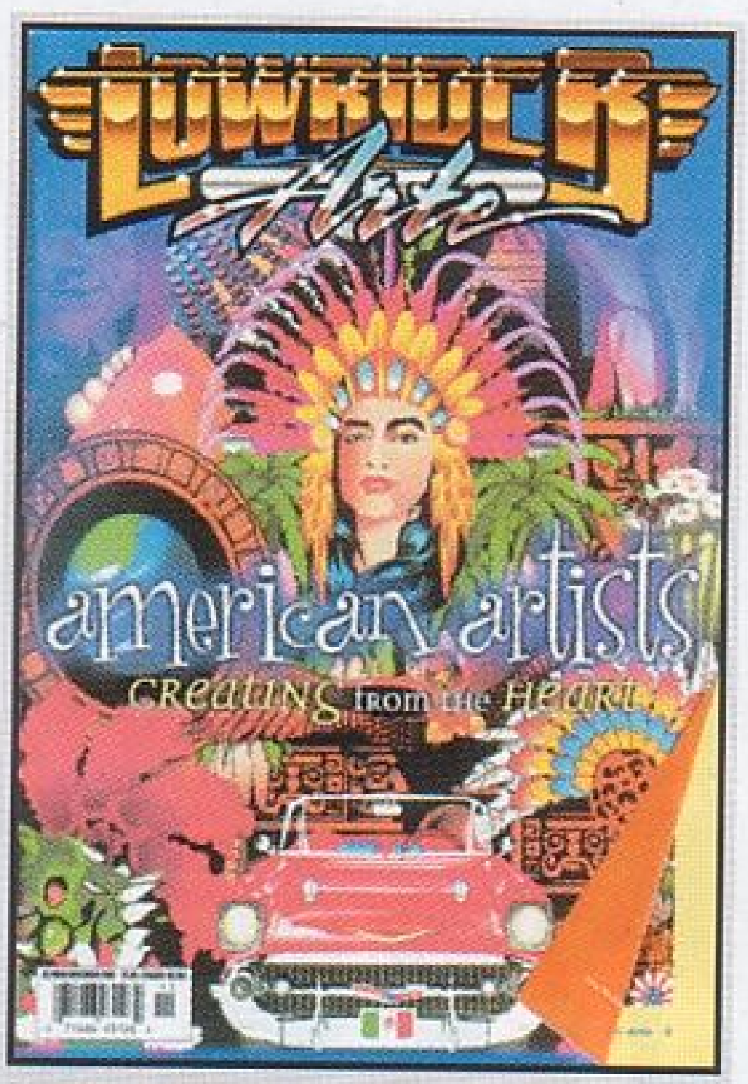


LOWRIDER ARTES

▮▮

WHERE FROM: California, USA

ISSUE: Volume 9 Number 6

FREQUENCY: Possibly bi-sexual, er, bi-monthly. 'Scuse the Freudian slip it's been that kind of week (spent whoring it up in Marrakech smoking that good opium sheet).

PAGES: 64. The square root of 64 is 8. Facts I got 'em.

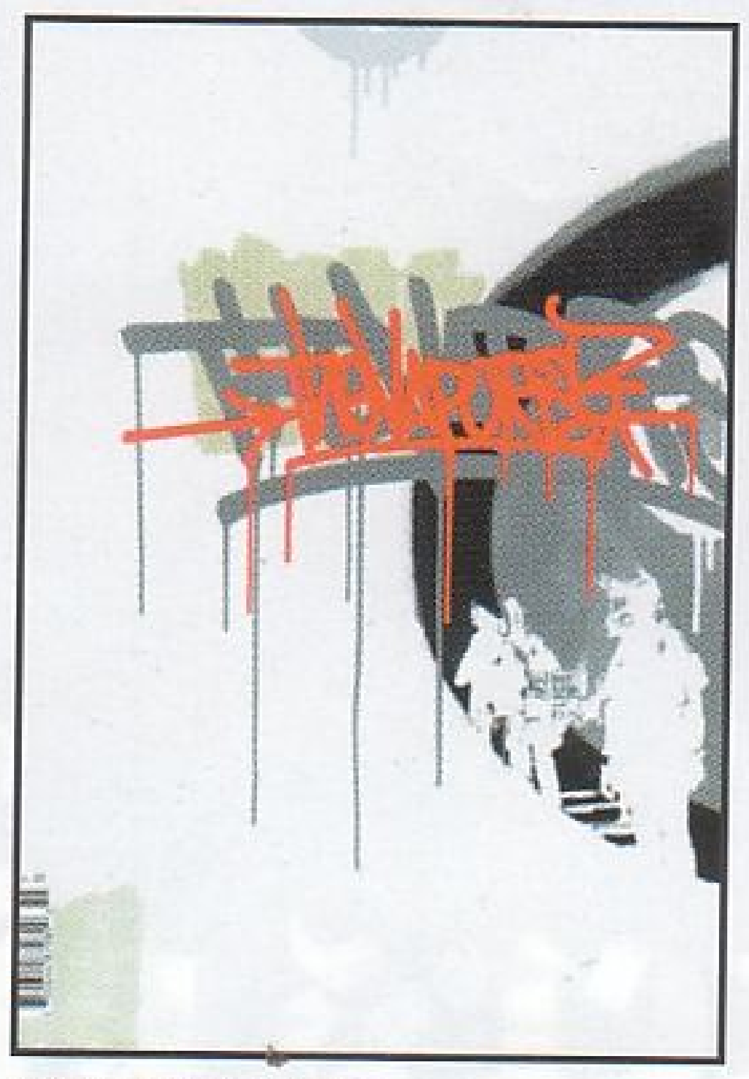
SUBJECT MATTER: It's the lowrider version of the blackbook. Folk send in their art in the hope that it's printed. Some have done full colour airbrush workouts while others rock pencil sketches.

PHOTOS: Are you deaf? I said the whole thing is made up of sketches. It means NO PHOTOS.

WORDS: And that applies to words also. Don't let me have to come over there.

DESIGN: They just print the send-ins so no design needed. Piece o' piss.

VERDICT: Great idea but the standard of contributions varies and, to be honest, there's an awful lot of wak shit. The good stuff is a'ight, though.



VAPOURS

▮▮▮▮

WHERE FROM: Miami, USA

ISSUE: Volume 01 Number 01. We begin at the begin.

FREQUENCY: "The Vapours will drop whenever we feel inspired to put an issue together."

PAGES: 48. Dey got colourz.

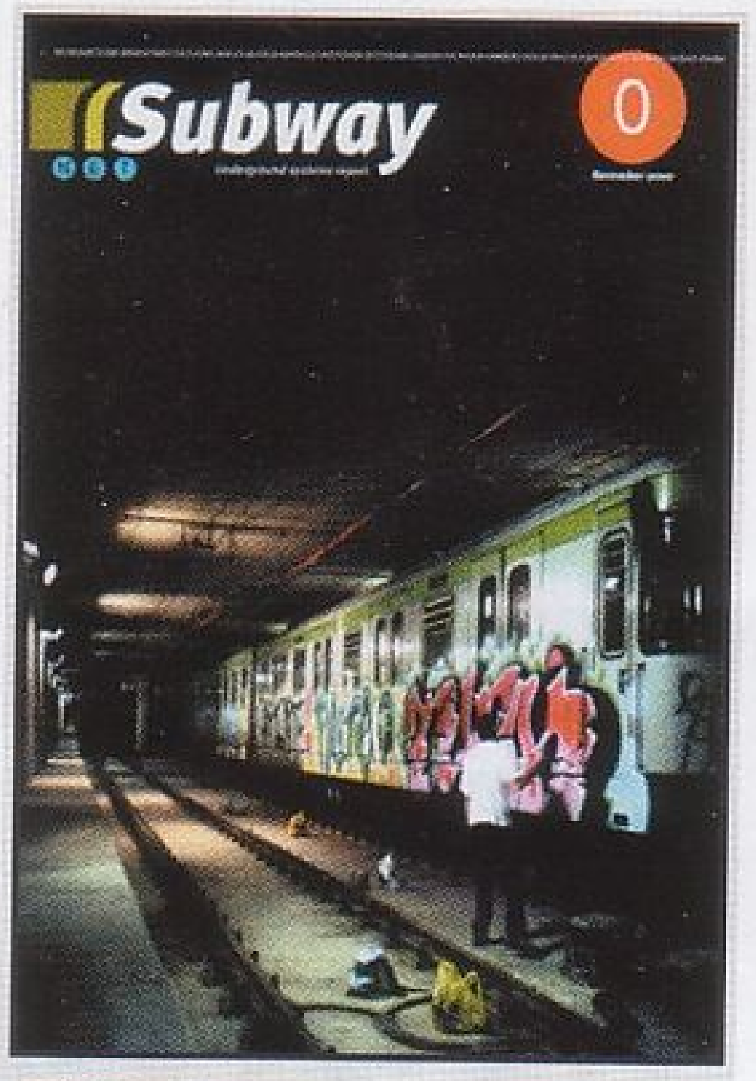
SUBJECT MATTER: In the premier issue it is all about NYC street bombs for the most part. Whether this is to continue we shall find out. Trains & fr8s find a home.

PHOTOS: Hell, yeah.

WORDS: Obligatory editorial, Revs interview and Cope questions Skuf One YKK.

DESIGN: Clean, immaculate conception. Easy on the fuss, hold the crass Because they're on a low fat diet high phat diet.

VERDICT: Goddamn, this is what those 12oz Prophet guys have been up to. For it be they who make this tidy little monkey a top banana.



SUBWAY

▮▮▮

WHERE FROM: Milano, Italy

ISSUE: 0. Zero. Naught. Oh.

FREQUENCY: A pulsing sound wave that shatters glass from fifty metres.

PAGES: 24. Two Dozen. 6x4.

SUBJECT MATTER: "If you think painting a wall for days, taking care of any single bullshit is the main thing in writing, this magazine is not for you." 100% Euro trains (including London).

PHOTOS: Many many displayed.

WORDS: An intro.

DESIGN: The most boggiest of bog standard. Bright flics considering the subject matter.

VERDICT: One for anorak, completist collectors of trains who don't care how thin and boring a mag is. Never mind the quality feel the dick. But a train is a train I guess, and at 24 pages pages it slips nicely down a butt crack - rectum-size is the new pocket size, trust me.

graff magazine
athensdistructionlondonunderground
#1

TSU TSU

▮▮

WHERE FROM: Greece

ISSUE: No. 1

FREQUENCY: If they want regularity I suggest a diet of prunes and bran to be consumed around the clock for the next fortnight. It'll be sloppy but oh the relief.

PAGES: 32 pages of the all-colour variety.

SUBJECT MATTER: Greek walls, Greek steel. Euro walls, Euro steel. They don't explain why all shipping magnates seem to be Greek, which I'd have appreciated. A careless oversight, that.

PHOTOS: Most are labelled, with location and year. Does the job with no fireworks.

WORDS: Short interview with London's Bozo who gives it up on the toob scene.

DESIGN: Not really.

VERDICT: The Greeks gave us the Olympics, philosophy and Emek Kebabs off the Old Kent Road and Tsu-Tsu has a task to match that sort of pedigree... Oi, easy on the chilli sauce, Emek (you gotta watch 'em you know).

LATEST NEWS: New issue of HNH out now • ULTRA mag issue 2 from Germany now in stock • check out latest issue of GRAFFIT from France for amazing burners • train favourite the new XG out now

Lettering
CHECCHESENED
ICAQUISIPARL
ADILETTEREE
PAROLEINMOVI
MENTO,EVOLUZ
IONEEVELOCITÀ,
ALCUNIDEGLII
DEALIDELFUTU
RISMOSONOIN
MANOADUN
BRANCODIGIO
VANIVANDALI,I
NCONSAPEVO
LIEINCOSCIENTI.

LETTERING

▮▮▮▮

WHERE FROM: Italy

ISSUE: Numero due

FREQUENCY: The next should be out around May 2001

PAGES: 40 rock of ages pages

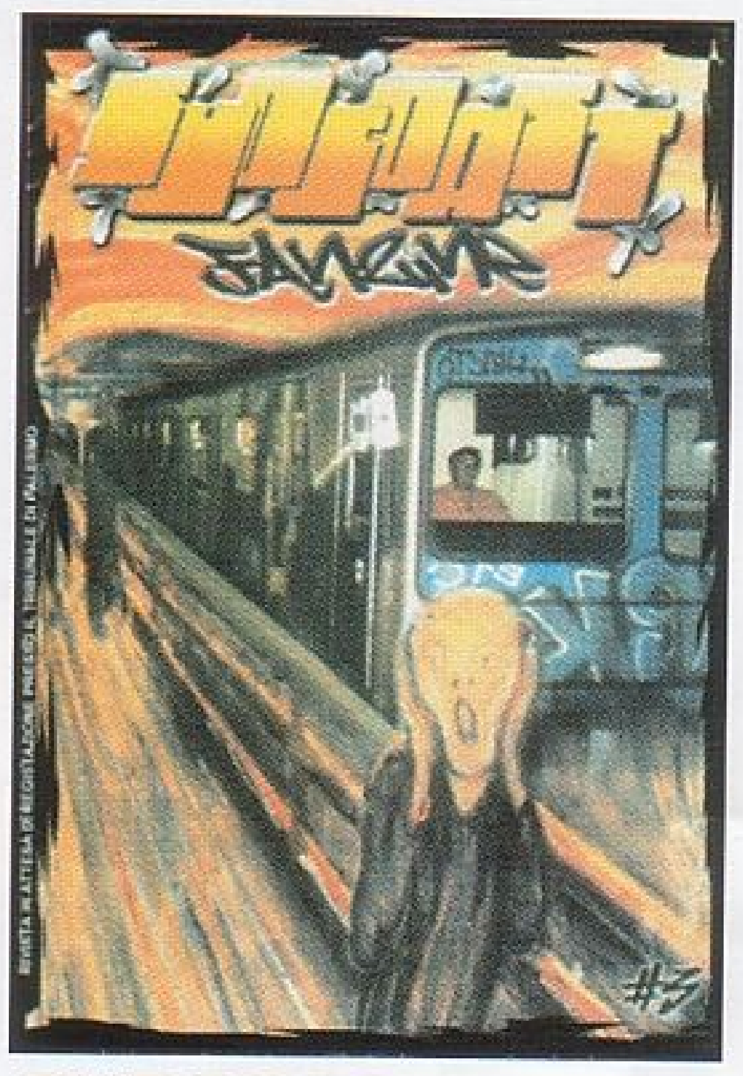
SUBJECT MATTER: last two and a half pages are NYC. As for the rest, we're talking Italiano all the way to the banko.

PHOTOS: Indeed. Every covering covered and they've had the good sense to throw in some skin flics.

WORDS: Snubbing their nose at the increasing domination of the English language by keeping it new school Latin.

DESIGN: Weak front cover. Common or garden insides.

VERDICT: Papa Mondo work in here and some of the rail transit is outstanding. Dig you must.



SUDCOAST

▮▮

WHERE FROM: Palermo, Italy

ISSUE: "The third chapter."

FREQUENCY: Like a theramin played by The John Spencer Blues Explosion.

PAGES: 24. 8 break b&w, the rest flow colour.

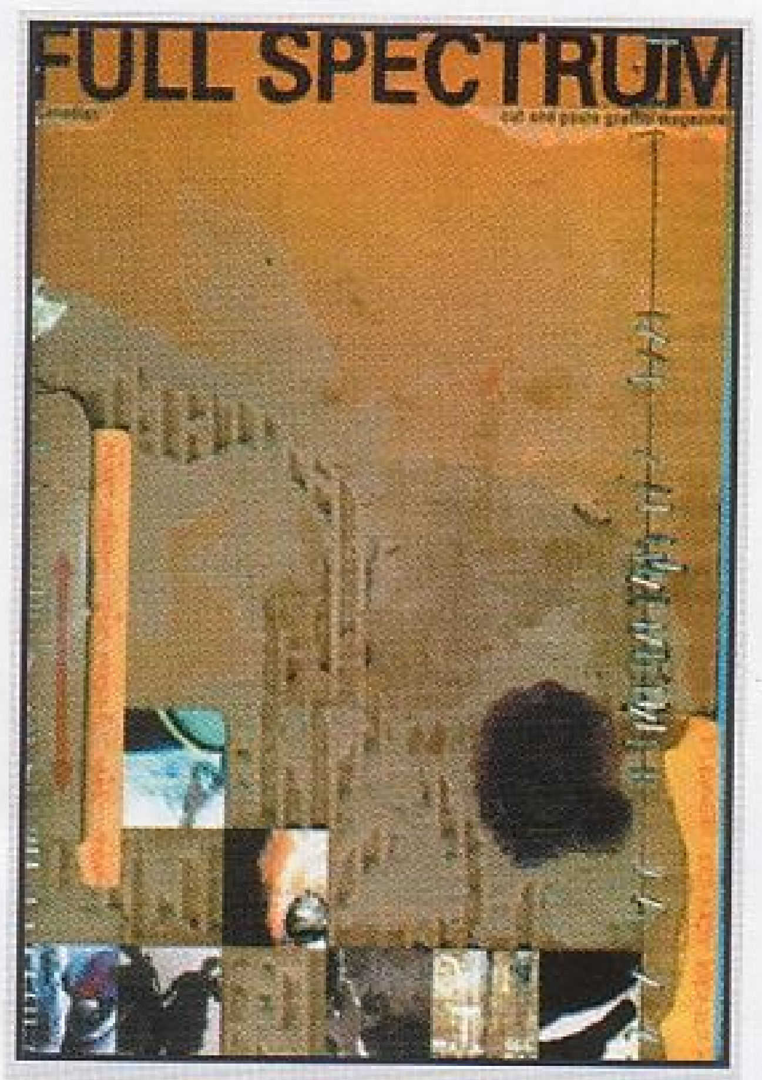
SUBJECT MATTER: It's an Italian crime scene. Cover the whole kit and caboodle. One page on Germany. One page on the rain in Spain. One on breaking.

PHOTOS: A touch washed out. But not as badly as tight snow wash jeans worn by white trash on Jenny Jones.

WORDS: Again, it's about the New Latin. Website review page with English trans.

DESIGN: Leave it.

VERDICT: I'm sayin' nuffink 'til I spoke wiv my lawyer. Yoo've got nuffink on me you slag (actual quote taken from episode 27 of 'The Sweeny").



FULL SPECTRUM

▮▮

WHERE FROM: Vancouver, Canada

ISSUE: "Episode 3"

FREQUENCY: Dunno

PAGES: 32

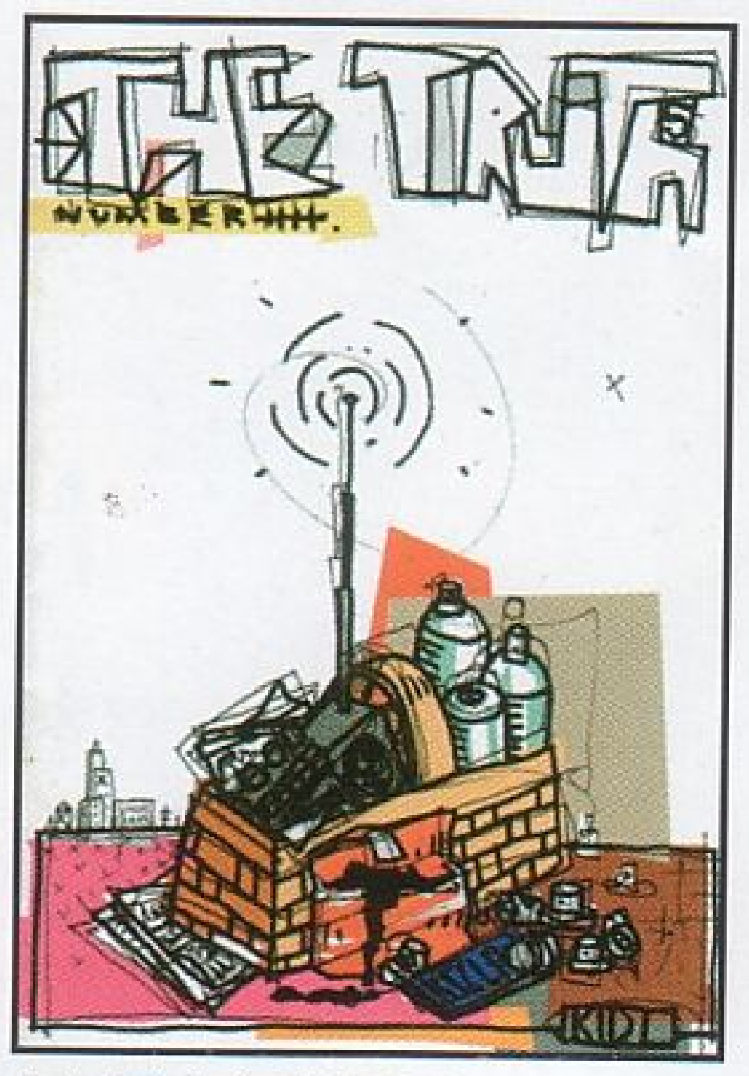
SUBJECT MATTER: "This issue features more trains than any other FS issue, bombing, walls, and also our first interview."

PHOTOS: Too Danny Dark.

WORDS: That first interview is with US crew, Transcend: Joker, Persue, Poesia, Mune, Kema, Anna.

DESIGN: "Full spectrum is still a cut and paste magazine." Mix in afair amount of panache with there ol' skool ways.

VERDICT: Would have pushed a three tin rating if the mag wasn't so dark. Likeable in away Phil Mitchell could never be.



THE TRUTH

▮▮▮

WHERE FROM: Leipzig, Germany

ISSUE: Number 5

FREQUENCY: It's a race between Number 6 and Armageddon.

PAGES: 52 colours of a united Benetton

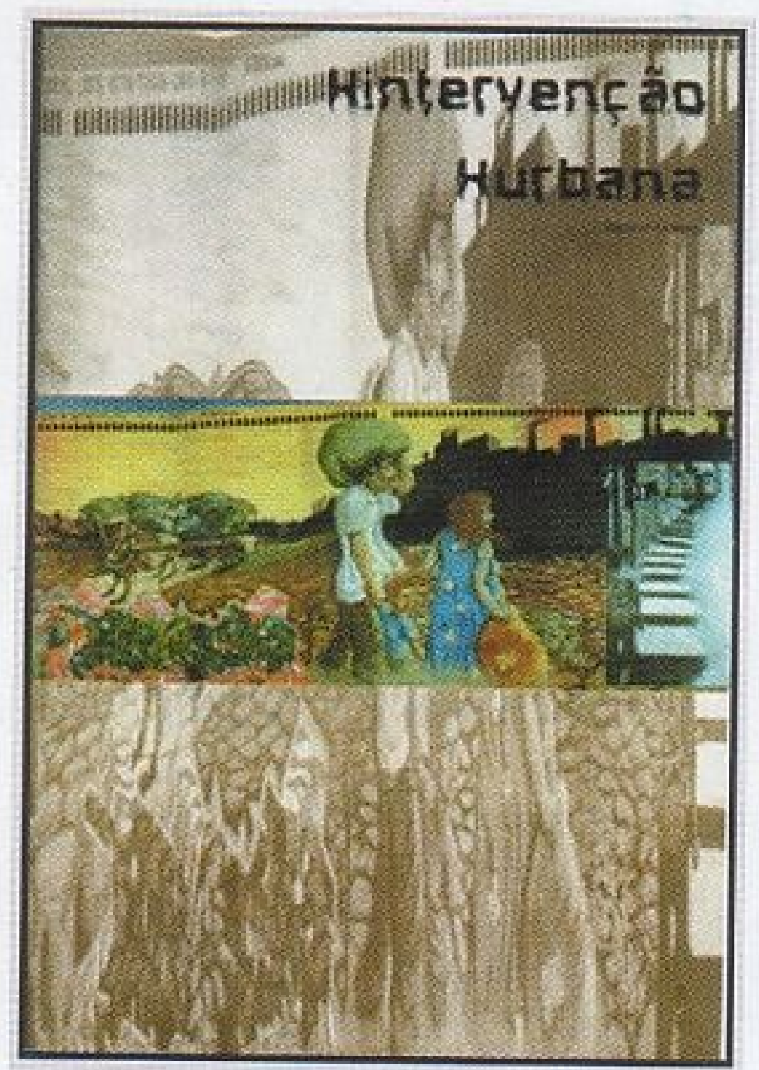
SUBJECT MATTER: The usual gang bang plus offbeat sketches.

PHOTOS: Darcus Howe. Who turned the lights out?

WORDS: Deutschland Über Alles.

DESIGN: The Truth's haphazardness made me soul food happy. A very freestyle, free love, we don't believe in rules, dude attitude.

VERDICT: Everything's in place. They need to lighten up a little to show off what they have. Printed on card-like paper so feels nice'n'weighty in the hand. A feeling John Holmes was used to everytime he took a leak.



HURBANO

▮▮

WHERE FROM: Sao Paulo, Brazil

ISSUE: No. 01

FREQUENCY: Haven't spotted number two and this came out way back last year.

PAGES: Kick in the door waving the .24 and all you hear is papa don't hit me no more.

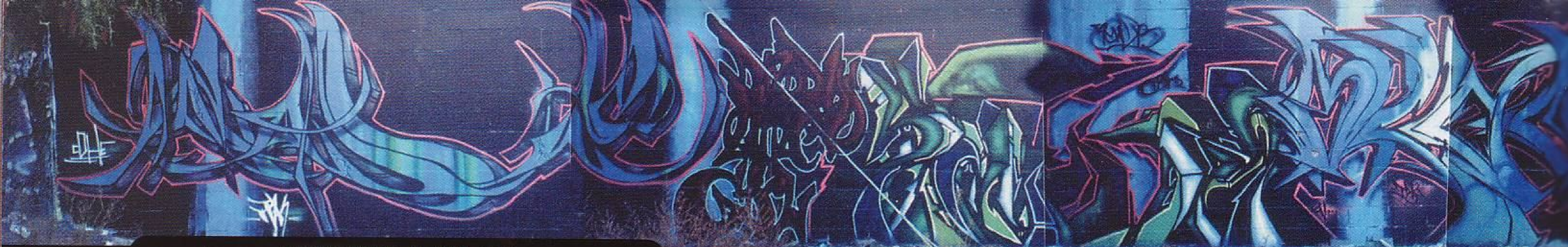
SUBJECT MATTER: Pretty much Sao Paulo walls from 1997-1999.

PHOTOS: Repro is not the best but slightly made up for by the work on show.

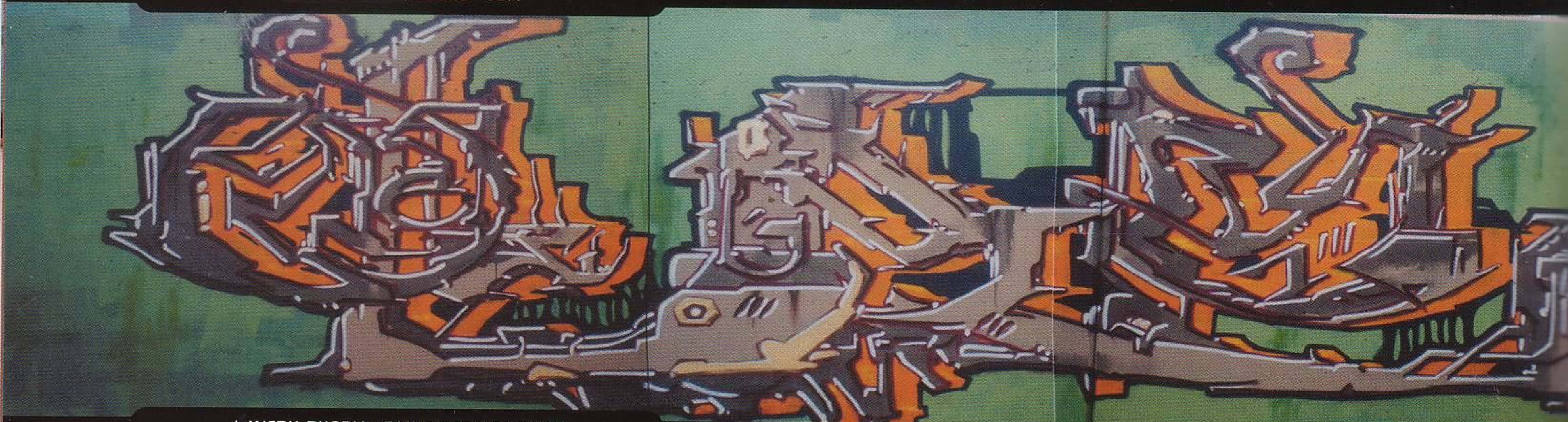
WORDS: All in Portuguese, geez.

DESIGN: Back to basics.

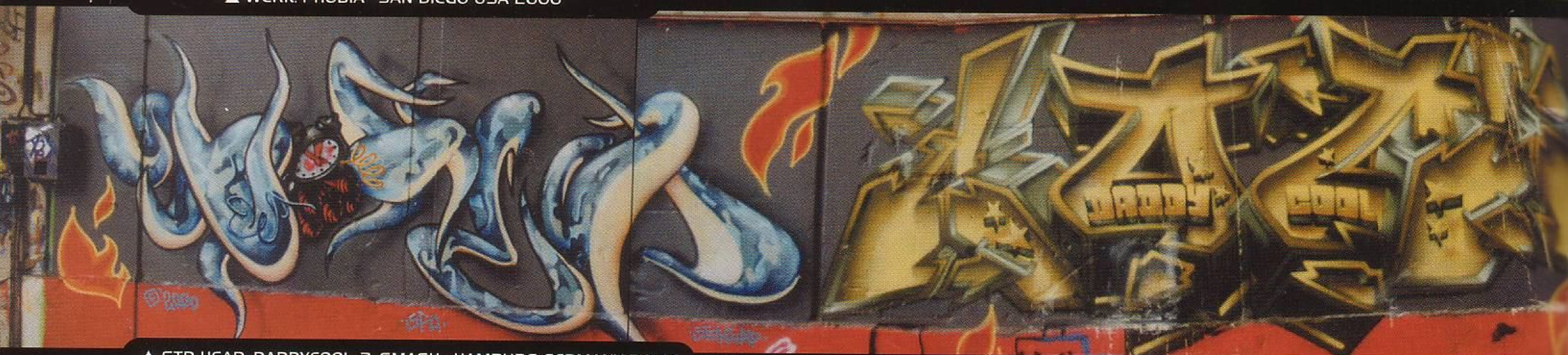
VERDICT: If you can't get enough of Brazilian techniques and you're too impatient to wait for the next Fiz then this will nicely fill that snack gap.



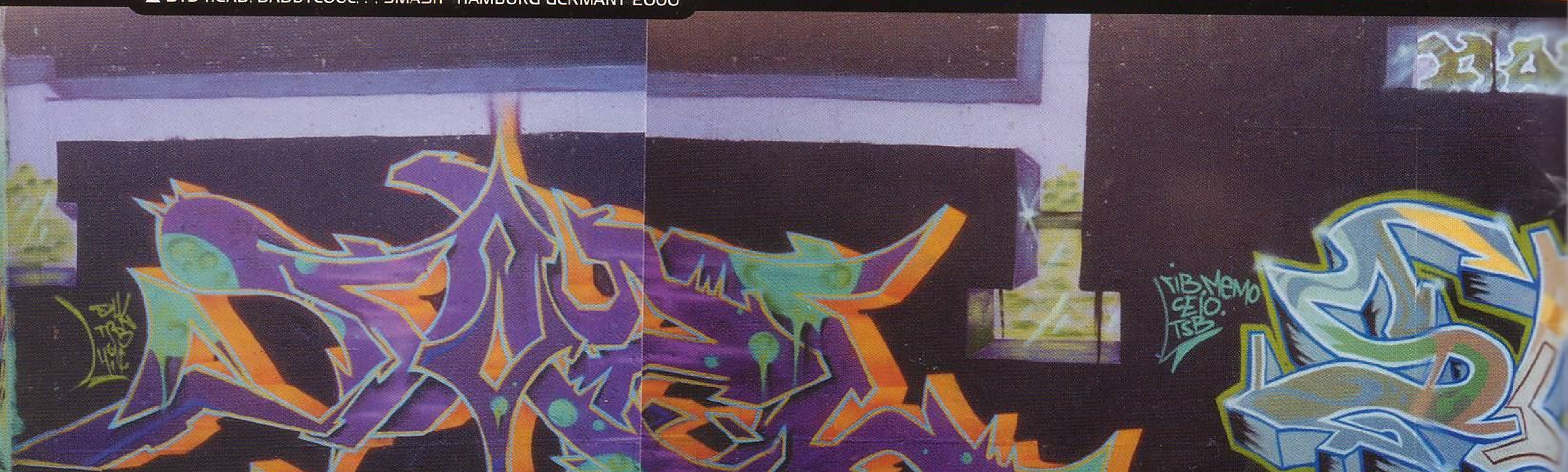
▲ COHE. SEWK. BLAME - USA



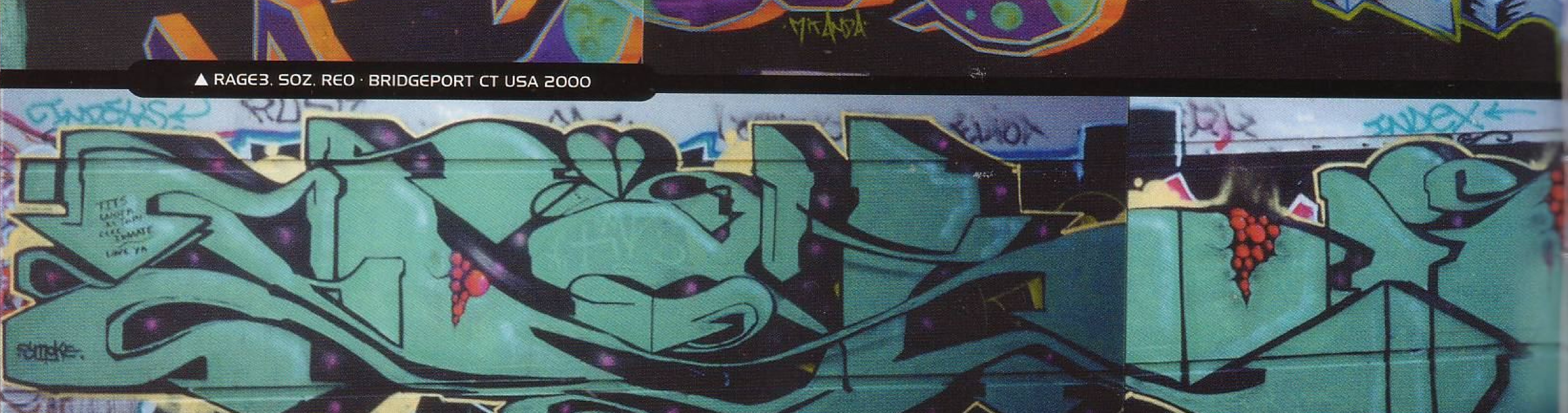
▲ WERK. PHOBIA · SAN DIEGO USA 2000



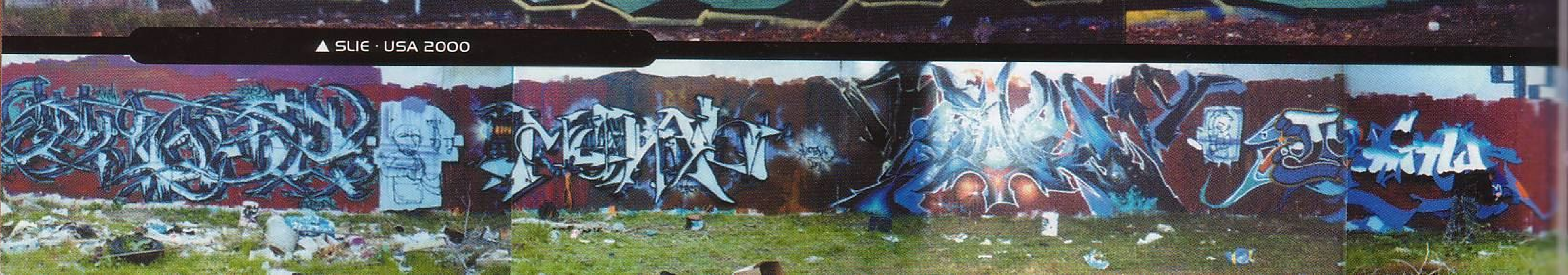
▲ STD HEAD. DADDYCOOL. ?. SMASH · HAMBURG GERMANY 2000



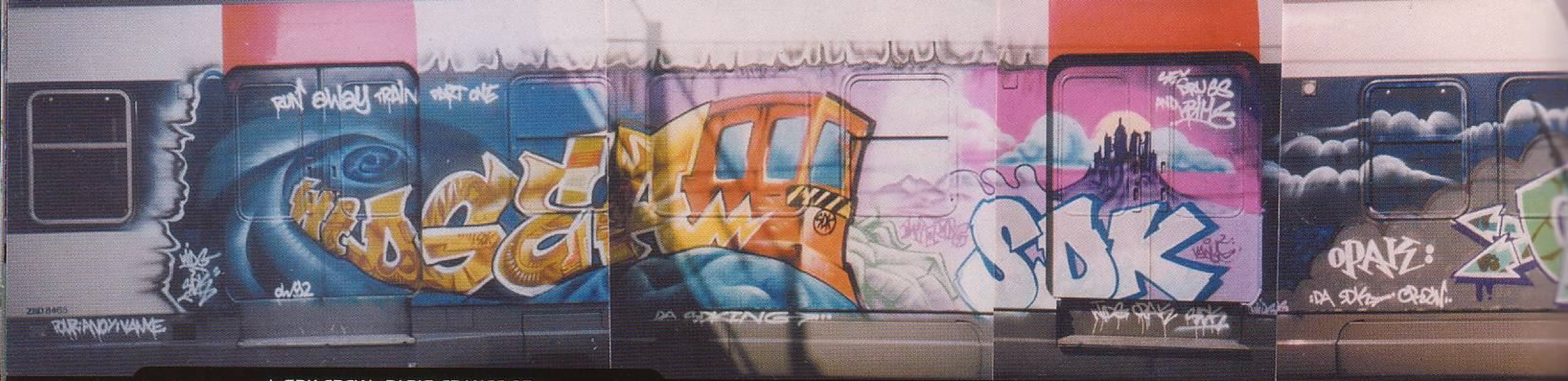
▲ RAGE3. SOZ. REO · BRIDGEPORT CT USA 2000



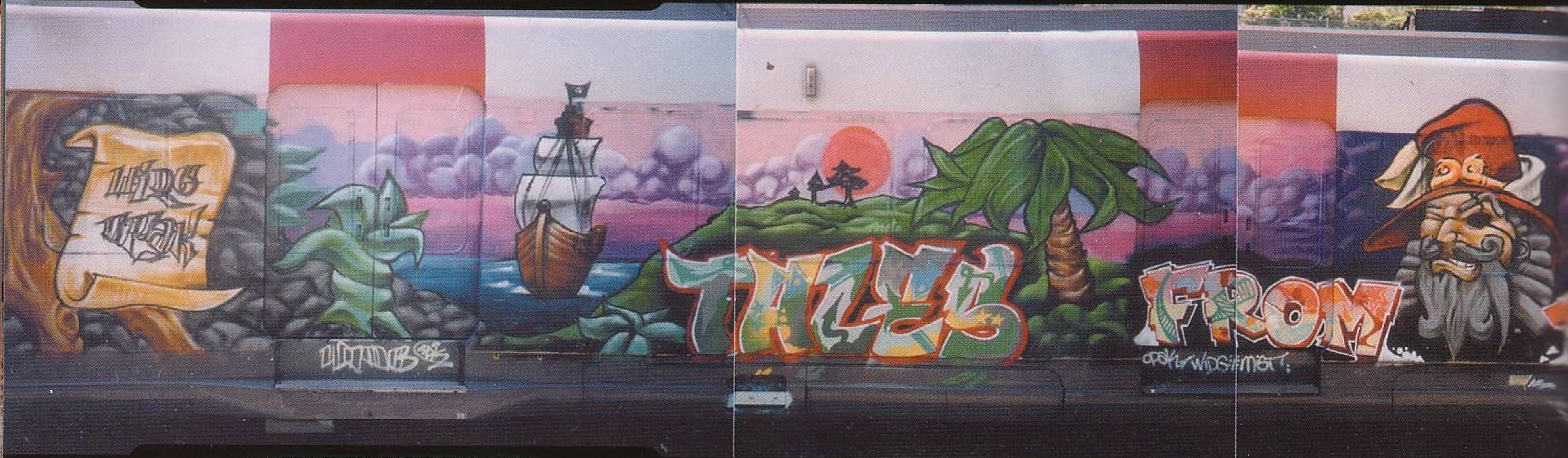
▲ SLIE · USA 2000



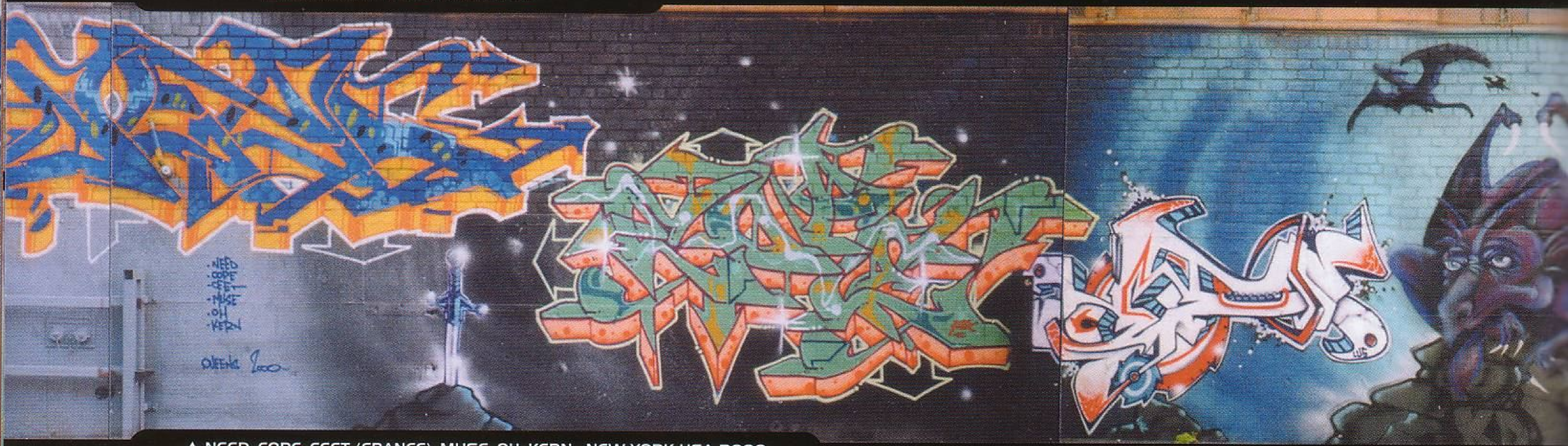
METAL. PROBE. KOSET. KLUB. DRYS. BLAME. NEWE · USA 2000 ▼


RUN AWAY TRAIN PART ONE
SDK
OPAK :
DA SDK CREW

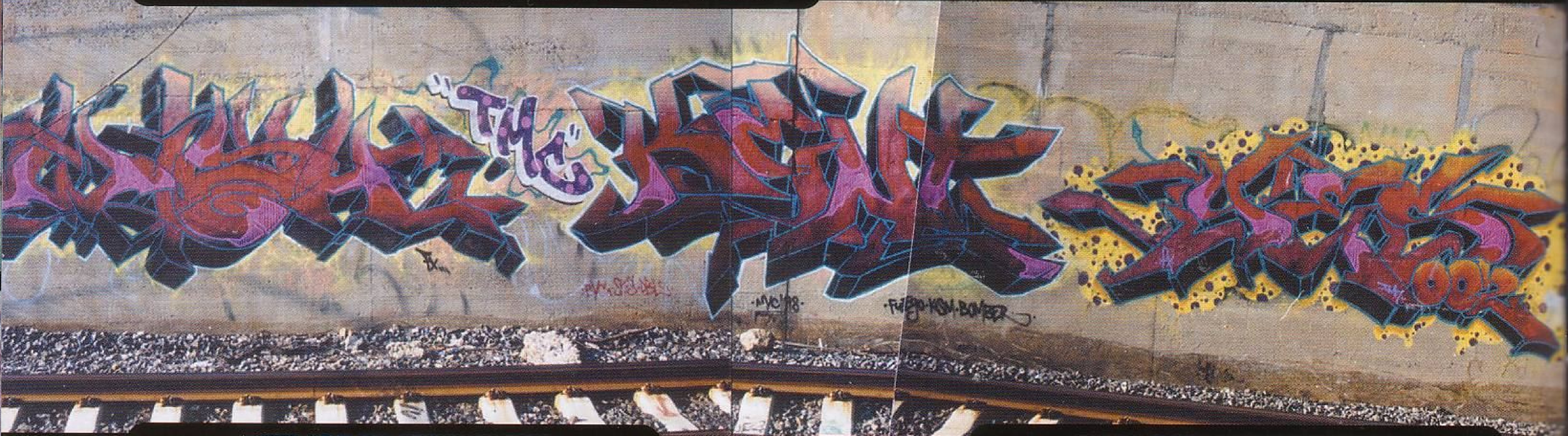
▲ SDK CREW · PARIS FRANCE 92



▲ SDK CREW · PARIS FRANCE 92

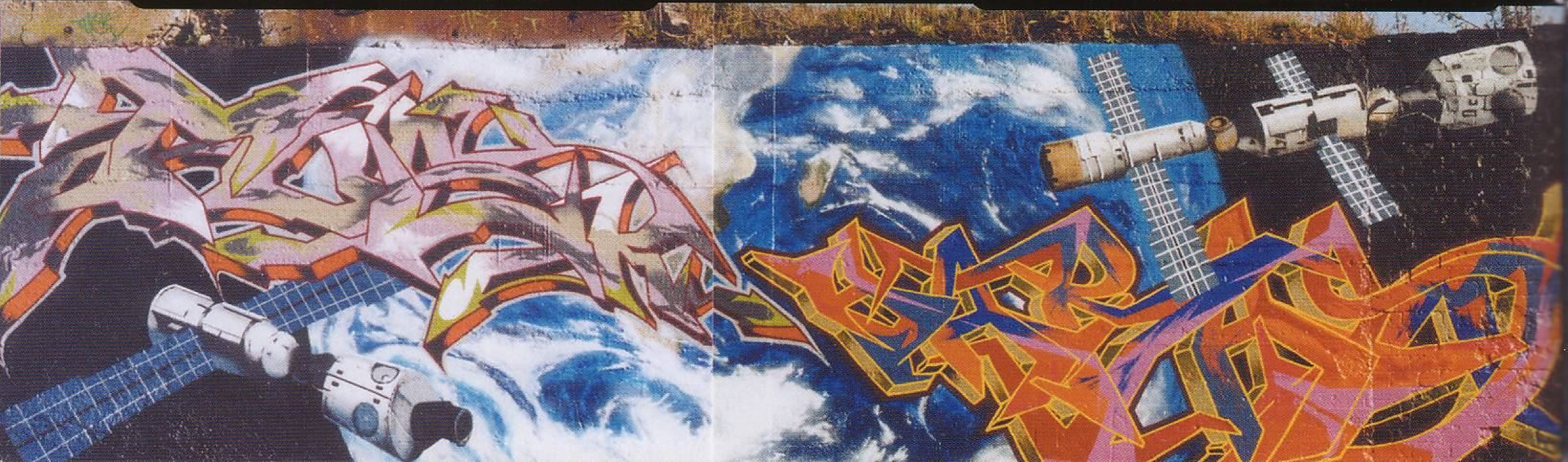

NEED
COPE
CEET
MUSE
OH
KERN
QUEENS 2000

▲ NEED, COPE, CEET (FRANCE), MUSE, OH, KERN · NEW YORK USA 2000



▲ YES2, KENT, CES · BRONX USA 2000

TUSK, HARASS · LEICESTER UK 2000 ▼

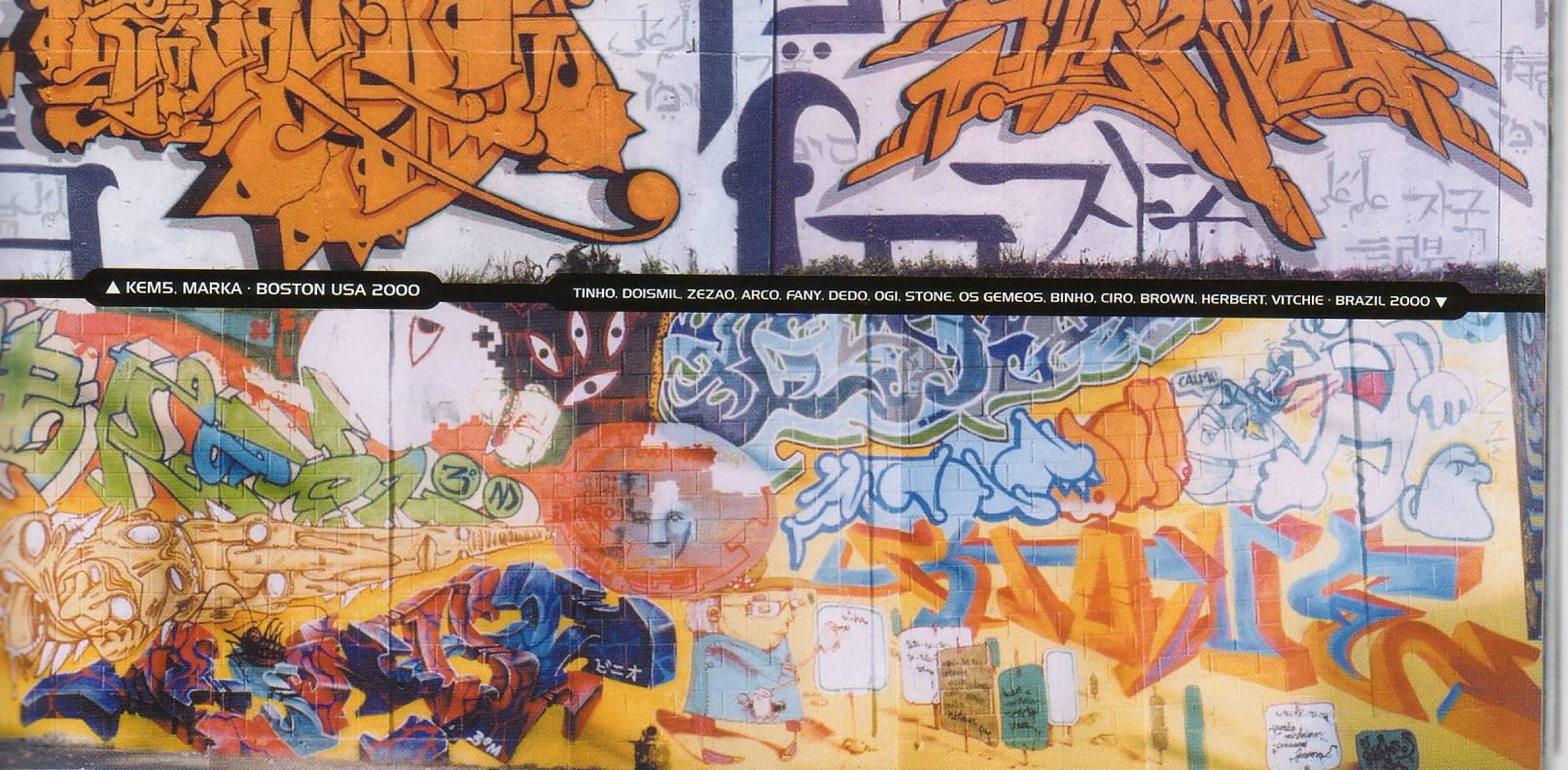


RER RATP
FANCY

OPAK · FANCY
SDK

▲ KEMS, MARKA · BOSTON USA 2000

TINHO, DOISMIL, ZEZAO, ARCO, FANY, DEDO, OGI, STONE, OS GEMEOS, BINHO, CIRO, BROWN, HERBERT, VITCHIE · BRAZIL 2000 ▼

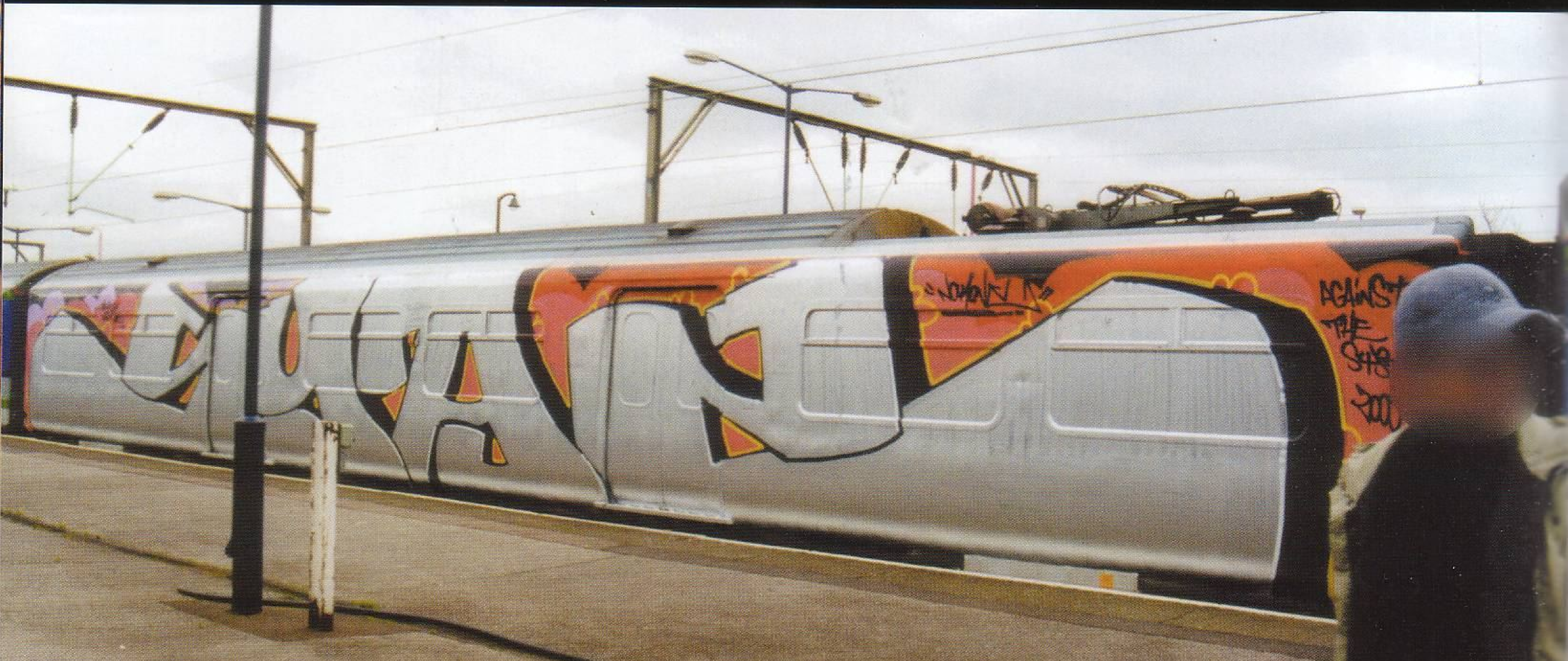


interview: Jimmy Swoops • photor: Nok One

NOKONE

When still a teen, Nok One moved out of London. For that, he is labelled a bumpkin. When he returned in 1997, it was the start of major charges and big-time beefs. His revenge on haters is smashing the system he's against because activity kings net talk: Nok One has his knockers...

KEEP THEM SCRAPS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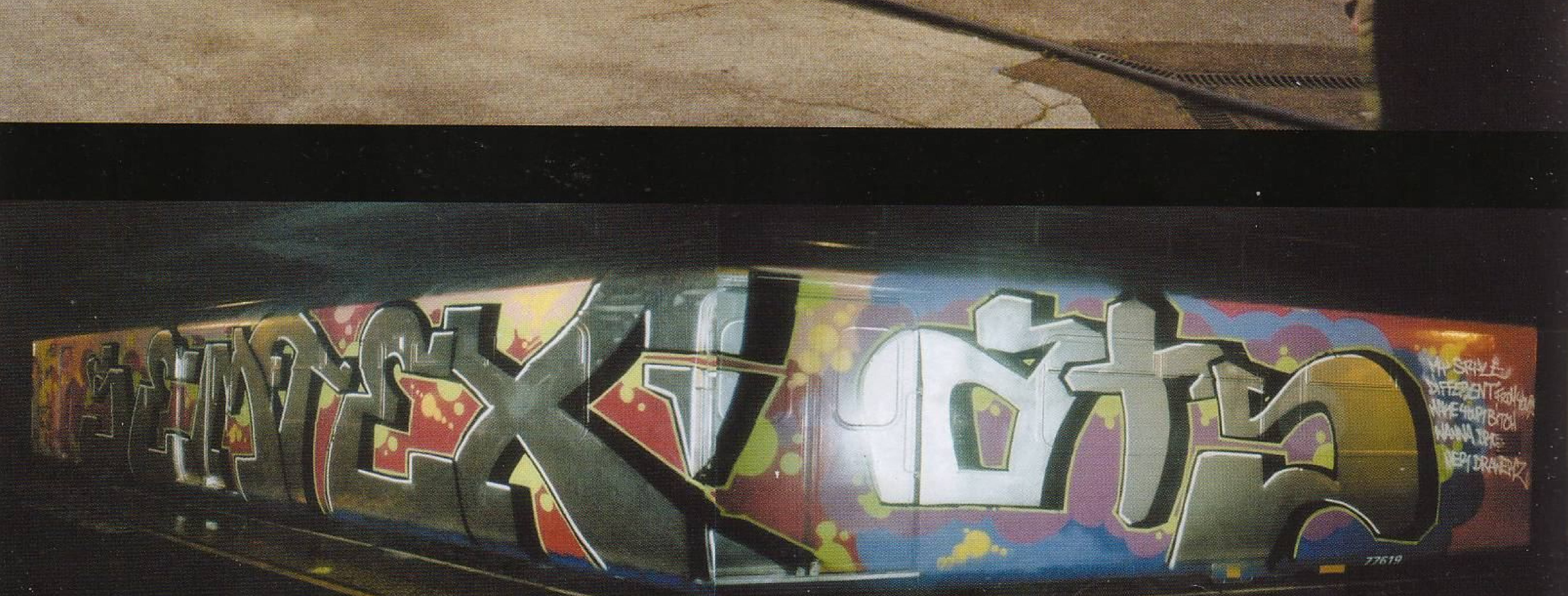
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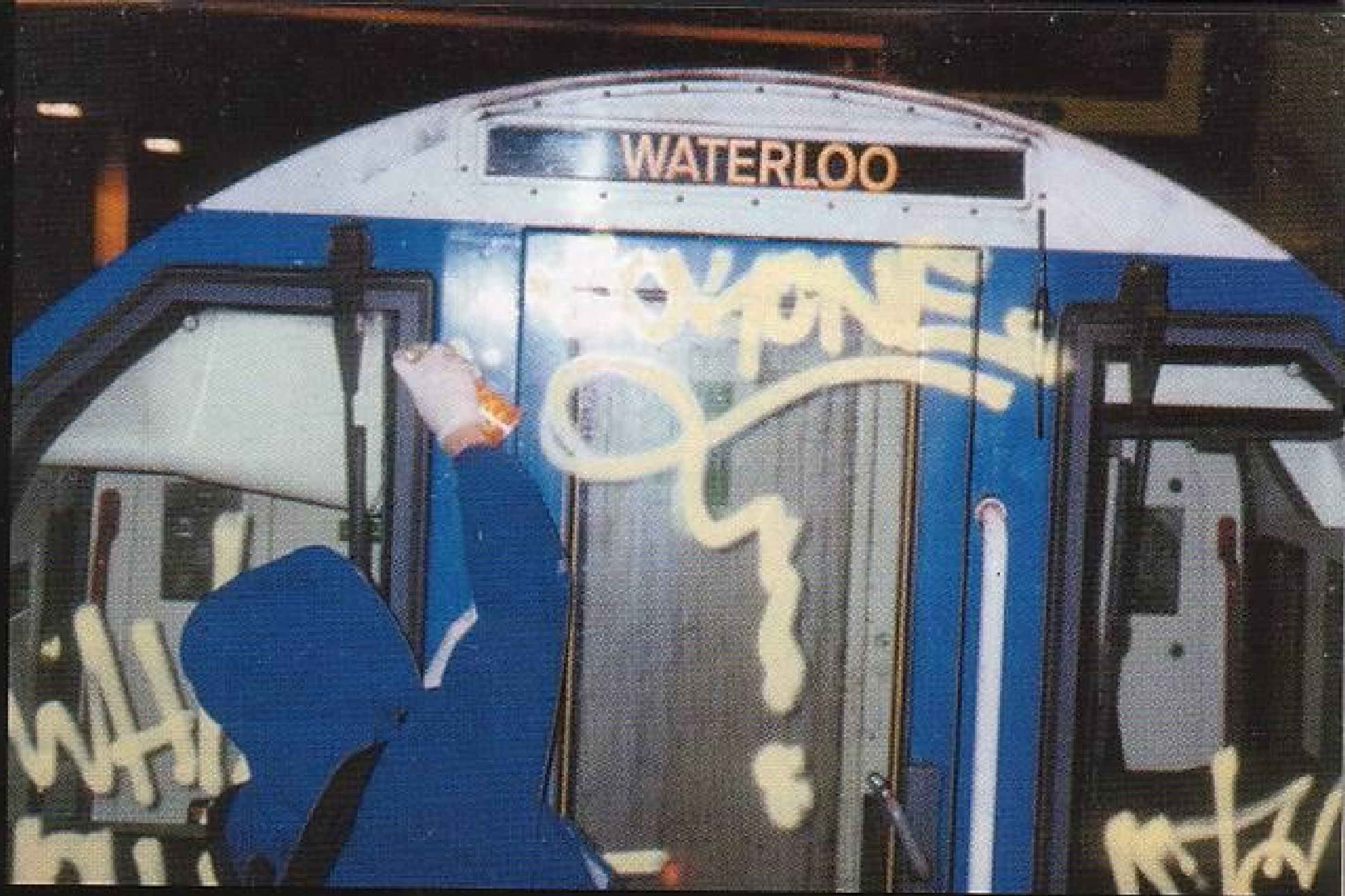

The level you're at now and the amount of painting you're doing has been building since 1997?

Walls wise, definitely. I was looking at a lot of CNS [Scien & Klor from France] stuff and that kind of inspired me to do the wall style I'm doing today. If I have to mention anyone, then Scien and Klor are the people I munch on the most. I like the way they stretch and paint long shapes that don't have to be straight all the time.

Back when I started painting, seeing the Americans, I wondered, "How do you do a straight line?" That's why my wall style is very straight. It's funny because I was asked a few months ago why my wall style is like that but my train style is curvy? I couldn't give an answer. Now I think it's because trains need curves on them because they're already straight - straight windows, straight edges - do you get what I mean? With walls, because they're sometimes uneven and not the right shape, they need something straight on them to make them symmetrical.

I was sitting in the main station and thinking it's a pretty clean city when five minutes later in pulls this train that was end-to-end phat burners and I thought, "FUCK-ING HELL!" I'd never seen anything like it in my life. That's when I rushed back to my hotel and got the camcorder

So, since you've been aiming for it from day one, do you think you've mastered the straight thing?

I don't know. I'm comfortable when people watch me do my outline so I guess I've got it. But it's not all about straight lines; the things Stet and Astek can do with curves blow me away. It's something I'd love to do but I don't feel happy doing curves on a wall.

Why did you get a burst of energy for writing when you moved back to London?

It goes back to the early days when I was living here and seeing what London was achieving, then seeing it quieten down when there were only a few people tucking in and keeping the scene alive. I wasn't doing much myself but tried to get back into it in '92, '93 but didn't really meet anyone or have many influences. I didn't really have the motivation to do anything and gave it up again.

When I moved back to London, I was seeing bombs and tags everywhere I was walking. London was fucked. That's when I thought, "Hang on a minute, I'm into this thing. Why don't I hook myself into it again." I was right in the middle of the Eastend and wanted to put it back on the map like RCS and AWE. So I used to visit Plaistow all the time, Iford, Barking, and putting up as much stuff as possible. I'd bump into people from all over London and the UK painting at Plaistow, so you'd get to know them then go off and paint somewhere else with them.

So the buzz of the city brought you back, yet there are things like the hostility that hack you off about London's graf scene?

Yeah. You do you own thing, get up, meet people, and that's cool. There isn't any hostility until you start becoming a bit of a name, when you start getting a little recognition. That's when you find there's someone there criticising what you're doing. It starts with three people liking what you do and one person hating it. Then that magnifies, so soon it's a hundred people liking your stuff and thirty people don't. That's when you ask yourself what you're doing wrong.

I'm open to criticism; if people don't like my stuff then fair play, but tell me the reasons why. I've heard criticisms where I've thought they were right, but a lot of people who have complained about my trains don't realise how long I've got in a yard. They think I've spent hours in there when it's usually been around twenty minutes, and what can you put up in twenty minutes? I had a conversation on the net with a North London writer who said that he didn't like what I was painting. He thought for the amount of time I'd been going I should be a lot better, that for the length of time I spend in yard I could be putting up some really good stuff. I asked him how long he thought I got in a yard and he said it was 4-5 hours, when I told him it was twenty minutes he apologised and changed his mind. Obviously, doing a whole car takes a lot longer than twenty minutes and sometimes you get longer than that to do a panel, but on average that's how long I get.

A lot of writers from London think BR yards are easy but, to me, they're harder than tube yards. With tubes you've got to get through the security - the cameras, trip wires, sensors - which is hard, but once you're in there and because nobody expects you to be there you can paint in peace. With BR yards, you have guards, drivers, cleaners walking around all night. I've met a

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THE MENTAL SOULZ

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group of people walking home from a club and using the train yard as a short cut - it's insane the people you meet in a BR yard.

Some writers will cancel a mission when things look a bit bait, some will do it anyway or head somewhere else because they have to paint once they've set out to do it. Are you one of those writers that's absolutely determined to paint once you've chosen a plot?

You weigh things up when you get there, but out of all the yard missions I've ever been on I don't think I've ever aborted any. If I haven't done the original yard I set out to do, I've gone to another one and done something successfully. Touch wood, I've never gone out and come home without bagging something that night. Other than when I went to Belgium, which was a bad weekend but we still managed to do something in Lille.

Are you up for more Euro behaviour because of the things you don't like about London?

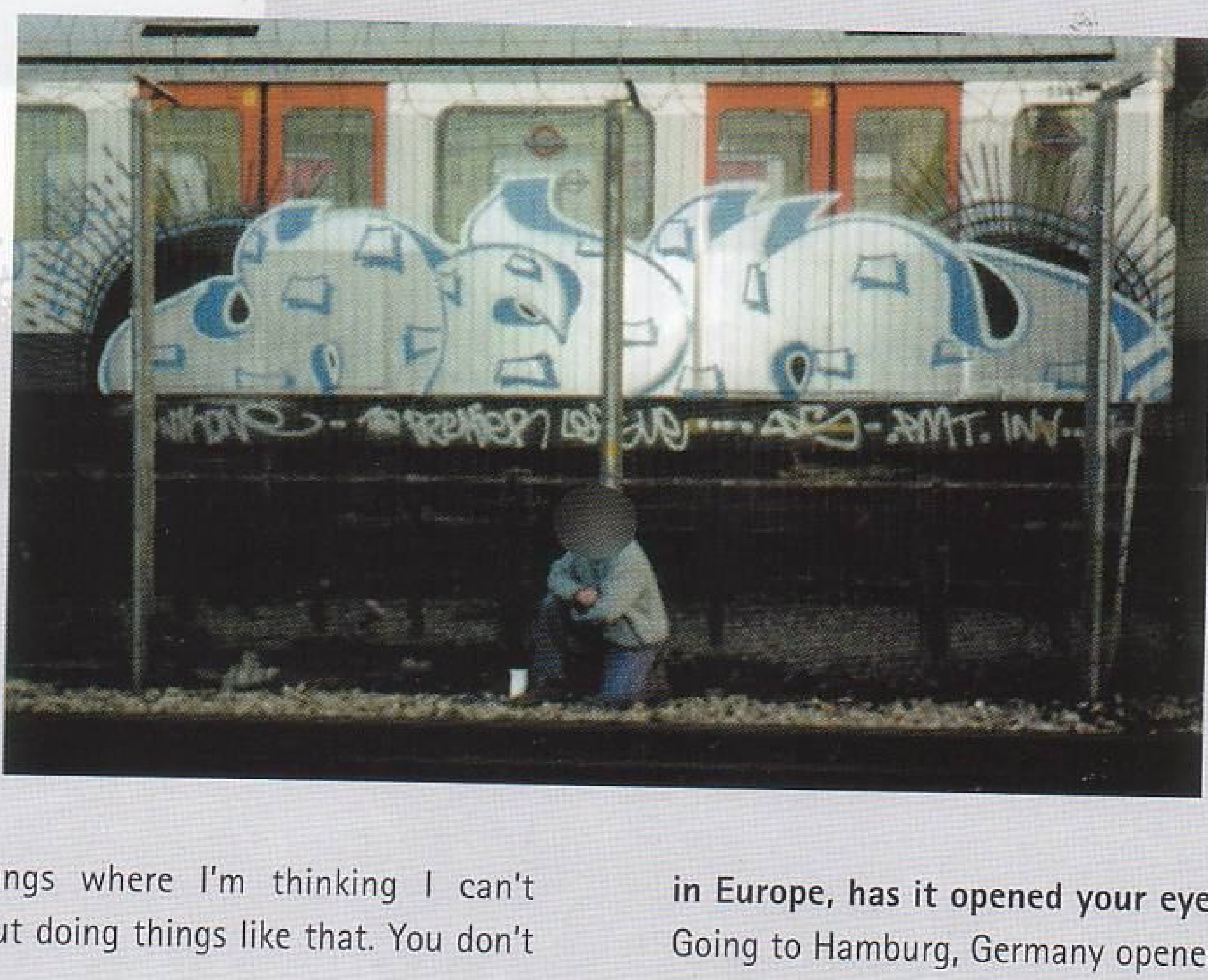
Yeah, it's a different mentality. I was relaying to another writer about how I was feeling; how even though I'm not on the Euro writers web forum anymore, as soon as people hear what I'm up to they put me down, which just annoys me. You feel you have to fight back all the time as people keep chipping away at you. But I'm not going to give up; I'll stop when I want to stop, not because people see me as a bumpkin.

We've kept ourselves back since the early days... It feels as though the whole world has overtaken London. The London scene is just pants at the moment, it's diabolical. You can't get four or five writers together to do a wicked production that would even compete with the Germans or French

How tired is that, that "bumpkin" is still used as a taunt.

Whether you're from here or there has nothing to do with it. Personally, I feel there are better writers from outside of London than there are in London. If you look at the city as a whole, then a lot of people writing come from elsewhere. Some writers have to realise that London is a Mecca, and writers from Europe, New York, Bristol, Brighton or wherever come here. London isn't about London writers, it's about a big community coming together. You can go and paint at The Moon in Brighton, with a group of writers from there and get a long fine, have a *wicked* time. The mentality here is that if you're not from London then you can't paint here and that's just ridiculous. That's the attitude that needs to change. You go anywhere else in the world and writers welcome you.

That's the whole point of me wanting to go to Europe this year; they're in to what you paint not where you're from and that's how London should be. We've kept ourselves back since the early days, when it had the biggest scene outside of New York. It feels as though the whole world has overtaken London. The London scene is just pants at the moment, it's diabolical. You can't get four or five writers together to do a wicked production that would even compete with the Germans or French. The Americans created this then it seemed like they let it slip but right now... fucking hell! They're doing things where I'm thinking I can't comprehend that. I can't even think about doing things like that. You don't get that in England at all.



I'm trying to work that one out. VOP took out a wall before Christmas, and invited heads down but Astek was the only guy who came down to paint, along with Insa, Known and Anie, who took out a side wall.

People say VOP are this and that, but I think they're a wicked crew, and they've been going a long time, a very long time. But people don't talk about them anymore as if they have no respect for them and that's not right. There are only a few people in London like Dek and Skore who make the effort to constantly ring people up to go out and paint, and you find it's the same people doing the productions - Syks, Shine & Quest, Shok, etc. I think Skore's artistic talent and ideas go way beyond a lot of people's. He's one of the few guys with a bit of vision to know what we should be doing.

Why do you think people don't come together more often?

I think London has the mentality that you have to be an individual: if you're an individual with a name, you get respect; if you've got respect then you're a king. There aren't too many crews out there pushing it saying, "This is us." That's because half the crew doesn't know the other half, and that's true for loads of the crews that everybody knows. How can you have respect for that?

The crews you're probably talking about have been around for nearly a decade and in some cases longer, do you see any young, upcoming crews on the horizon, because a lot of younger cats seem interested solely in dubs?

But don't you think that's what they grew up on, though. A kid will see *Graphotism*, and see DDS getting the utmost respect. All that kid will have is a can of chrome and a can of black and he wants to imitate DDS because he thinks that's the way to get respect. He'll then do his dub, send it to *Graphotism*, it'll get printed and he gets his fame. That's where those kids are coming from instead of thinking about developing style and adding colours.

Was it your goal to get something new going with ATS?

I knew a few people who wanted to paint more trains so I thought we should get a plan going to make something big like TPG, BRF, STD, BKS, FKF and those sorts of crews. I said let's form something that will try to reach the same level as them. That's when we came up with ATS - Against The System, because that's what we were about. During the year some people broke off, some got nicked, others joined, but, by the end of the year and without being boastful about it, there weren't that many people who didn't know who ATS was, and that's what we set out to do. Because we got enough stuff published in magazines and over the internet, Europeans want to paint with us.

What have you picked up painting in Europe, has it opened your eyes to certain things?

Going to Hamburg, Germany opened me up a lot. I originally went for a long weekend with my old girlfriend and didn't plan on doing any graf. I was sitting in the main station and thinking it's a pretty clean city when five minutes later in pulls this train that was end-to-end *phat* burners and I

T.I.T.

SMASHIN.....
2000

CLAIRE
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FARRINGDON FUCKER 1..

LOS.
YARDSTOUR
2000...

A DIGITAL WAY OF LIFE
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thought, "FUCK-ING HELL!" I'd never seen anything like it in my life. That's when I rushed back to my hotel, got the camcorder and sat back on the station for an hour. Every single train had end-to-end burners.

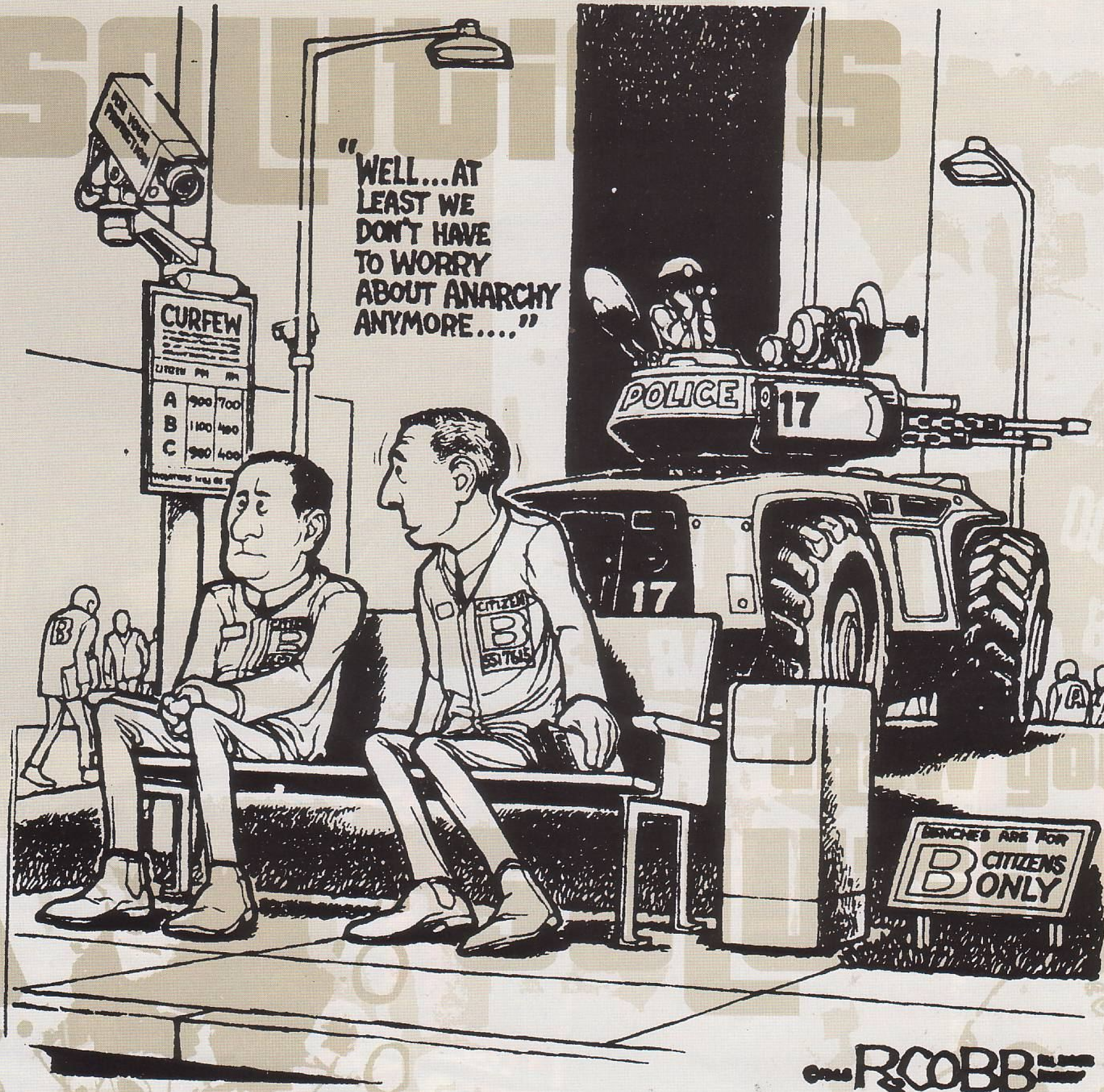
And all the while your girlfriend's bored back at the hotel?
Well she was back there having a kip while I was in heaven filming these trains.
That night I walked some tracks and bumped into some guys who are in BASF, a big bombing crew out there. I ended up following them around for the night as they went street bombing pretty brazenly and I asked them, "Don't you worry about getting caught?" But the public out there think if you're painting it means you're a gangster, a nutter, so they just leave you alone. Cars were driving by not giving a monkey's. Then I asked them where the yards were and they said, "We don't do trains." It seems as though you either do trains or walls, obviously some do both but it seems as though there aren't many who do.

You've been going locomotion crazy over the last few months, but it was LDS taking you under their wing that started you out on steel...
I remember doing my first train with LDS and they whopped their stuff up pretty quick while I was still tugging away and they're going, "What are you doing? Throw it on." But I'm worrying about the drips and they're going, "Forget about the drips. The flic will change everything." It was my first ever train and it was snowing and in the morning it looked messy, but when I had the flics developed you couldn't see the drips - it looked perfect. I learnt so much from LDS, I love them to death and everyone thinks I disrespect them and I don't. They took me to yards and schooled me really well.

Now last year, you had a niggly battle with Khans, where you both had a train flic posted on the web and people could vote for the piece they rated most. How did that situation come about?
It's funny, I first met Khans in 1999. We hooked up, painted together, he was safe, and I loved hearing his tube panting stories. I was going out painting yards with him and LDS, but it reached the point where I thought they were only painting with me because I had the wheels, it was like I was the driver so they could go and paint. I got that vibe big time so I thought fuck this and I gave it up for six, seven months. That's when LDS and me went our own way, and it was the same with Khans.

At the beginning of 2000, I wanted to come back after working out what I wanted to do wall and train wise - to hit, and to hit it hard. I got on a web forum to say that I want to get back into it and if anybody's out there let's go and paint. Then people were getting on there pretending to be me and saying that I'm the don. Khans jumped on the bandwagon saying who the fuck are you? He was saying LDS showed me the way and now I was mugging them off. I said hang on a minute I haven't said anything, so our beef started from there. That snowballed to him calling me a bumpkin and that I shouldn't be painting anything because I'm not from London, which was rich considering where he's from. That's how we ended up doing the internet battle.
I went and painted a battle piece on a BR and he sent in a flic of a tube he'd done before. Now people are going to vote a tube over a BR any day so I feel we should have agreed what we were painting on because I would have painted a tube as well. Out of around 300 votes he got about 30 more than me, so it was pretty close. At Unity we had a chat and decided to stay out of each other's way - If I don't like what you do and vice versa, then let's steer clear. But he's still talking about me on the internet. The internet is the root of all evil. ◎

Shouts: Oker, Memo, Myth, Sneak, Cafe, Stet, CBK, LDS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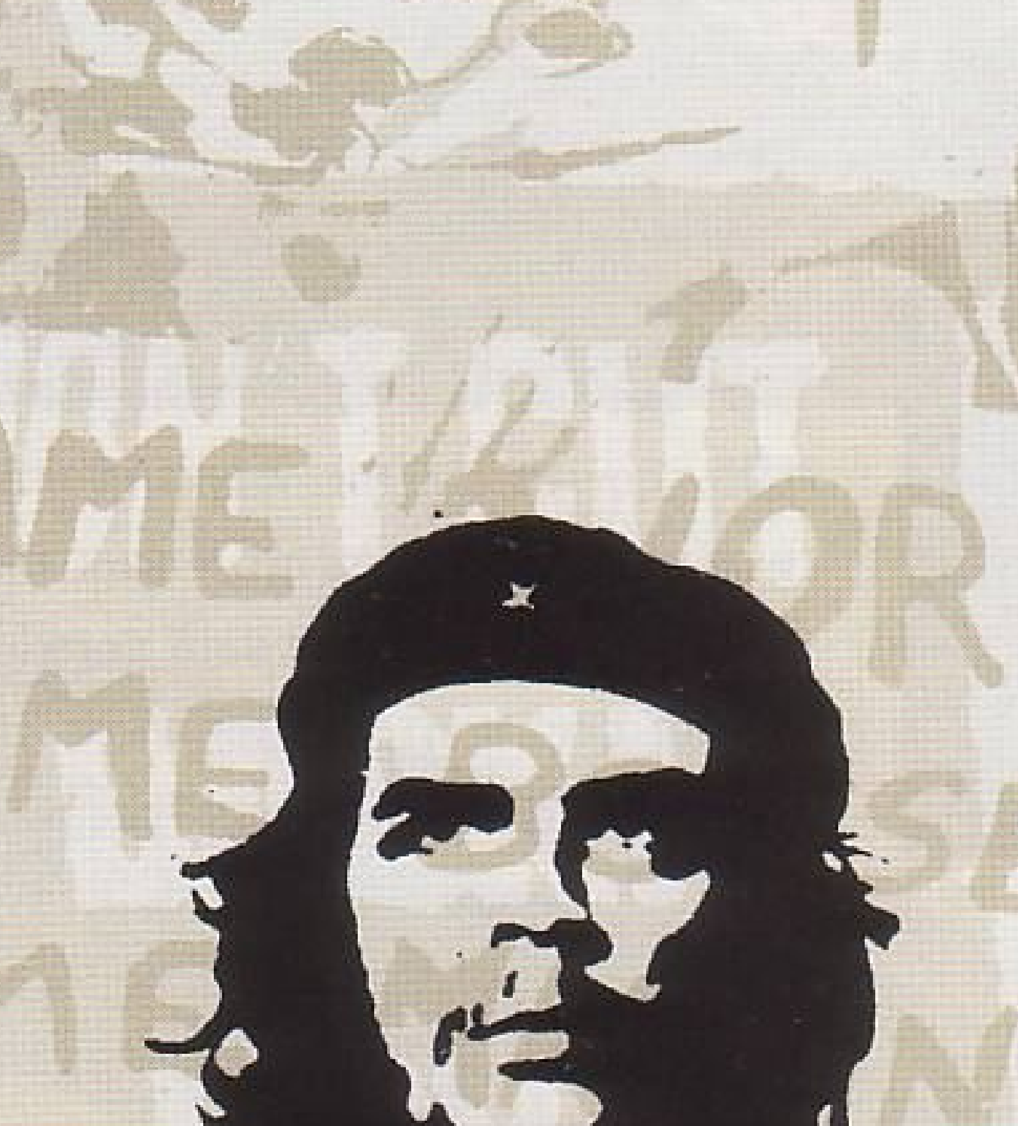
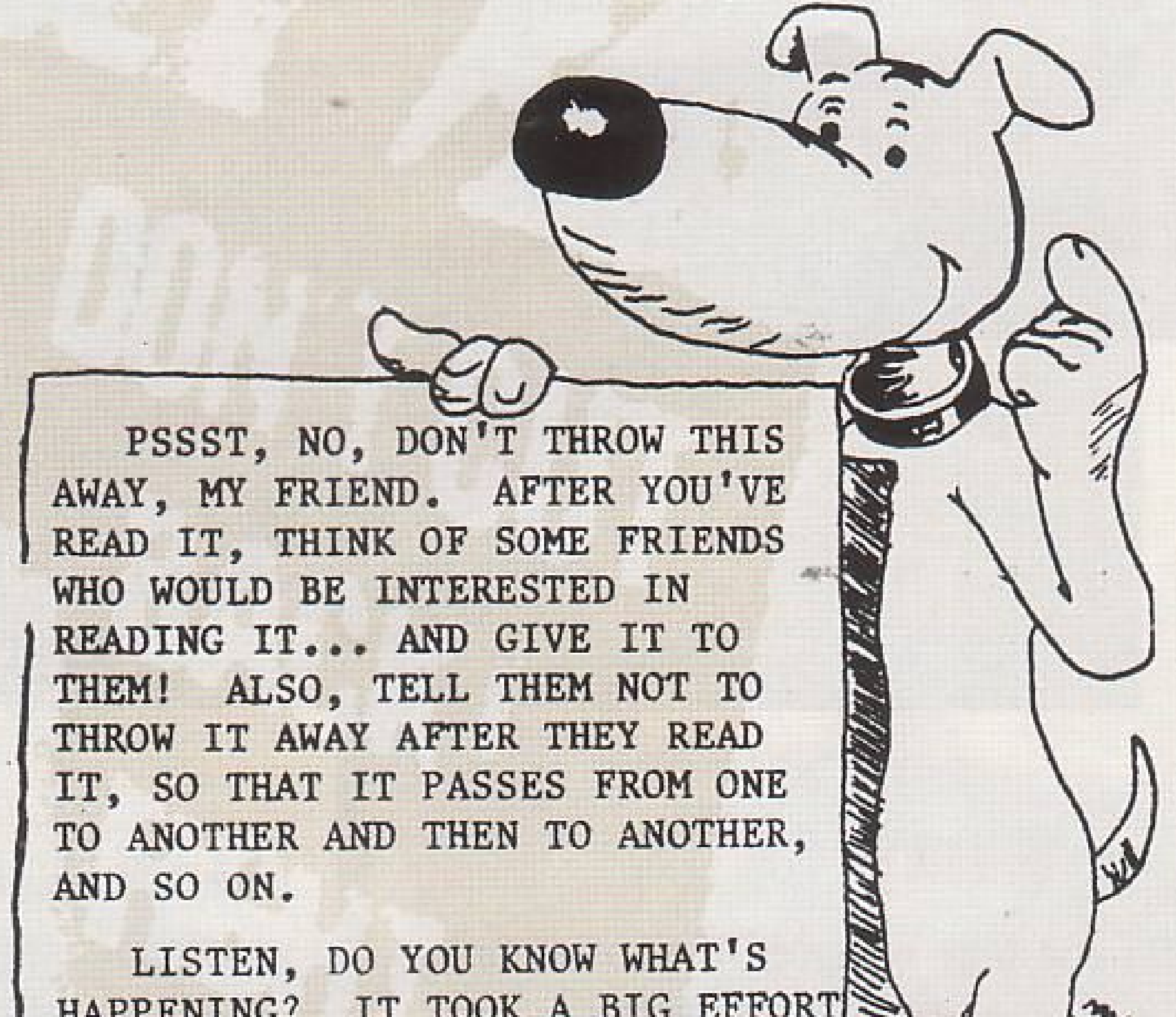


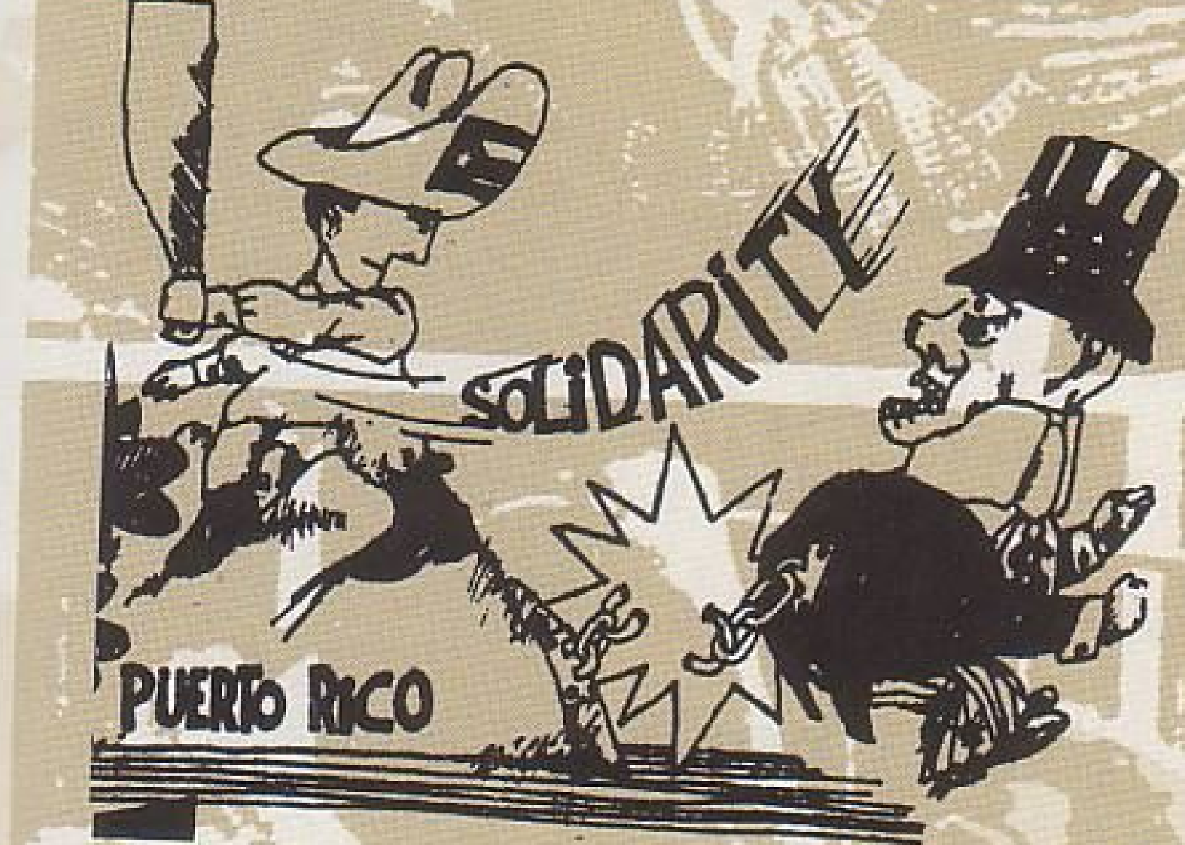


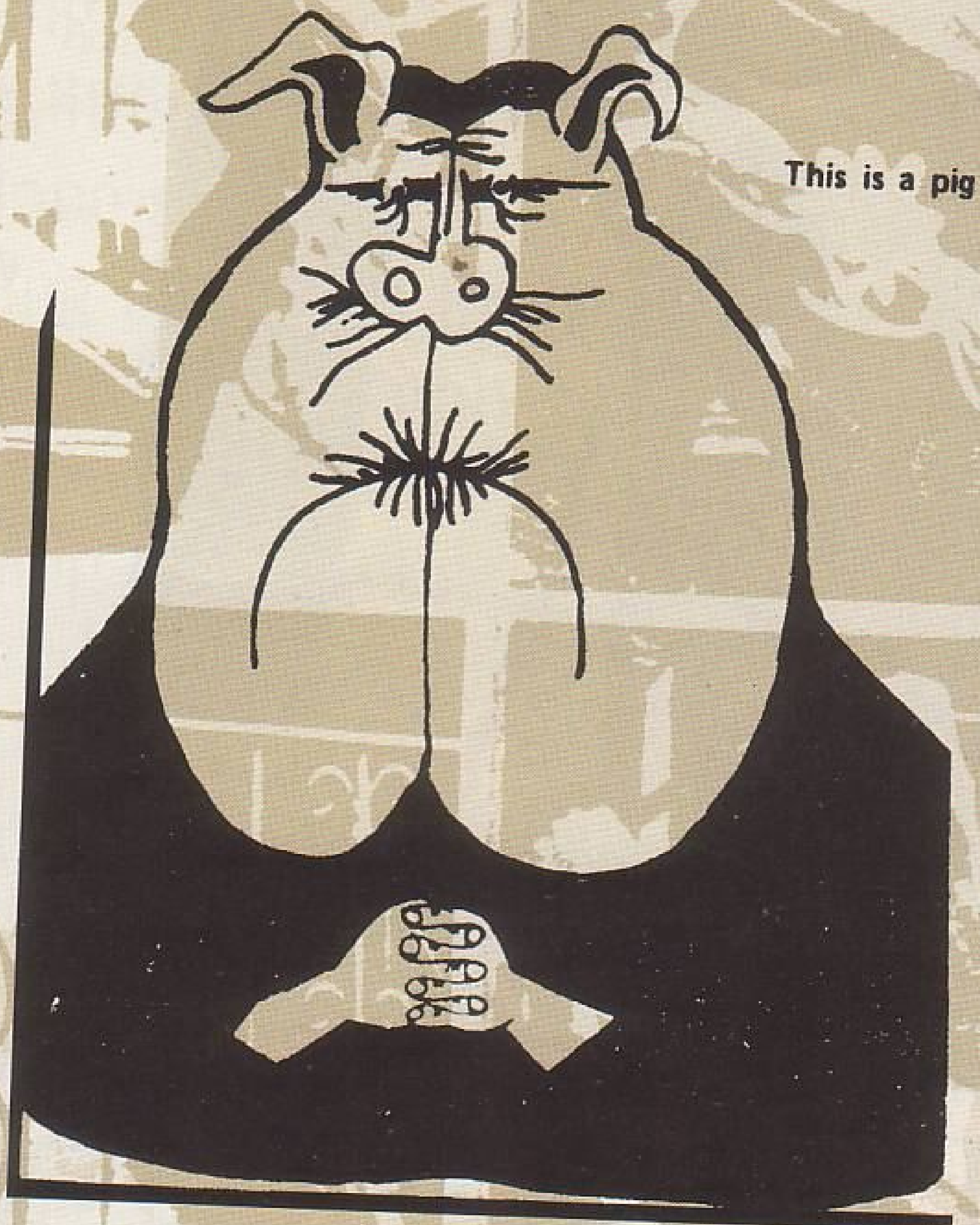
PSSST, NO, DON'T THROW THIS AWAY, MY FRIEND. AFTER YOU'VE READ IT, THINK OF SOME FRIENDS WHO WOULD BE INTERESTED IN READING IT... AND GIVE IT TO THEM! ALSO, TELL THEM NOT TO THROW IT AWAY AFTER THEY READ IT, SO THAT IT PASSES FROM ONE TO ANOTHER AND THEN TO ANOTHER, AND SO ON.

LISTEN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING? IT TOOK A BIG EFFORT TO PRINT THIS. NIGHTS OF VIGILANCE, FUNDRAISING, OUTWITTING THE AGENTS OF REPRESSION... AND ALL THIS SACRIFICE SHOULD NOT ONLY OBLIGE YOU TO READ IT YOURSELF, BUT TO PASS IT ON FROM HAND TO HAND AS A WEAPON IN THE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE ODIOUS IMPERIALISTS.

PUCHO

"We're Involved in a War - A People's War against those who oppress the People. This is War in the Clearest Sense of the Word."





DON'T CUT
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draw your own solutions

These satirical cartoons come care of *Groundswell* and *The People United*, two American Socialist papers printed in 1976, the year punk rock originally broke. Twenty-five years on and just like punk are their sentiments no less relevant. Pig rulers, through ill deeds we're aware of and covert, iller acts, are still deserving of our scorn. Curfews and other suppressions of individual freedom escalate. We The People find our consumer choices enriched as our voting choices kerb crawl using the same vehicle. Injustice is the constant where the tone changes but the song remains the same, and as well as we know the tune how often do we attempt to disrupt its melody? "A little rebellion now and then is a good thing", wrote US President Thomas Jefferson back in 1787, he failed to add rebellion on a grand scale is much better.

However charged the 70s may have been over political ideology, with 20/20 hindsight that decade and these papers read as optimistic at best, stupidly naïve at worst. In 2001, what government needs to fool all of the people all of the time when most of the time the people don't give a fuck unless it appeals to a cosy single issue (pity the poor fox, hiss at petrol prices). The People united? Well only in our personal cravings and to hell with everybody else. The Marxists rightly lost; the free market spirals, but it doesn't mean there isn't something rotten in the state of Capitalism.

Gil Scott-Heron, though right about many things, was off beam when he sang the revolution would not be televised: our globe is spinning in a way where it will be televised, advertised and merchandised. The revolution will be sanitised because the networks will give it a pre-watershed screening and offer cash prices to radicals voted most popular by the public. It used to be said that there could be no revolution without revolutionaries and now there can be no revolution without first attaching a thorough marketing strategy. That is what these papers were confronting beside ambitions ousting imperialism. The struggle carries on despite the hill it climbs growing steeper. Stay unreasonable. **Hang71**

WORLD
IN
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WEAN XANE
PALAIS DU F

Hot town! Who owns the streets? The metro politicians appearing around ballot time, then for the rest of their terminal term in office fade away. The police force coursing through the city enforcing State law and order. Shopping, commuting, stressed beset John and Jane Citizen, and those drunken masters knowing little kung-fu but skilled in beer-fuelled aggression. The rioters, flatlanders, dope-sellers, knife-wielders, joyriders, skateboarders, gun clappers. Clannish gang members from the Far East and Caribbean. A to the K... A to the Russian Mafia. Bomb planting ETA terrorists and bomb planting writers.

Hot town! Who's sweetening the city's eye-candy? Architects of sky-scraping steel and glass bombast and the institutions that commission these towering infernos. Neon lit skits by Pepsi Cola and Burger King. Fly posting paste boys working the dusk 'til dawn shift. Ambient advertising registering only with the initiated. Eccentric Japnik dressers in their head turning get up and the bomb planting writers with their get ups for the heads.

THE CALL TO THE STREETS

There's an armed contest going on and avoiding the battle is impossible. As propagandists, we're going to show what we want you to see. We won't be showing the casualties of arrest and detention for fear of lowering community morale. We're presenting collateral damage inflicted by platoon villains working the frontiers because we're as one sided as the next news gathering agency. Reporting from Paris and New York is a start. Reports from other cities will slowly file in once security is ratified.

For some, these pictures of guerrilla activity won't be pretty, but that's combat for you. Blank space deployment at ground level doesn't always receive the plaudits of the Production Patrol, yet the only thing keeping us from being them is the infantry. Trench warfare does not have to be ugly. Affirmative action does not have to be politically correct. Some of this soldiering has been carried out by double agents working for the other side by day but dreaming of the night and the end game. They're invaluable to the cause. They shape the enemy to sense safety and complacency, that they have a handle on this activity. They don't. In the conflict many call street art we can't forget our sticker and stencil allies, but shot at dawn are those utilising terminology such as "street art". For the men and women not to have served, it is time to stop dodging the draft when there's a call to the streets. For those that have served and continue do so, we salute your tours of duty. Out. **GNN**

photor: Nylon additional NY photography: Sqan, Cope2, Fade, Desa

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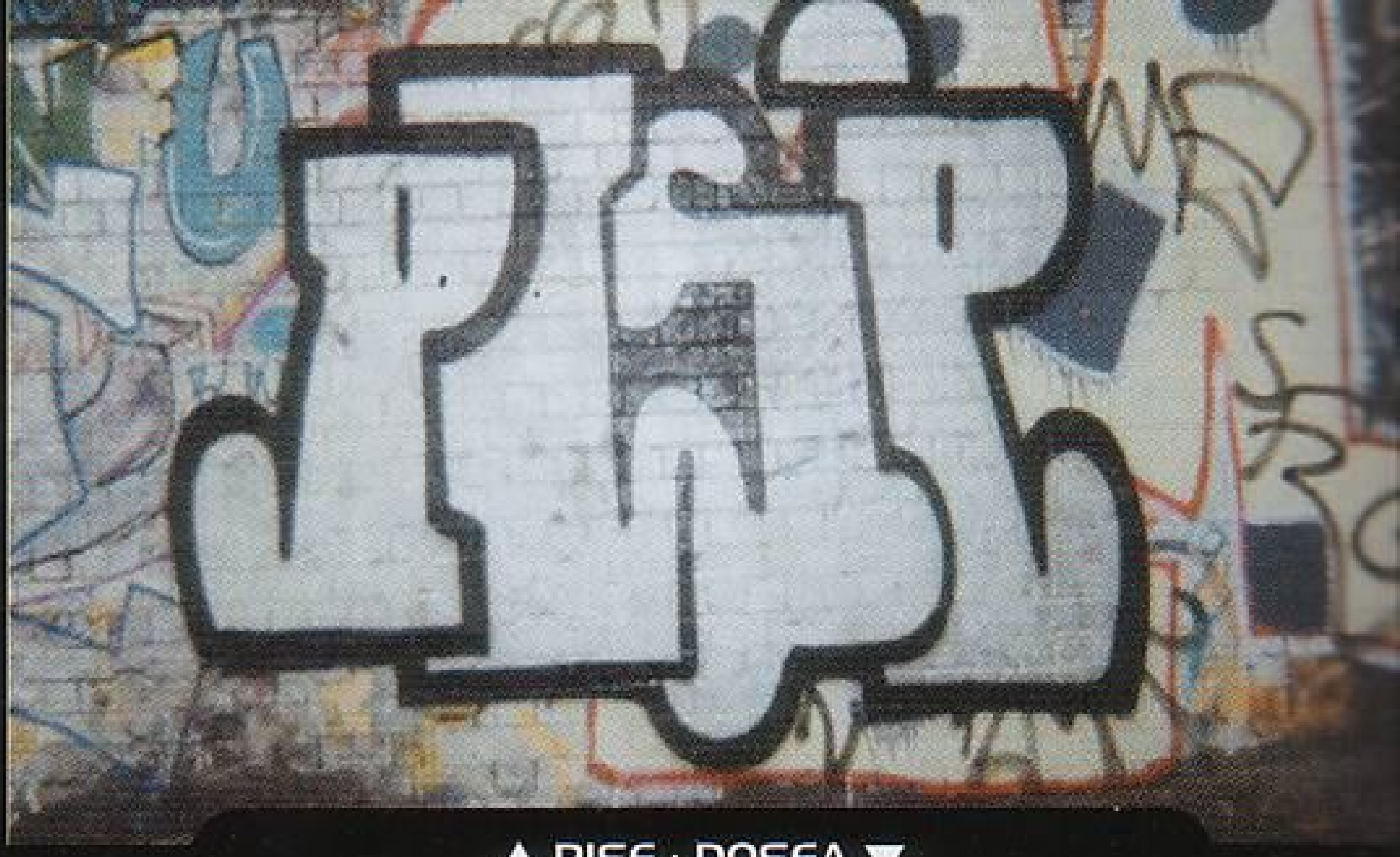

▲ PISE · DOSEA ▼

BEETHOVEN'S CHROMOLOGY OF MAN IN G MAJOR

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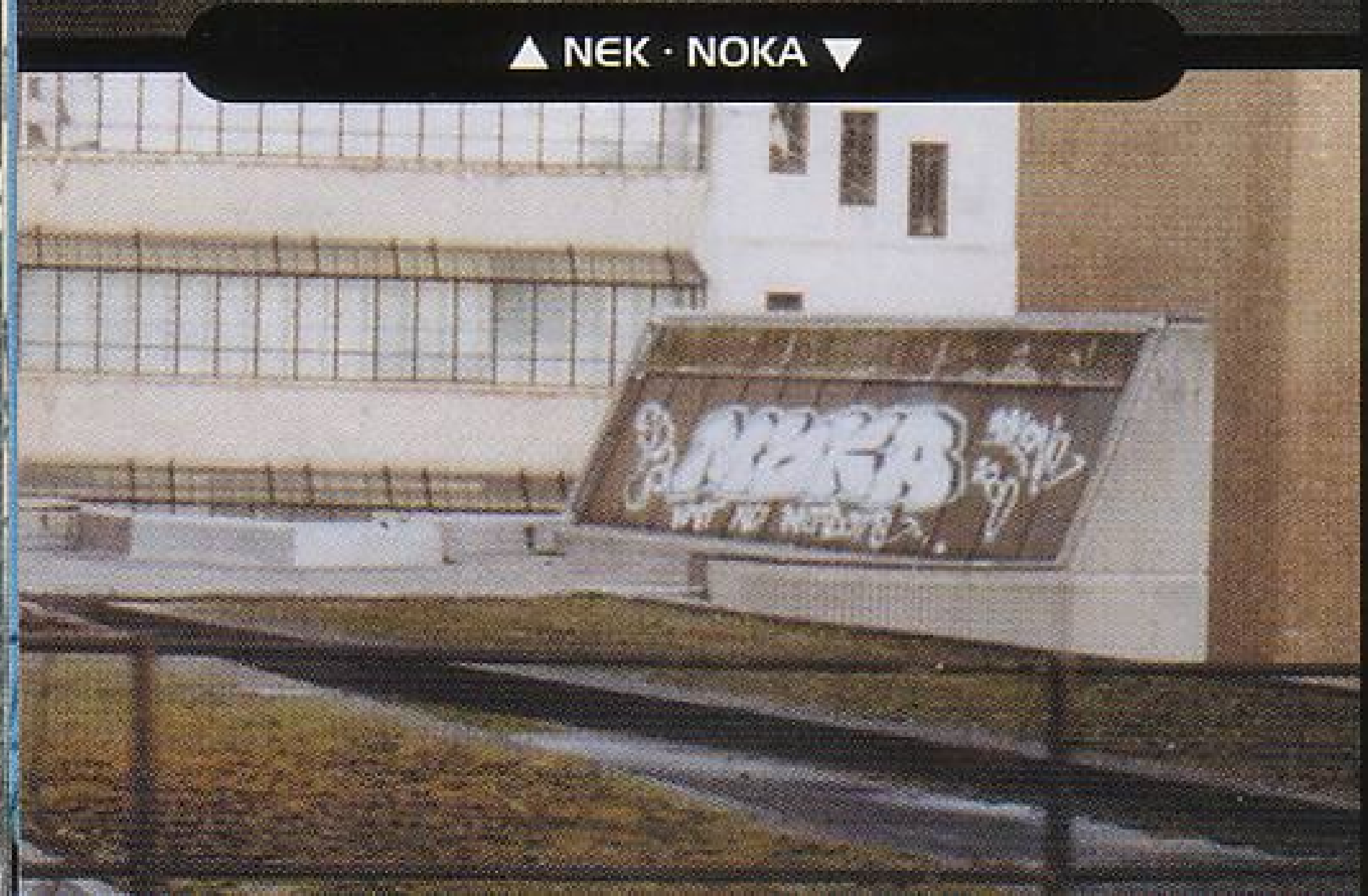

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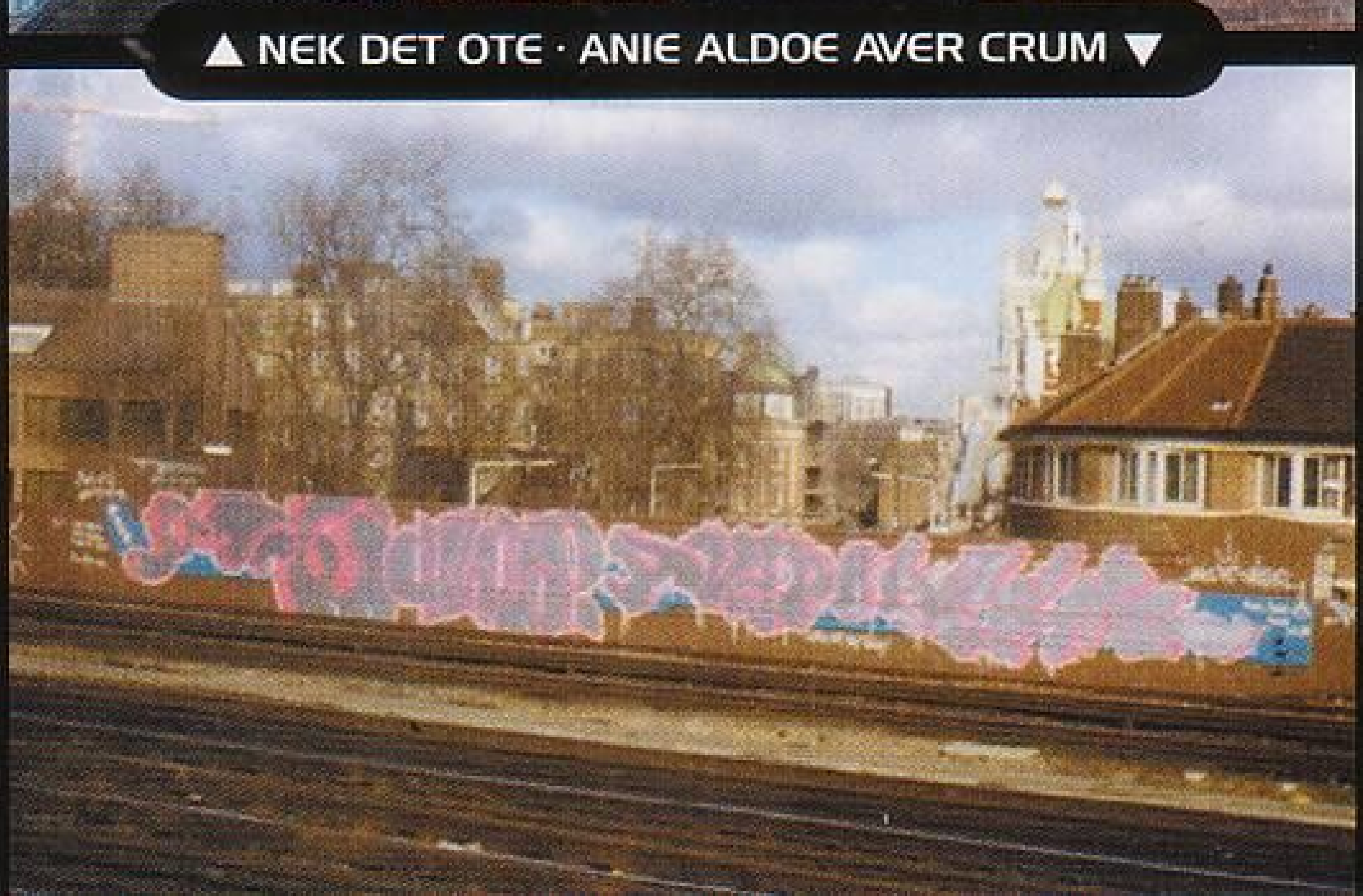

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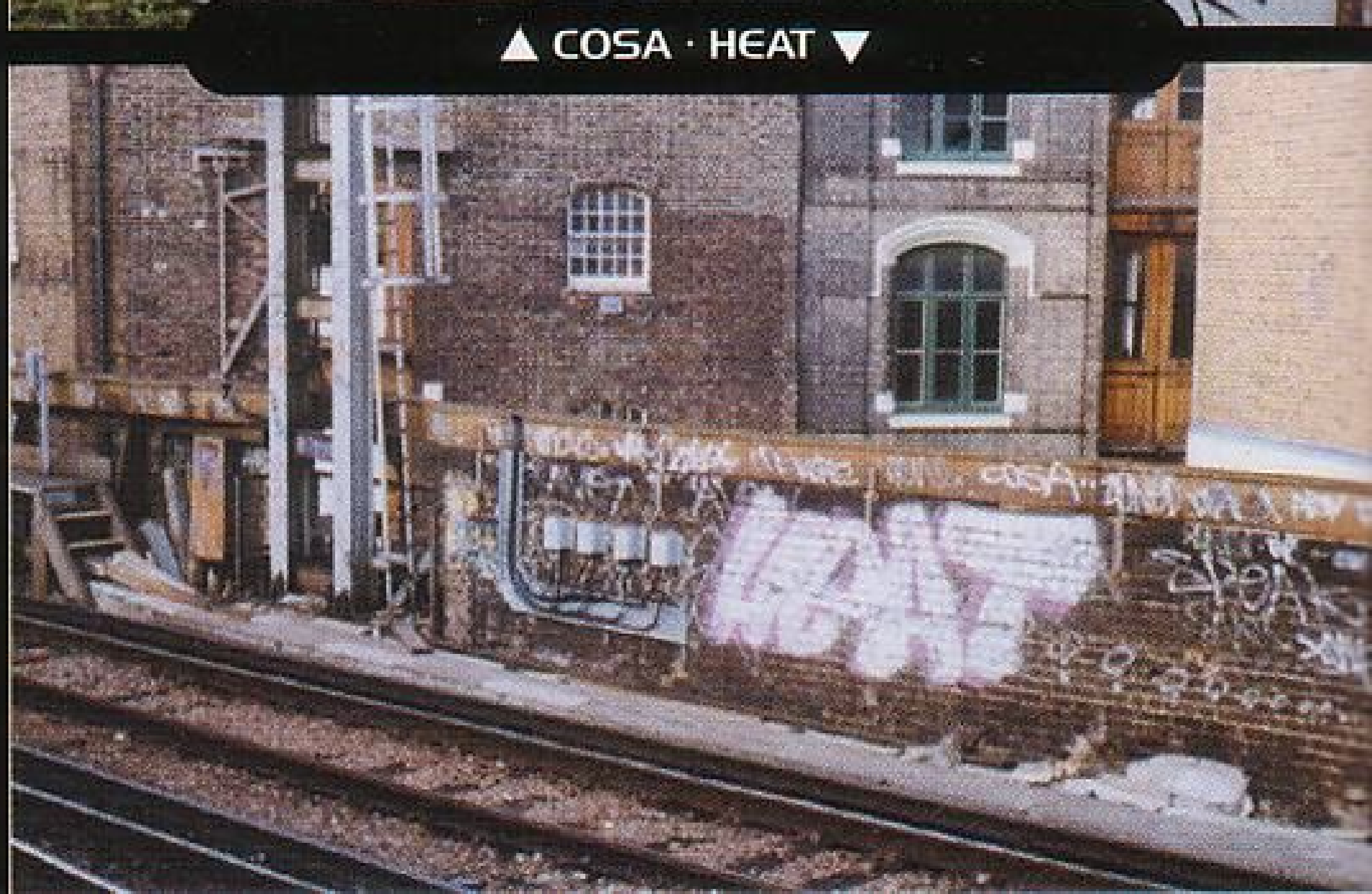

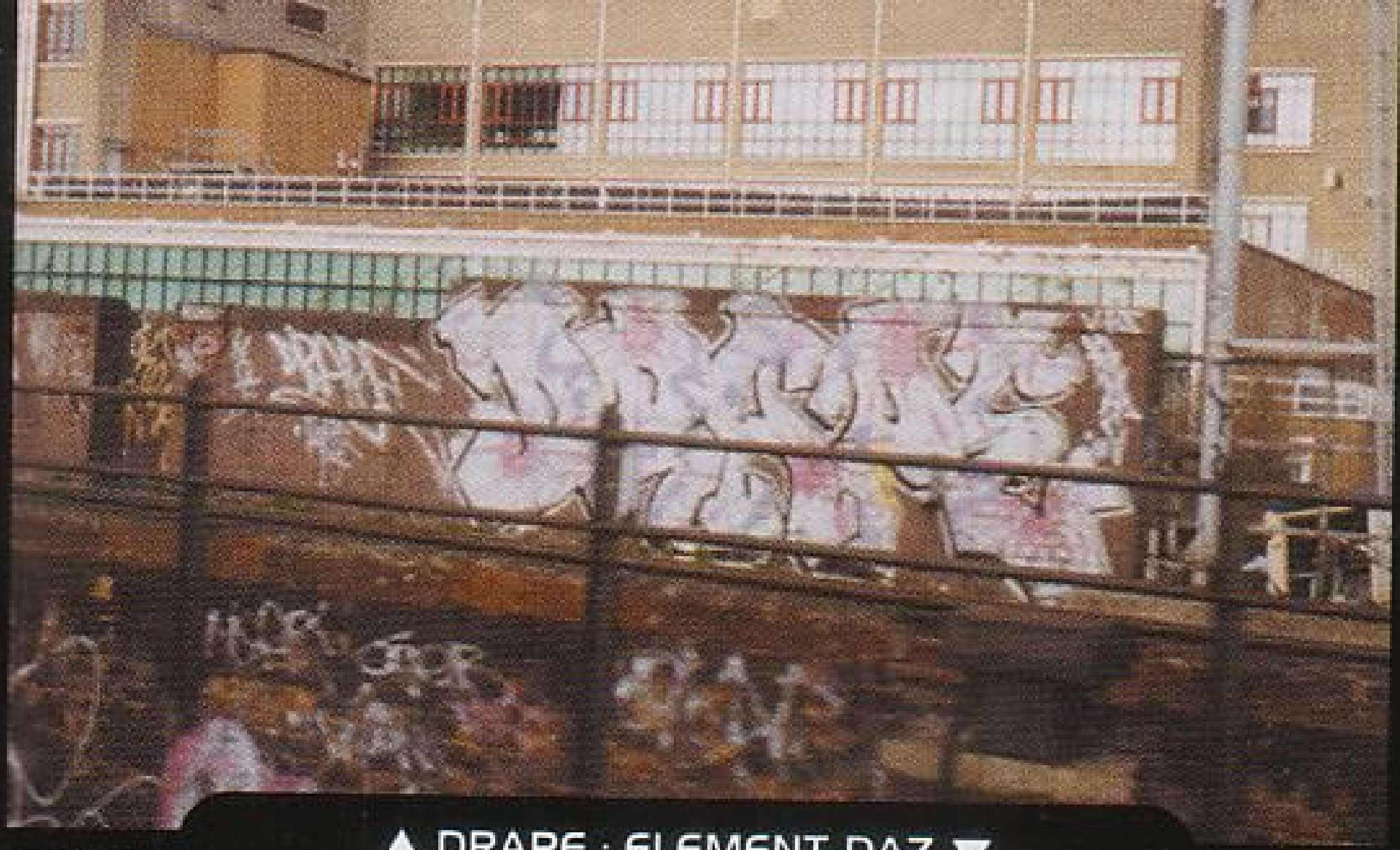

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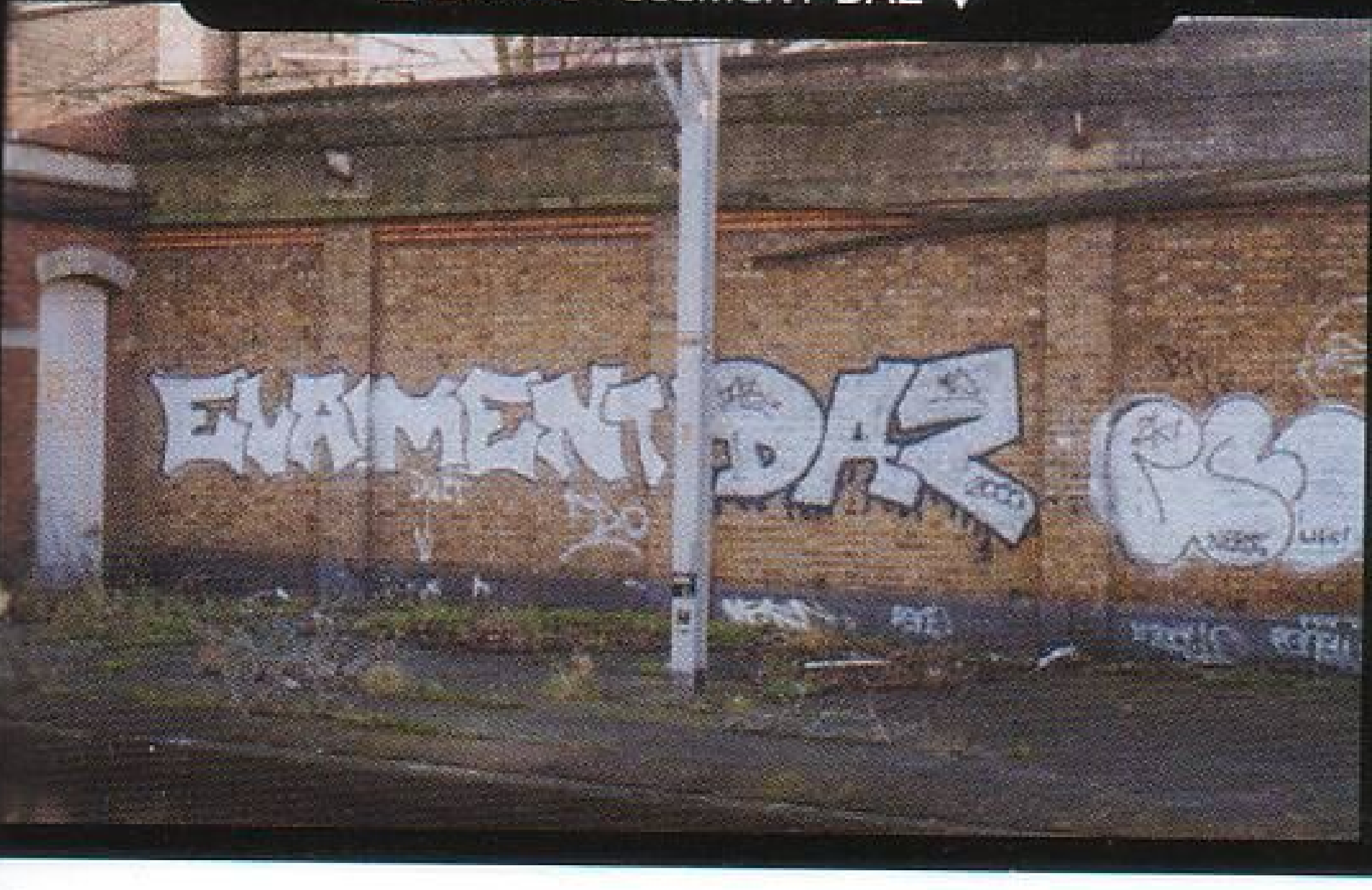

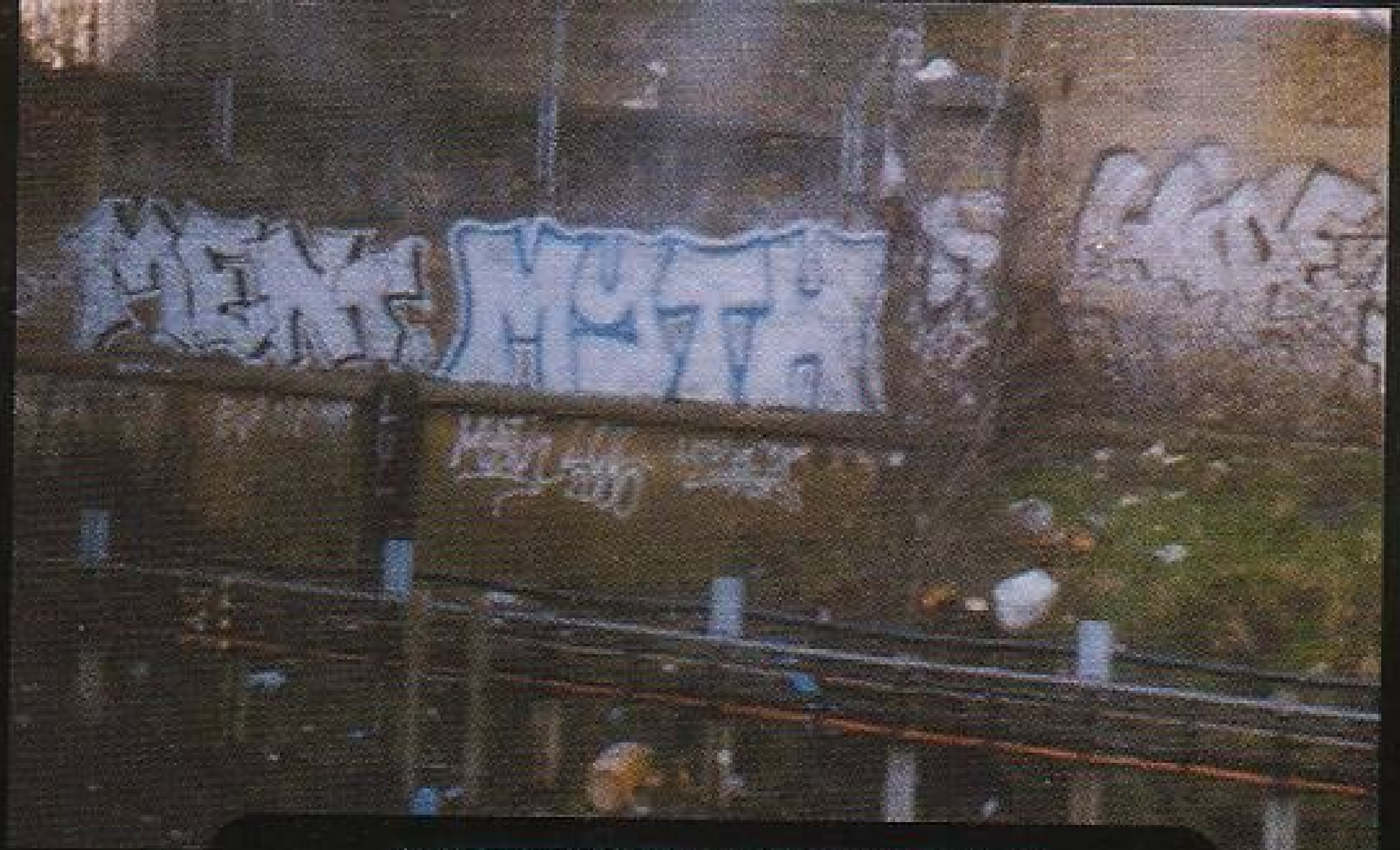

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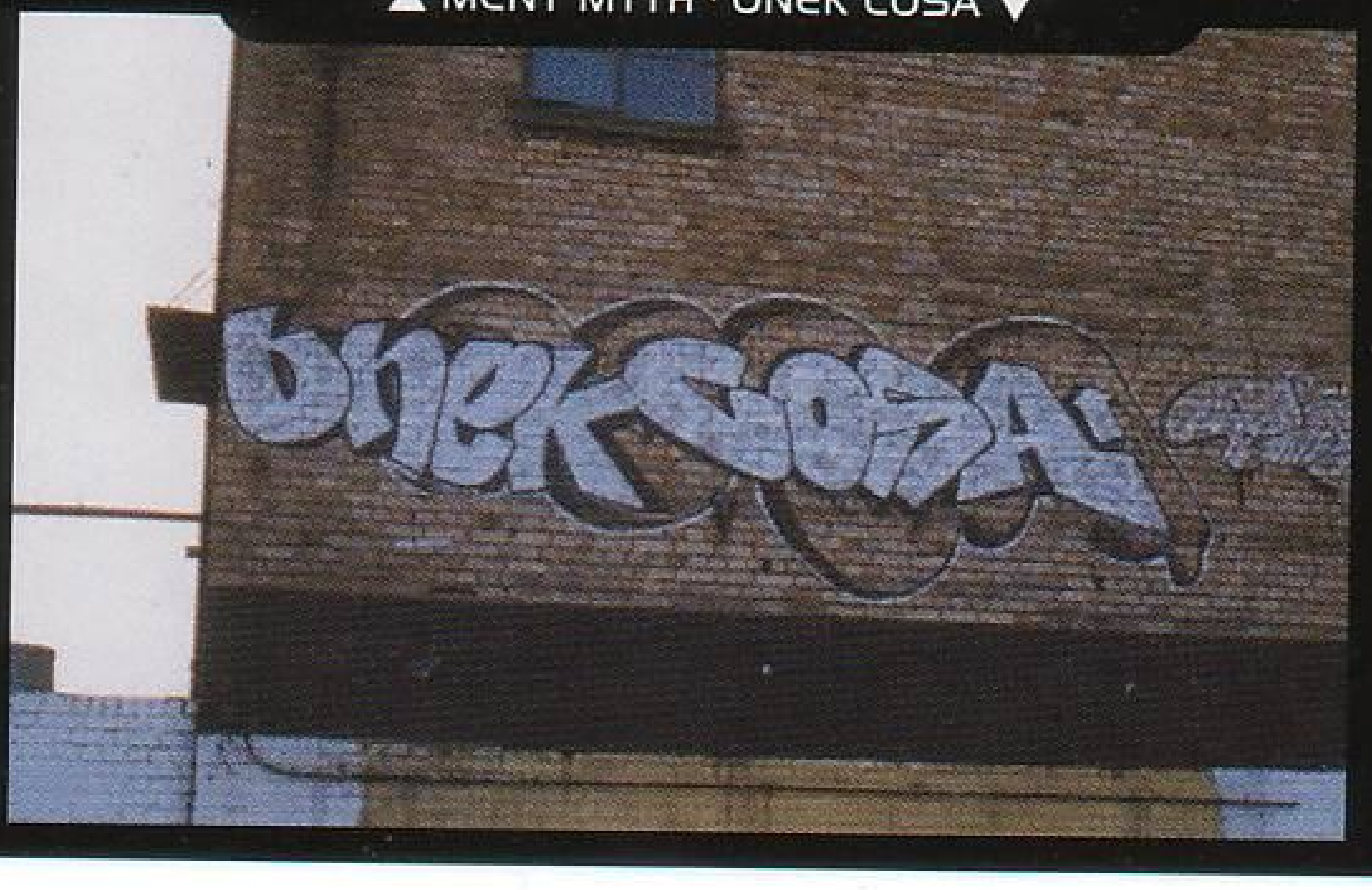
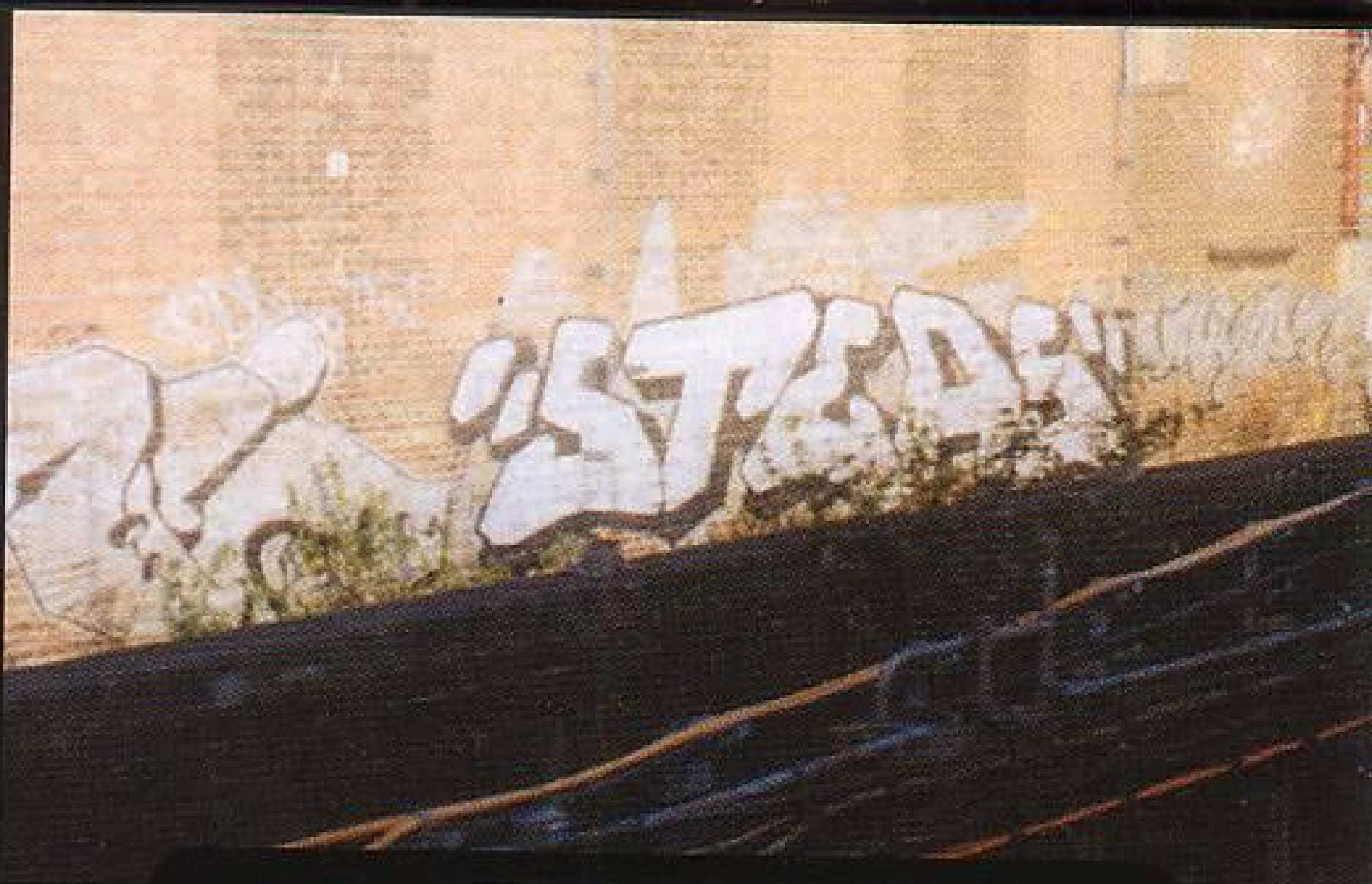
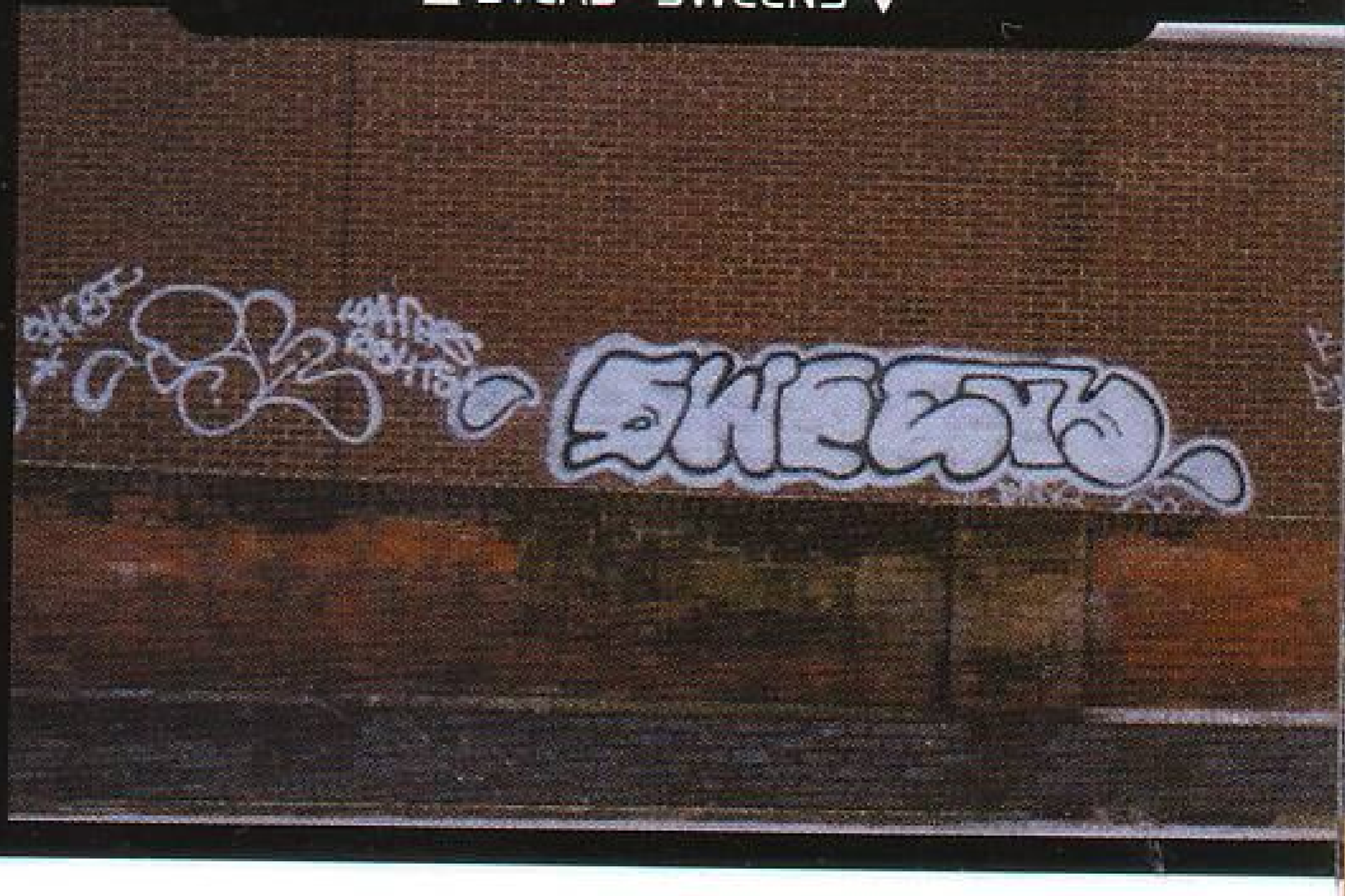




▲ STEAS · SWEENS ▼



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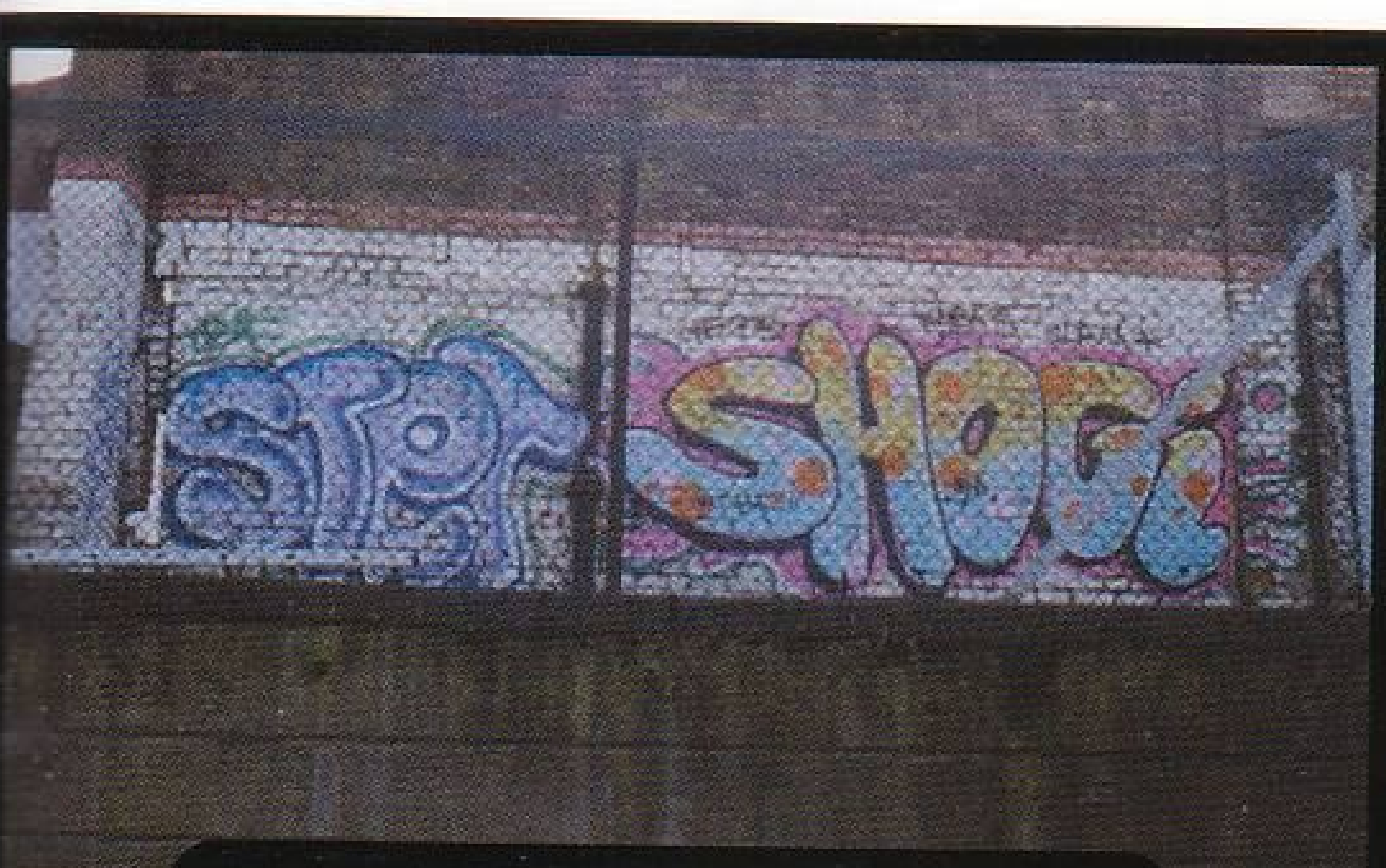

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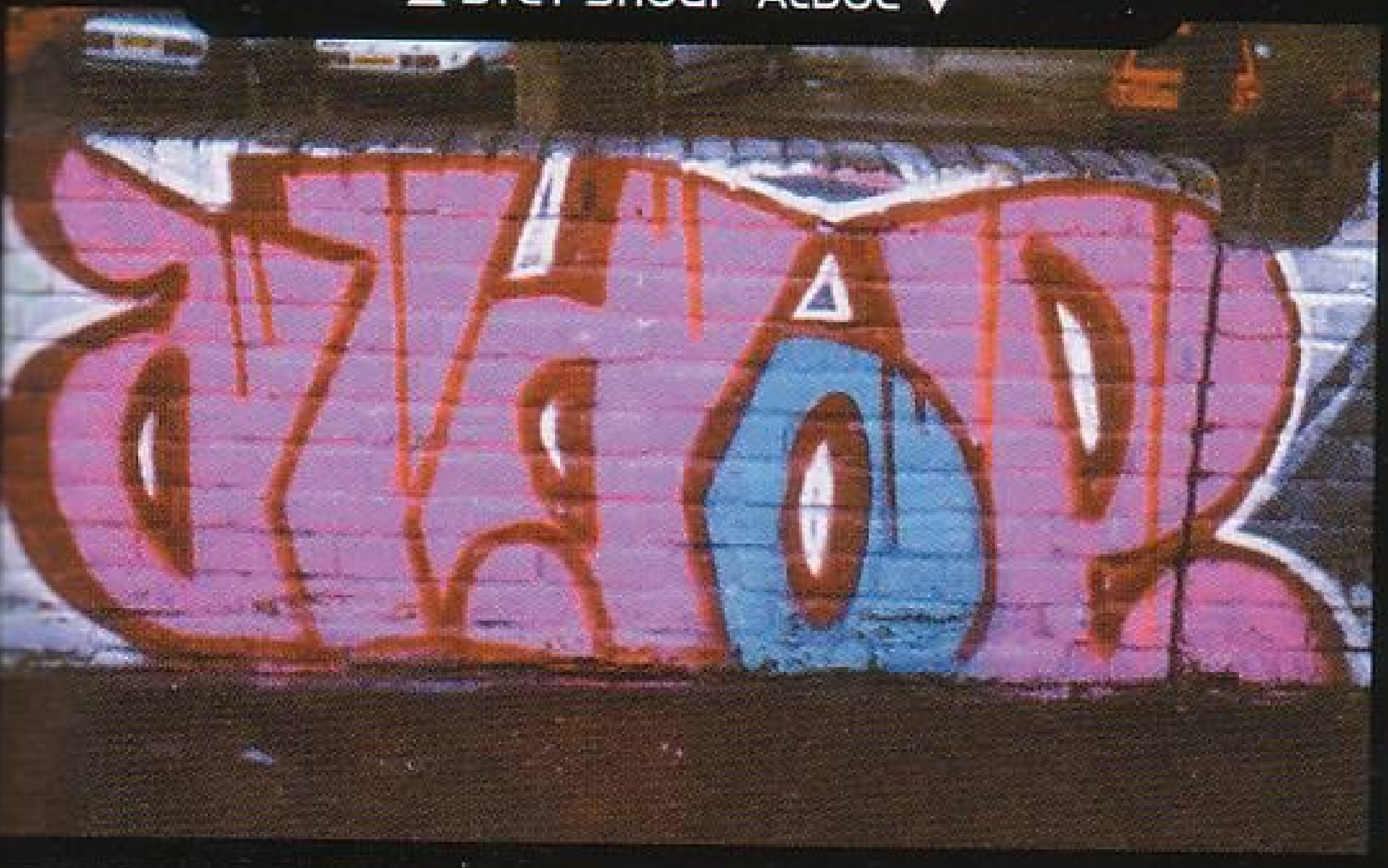

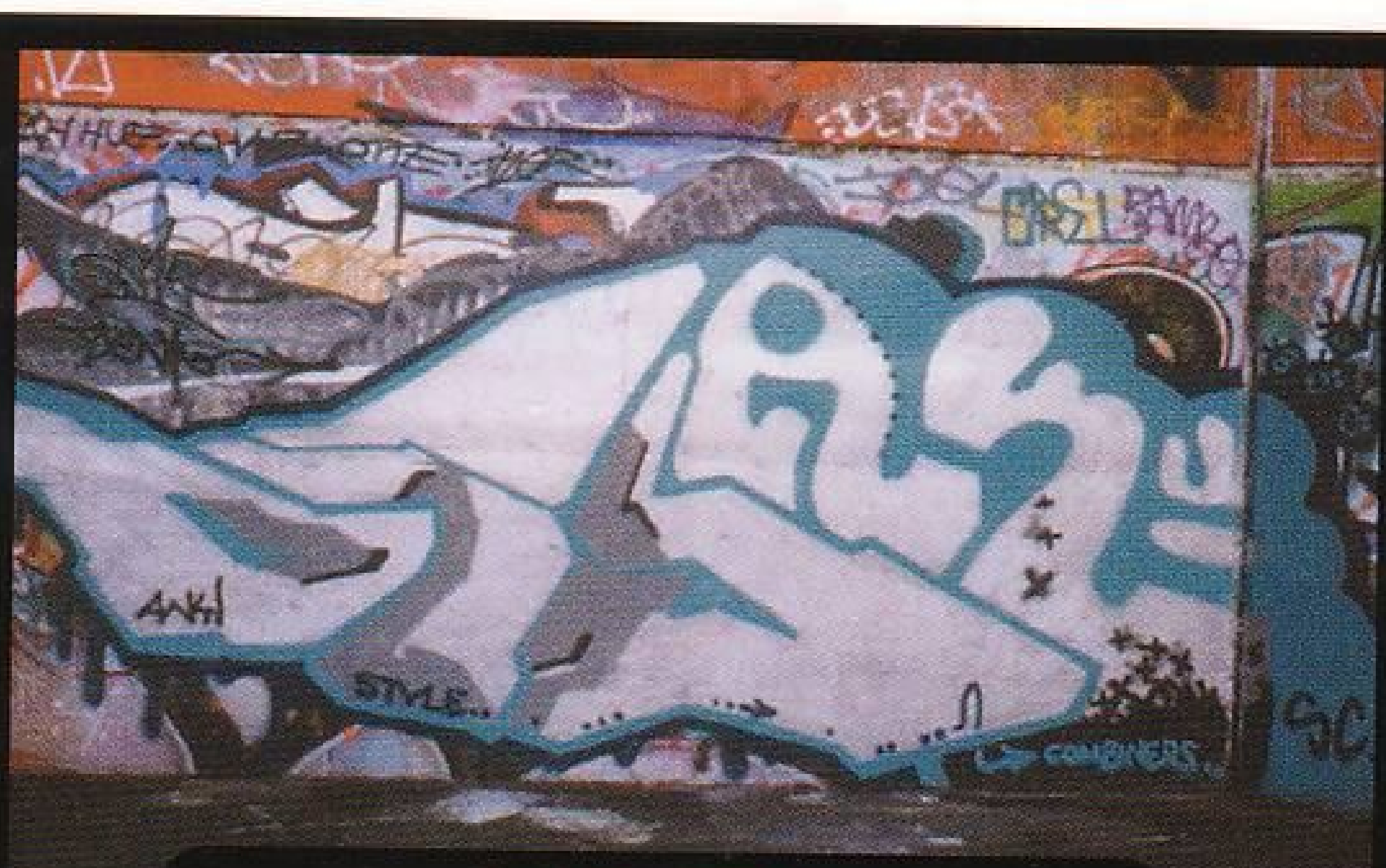

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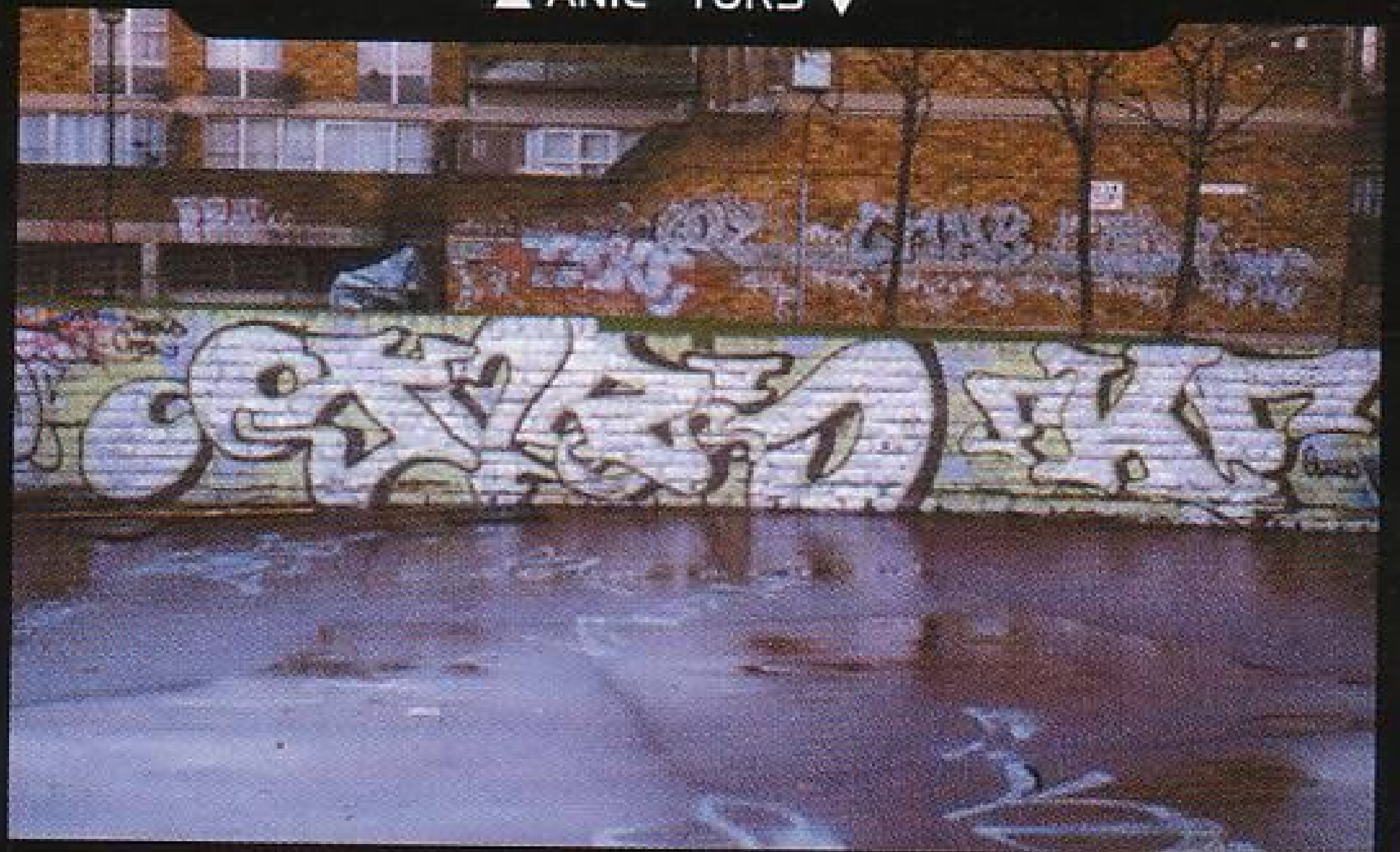

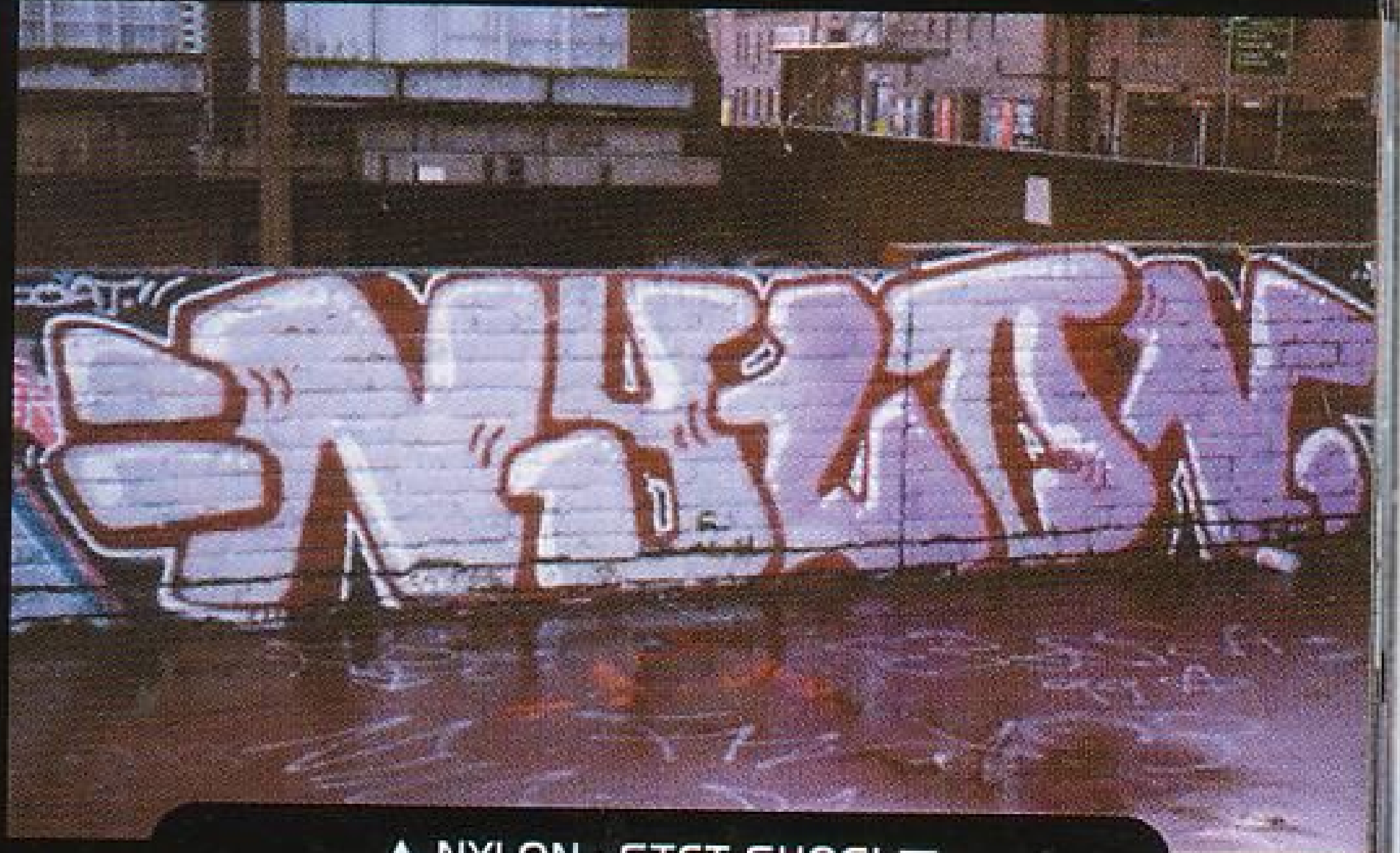

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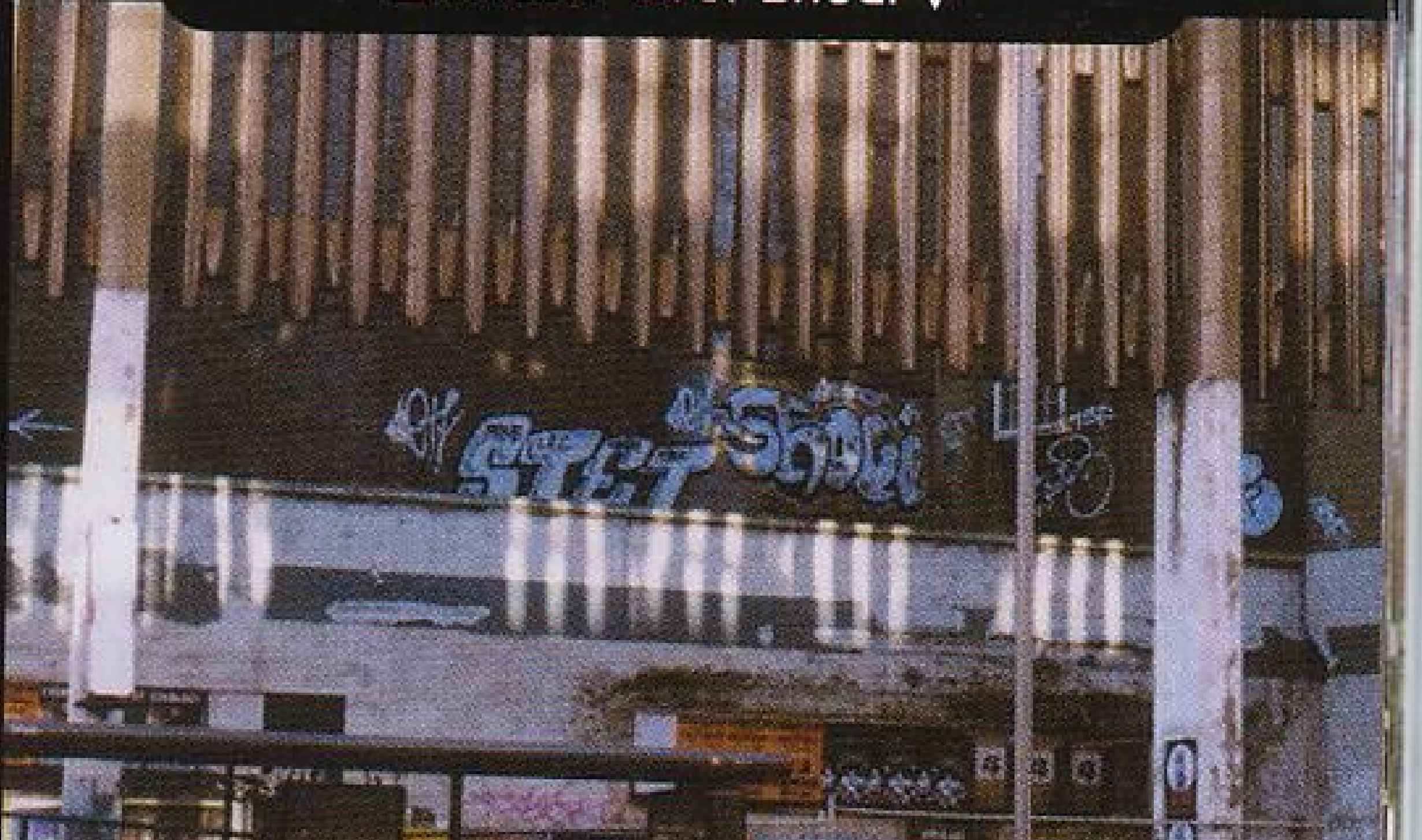
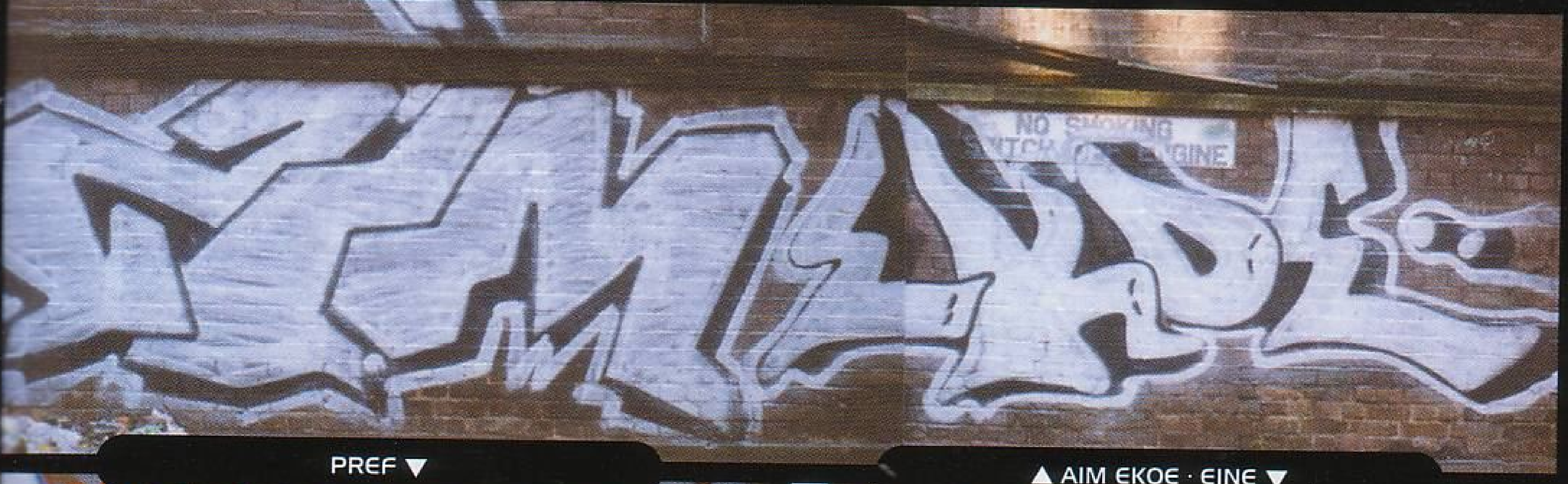
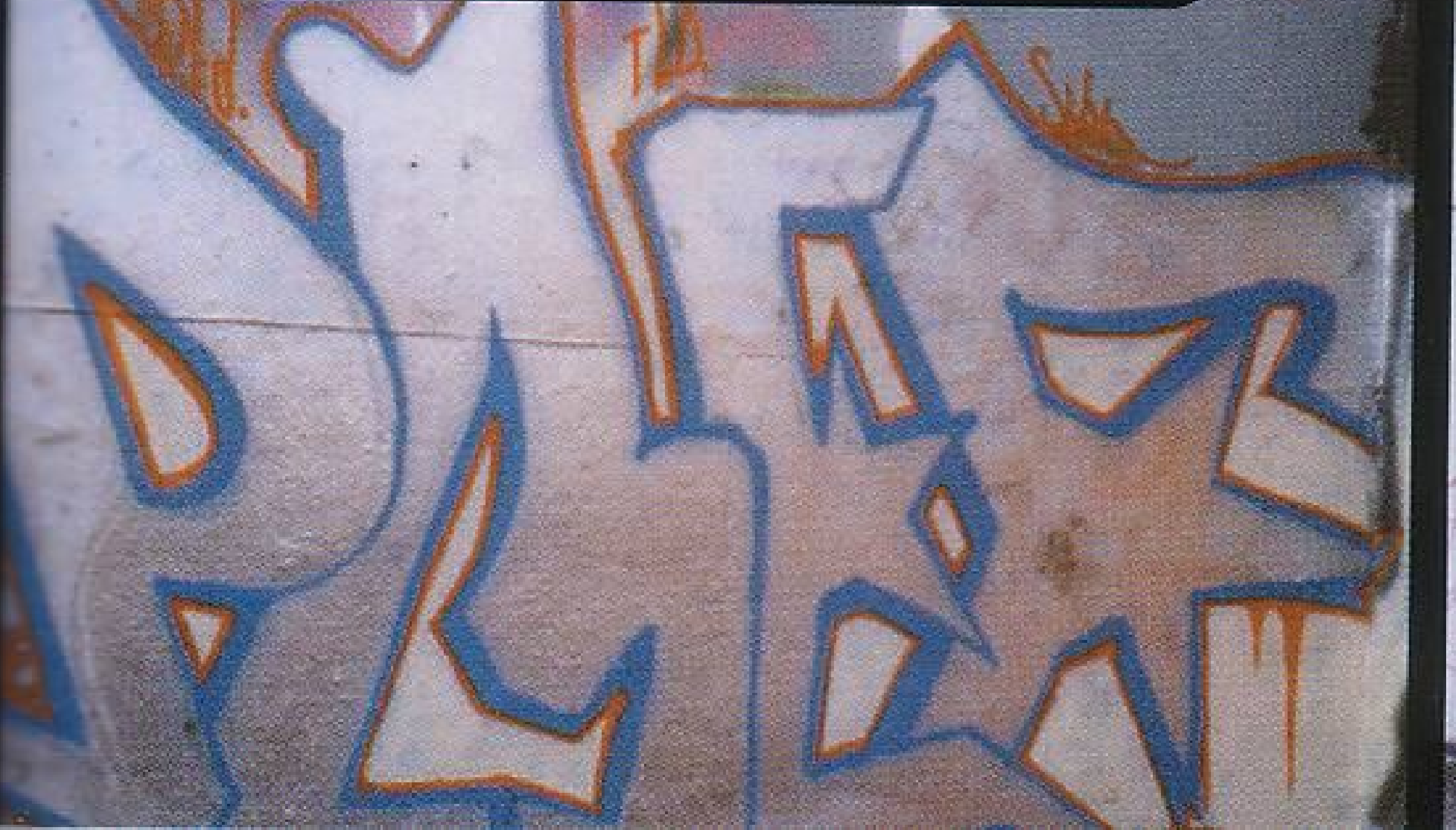
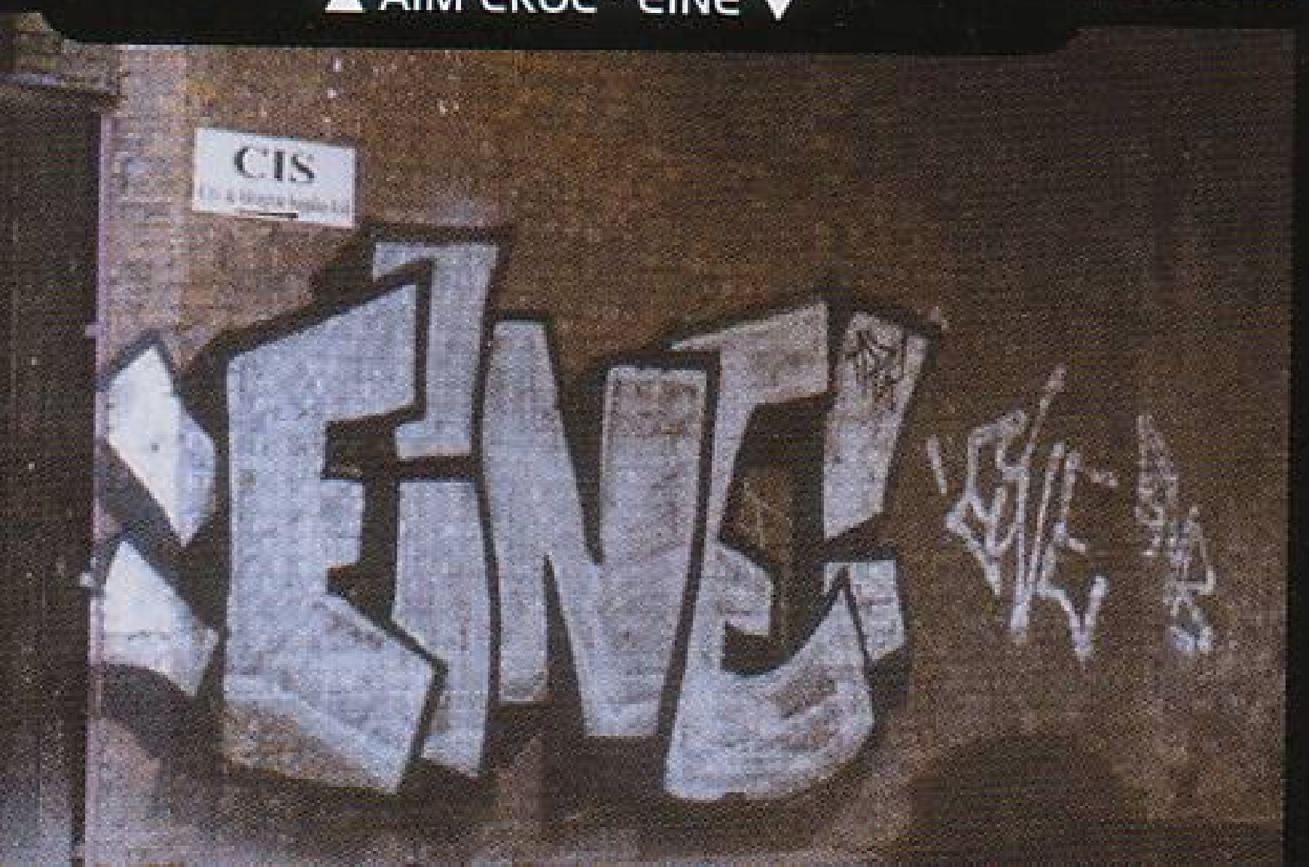


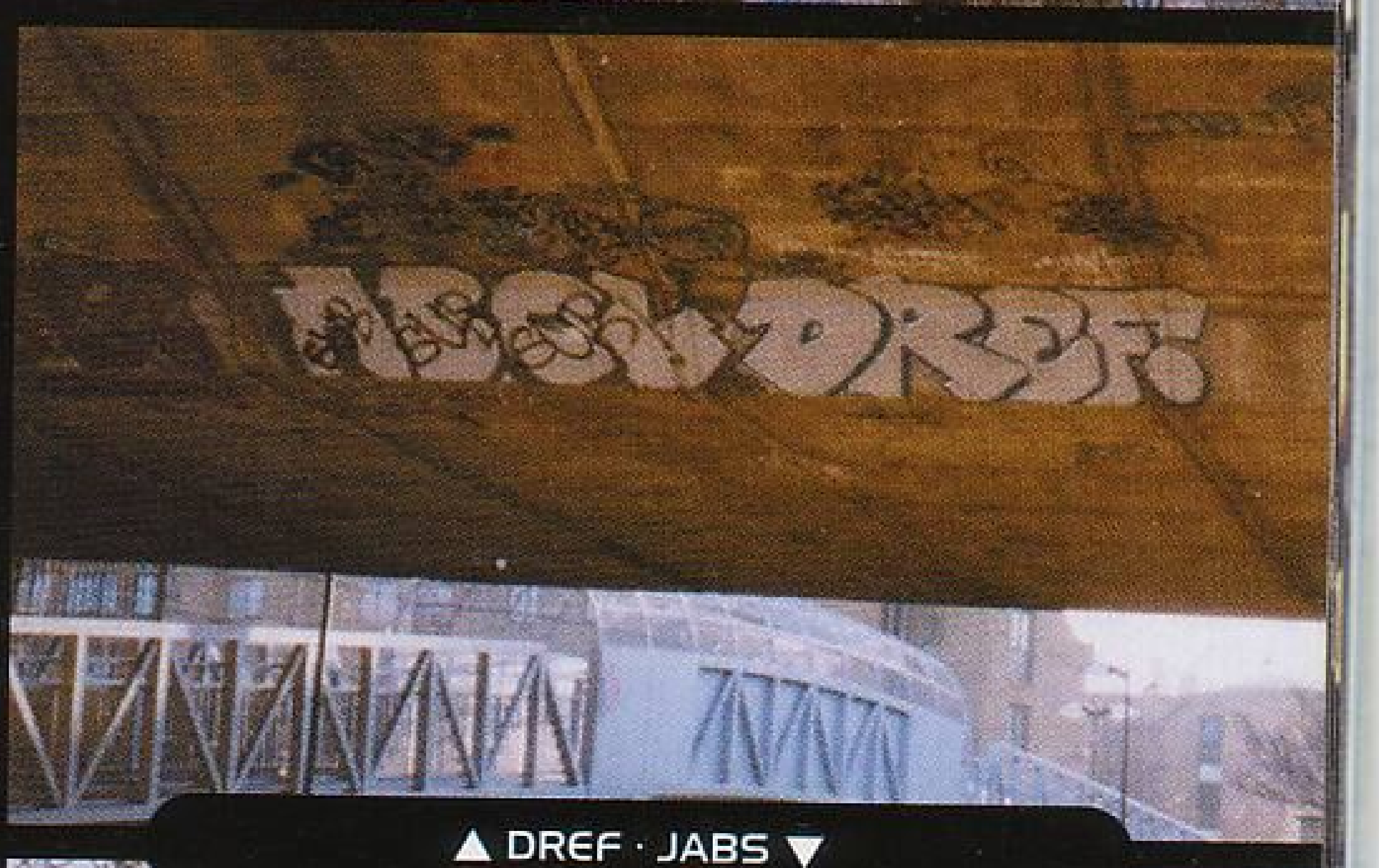


PREF ▼

▲ AIM EKOE · EINE ▼







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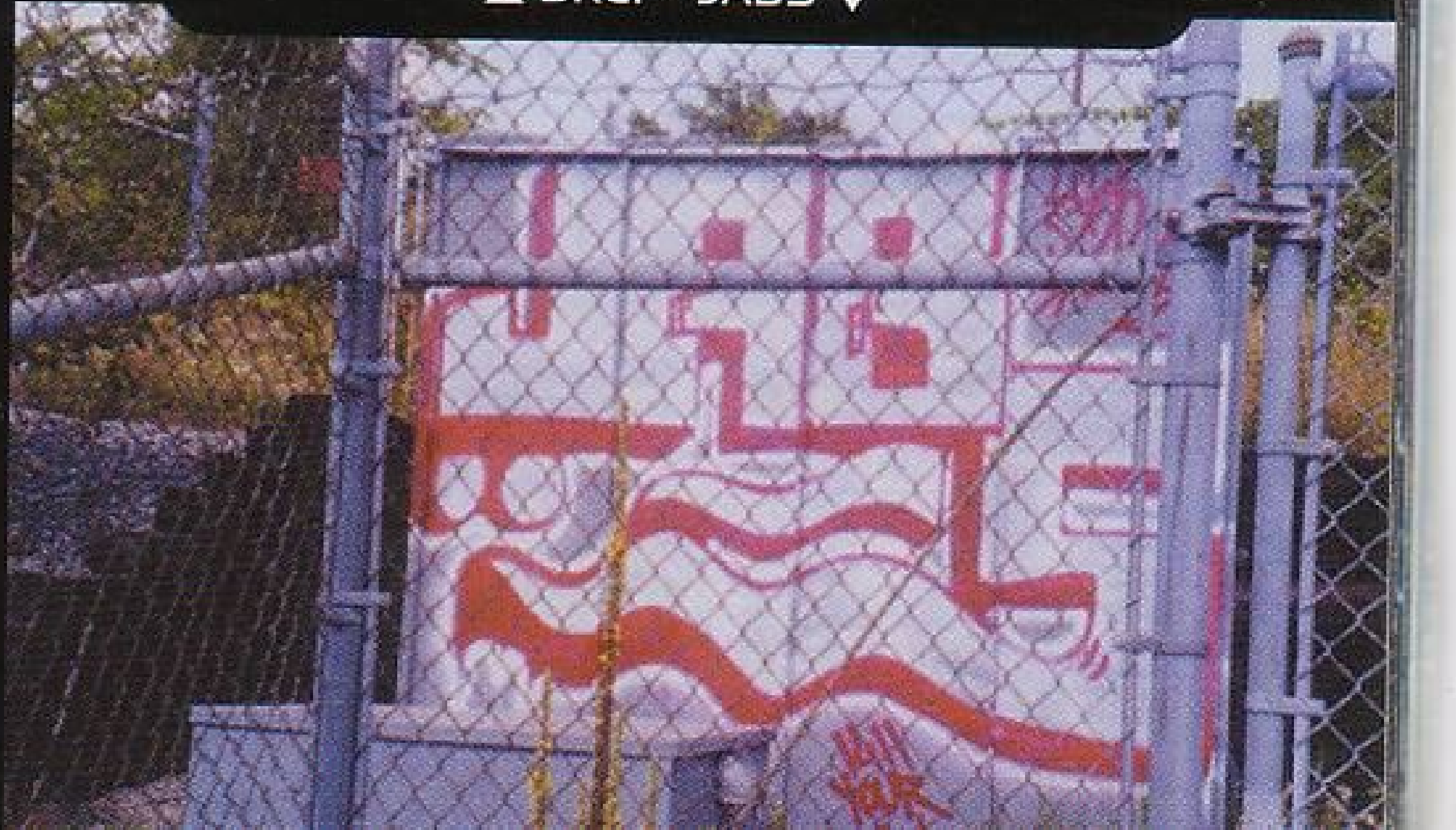

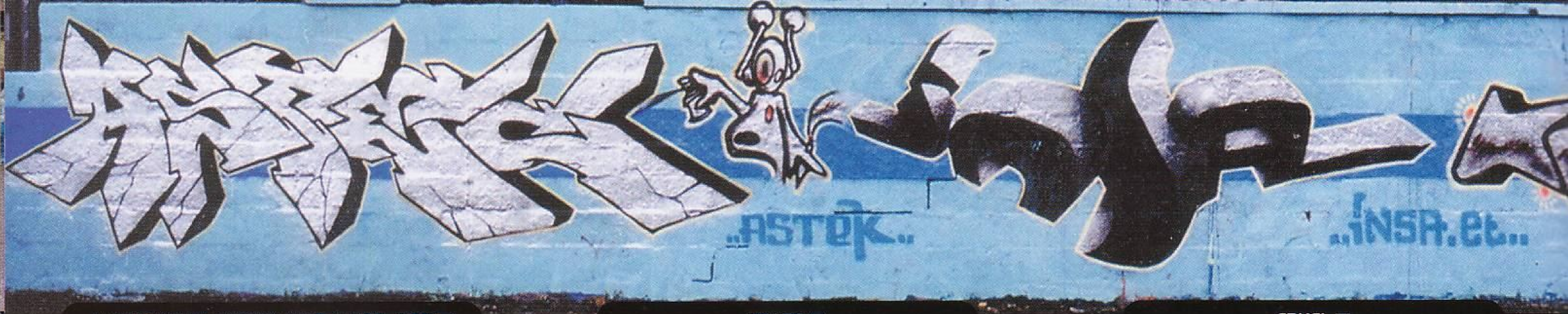

▲ ASTEK INSA KNOWN ANIE ALDOE · DES ▼

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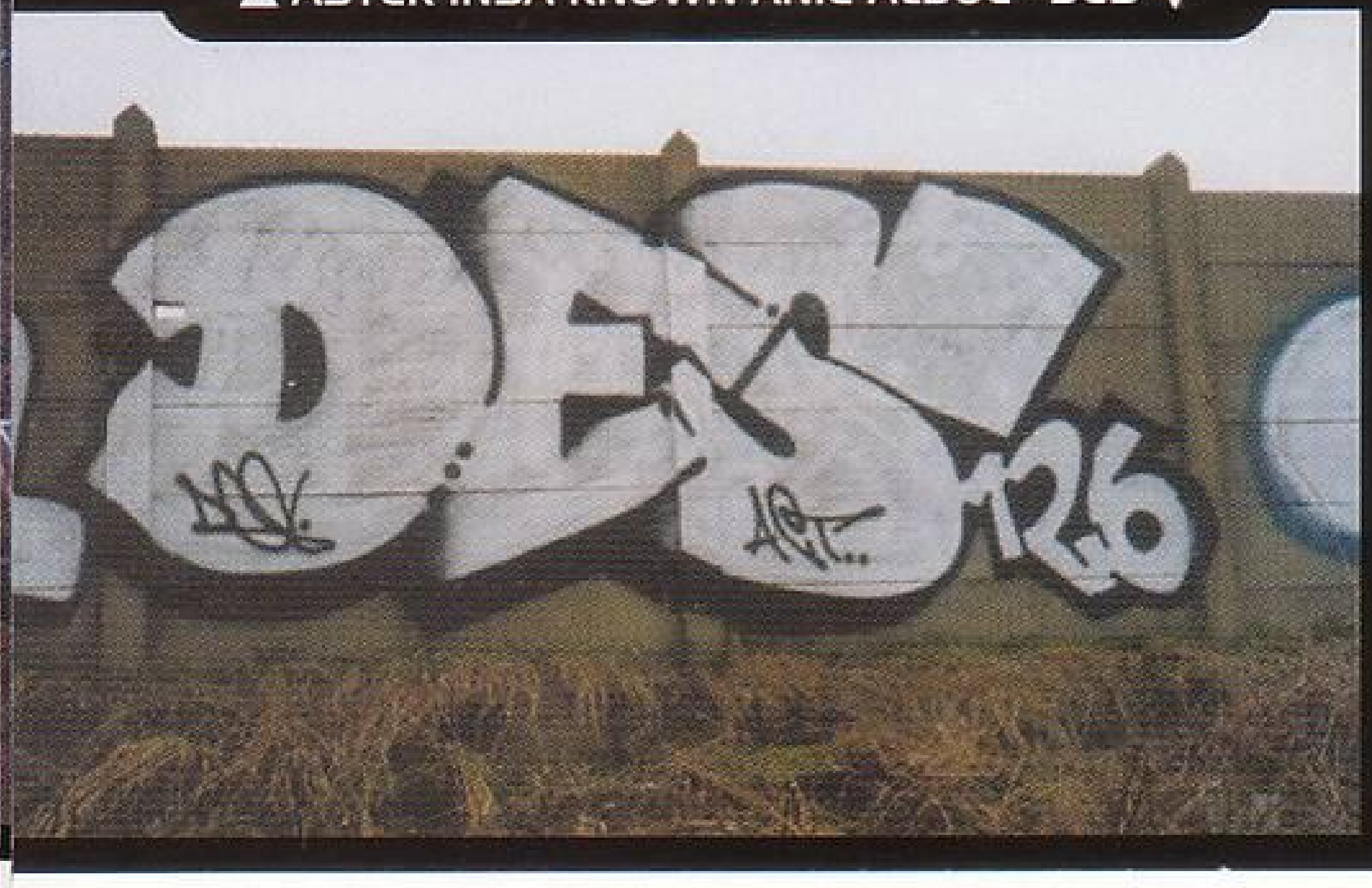
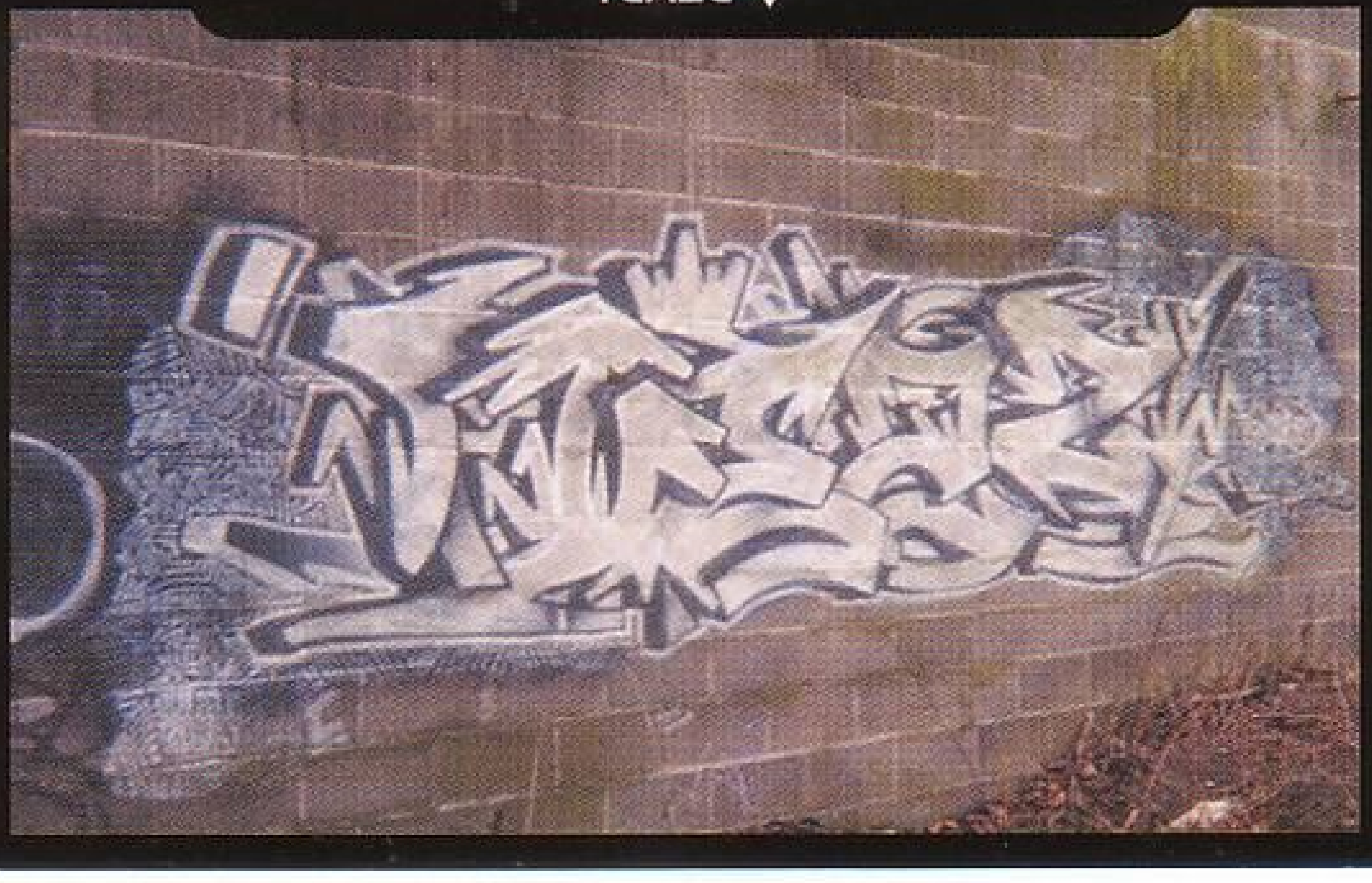
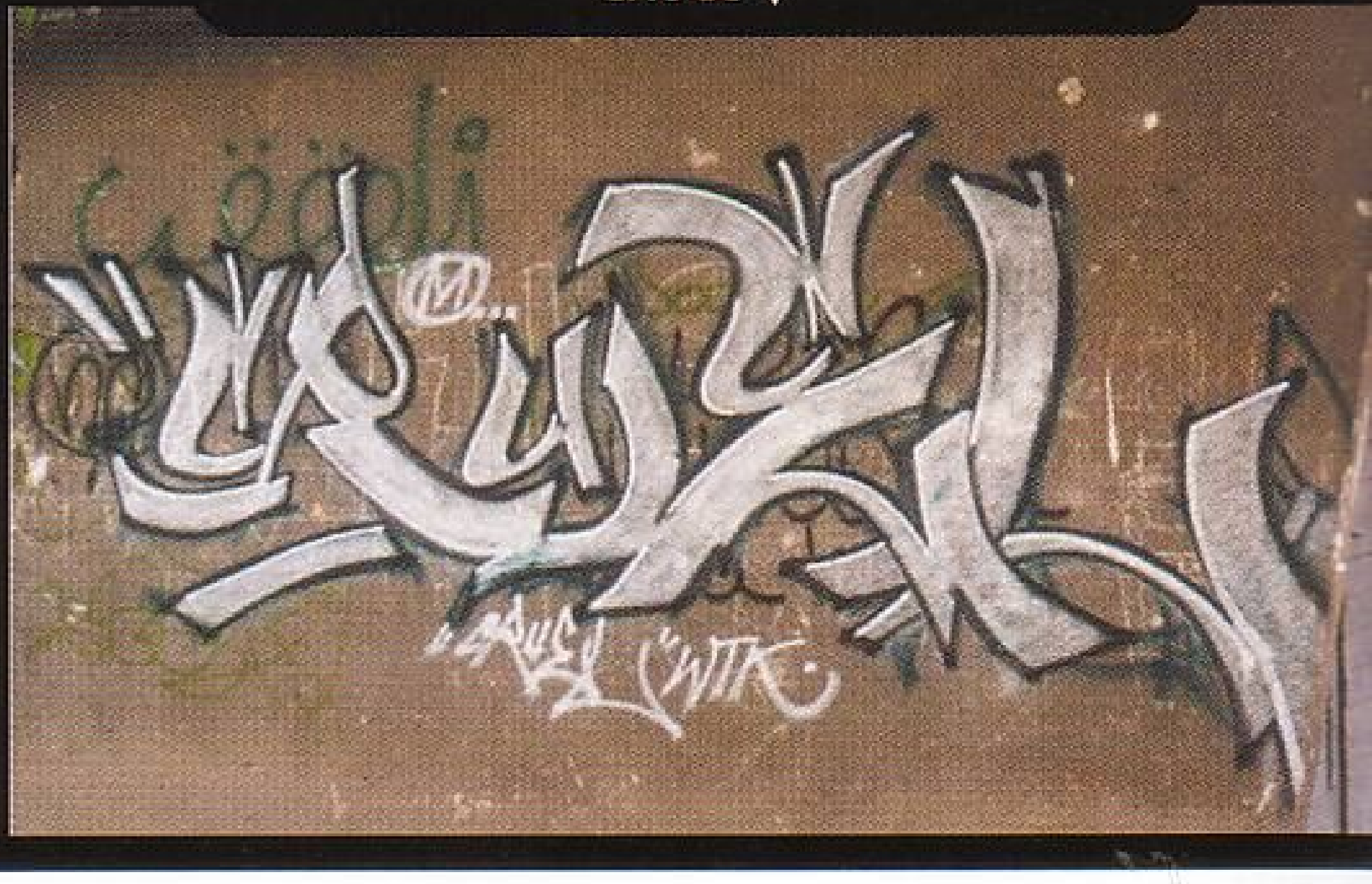

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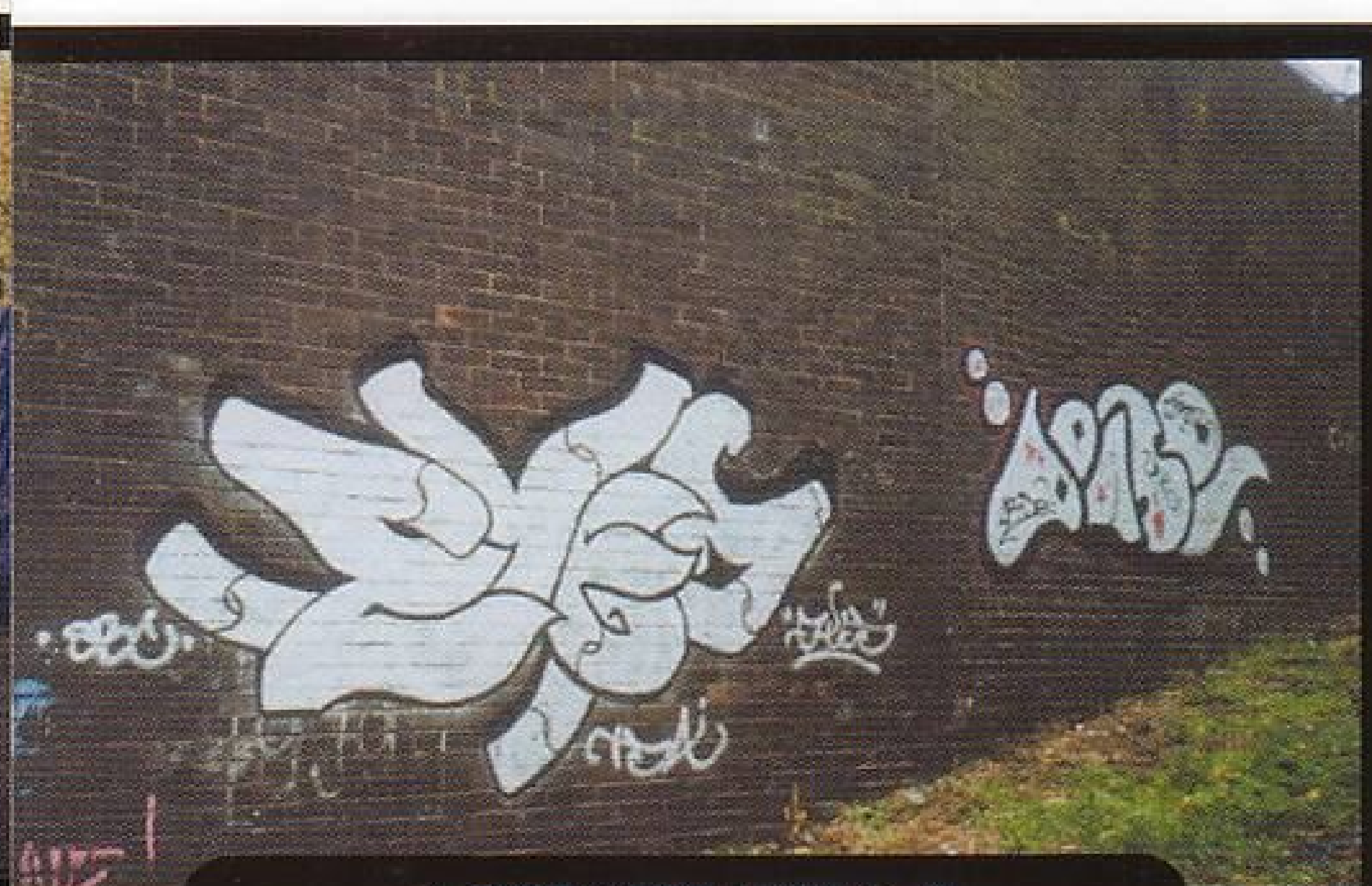
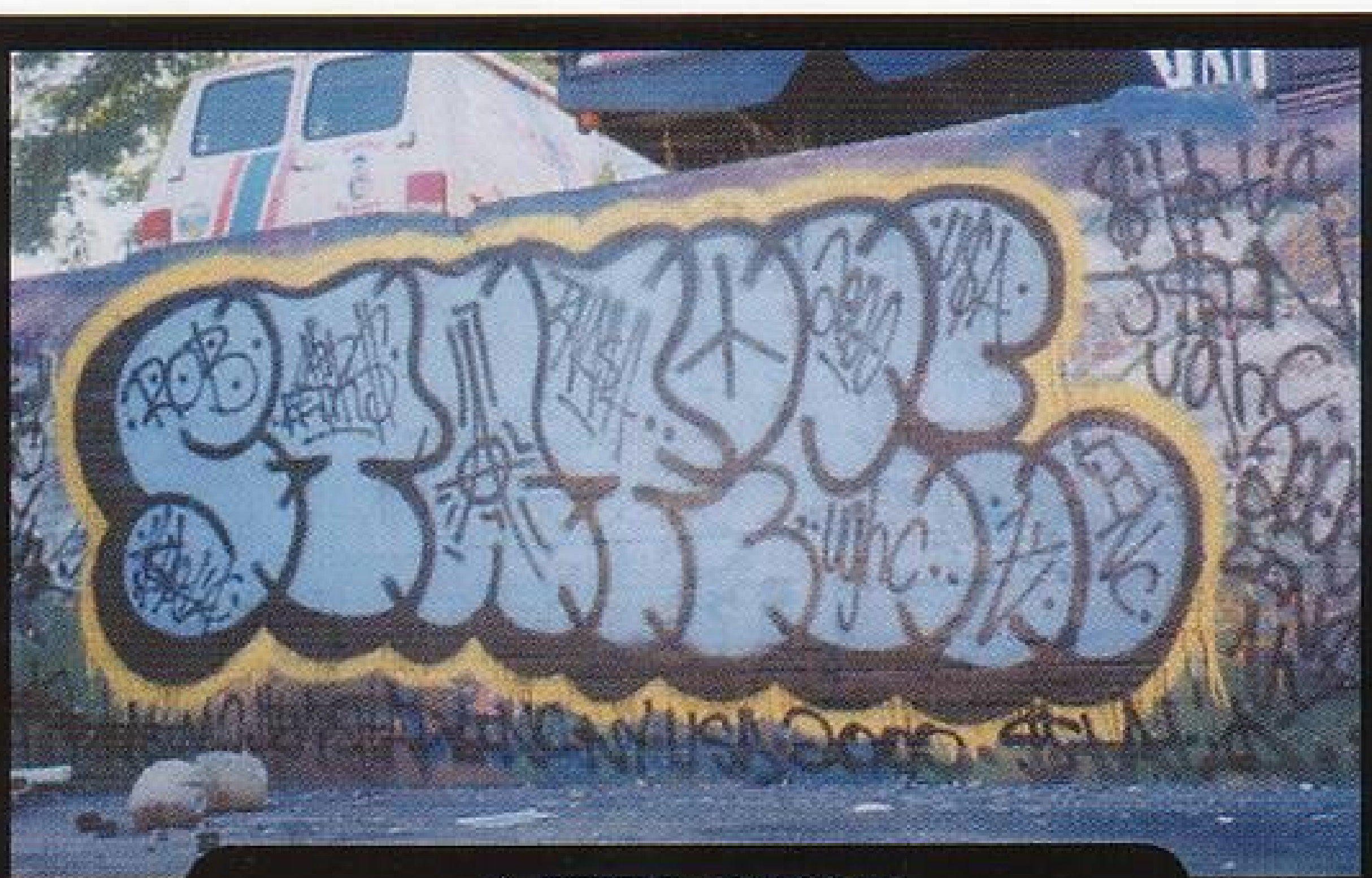
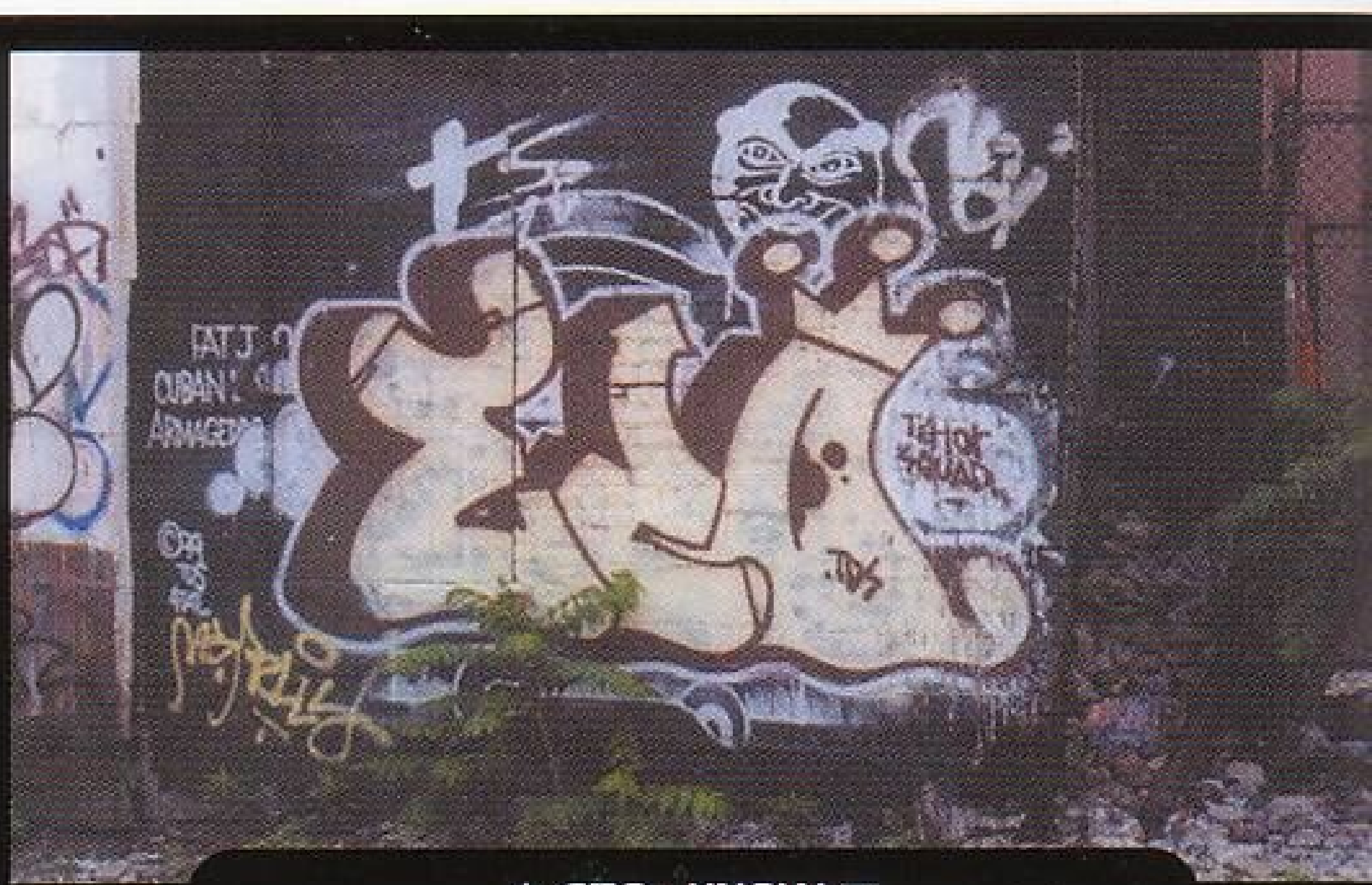
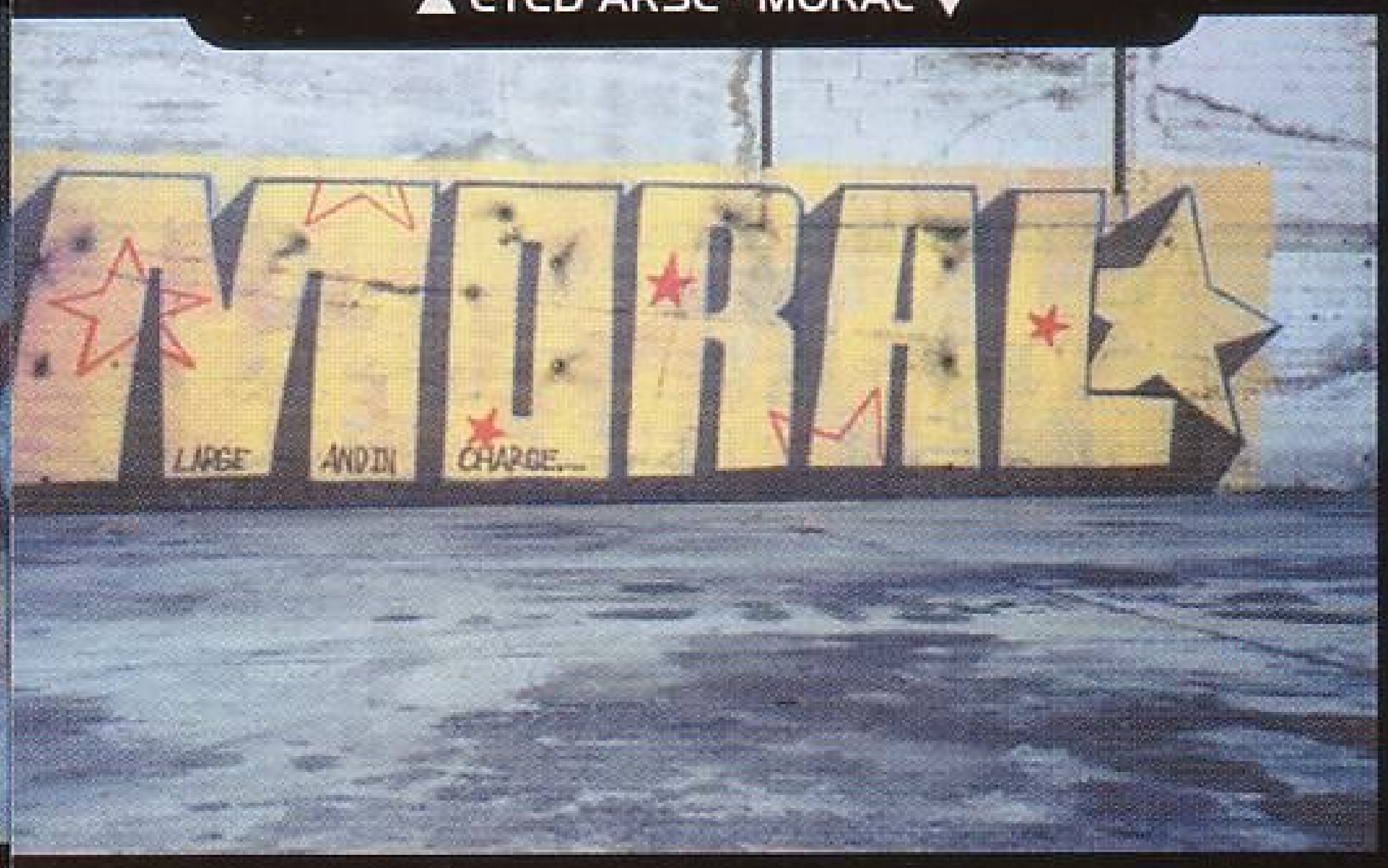
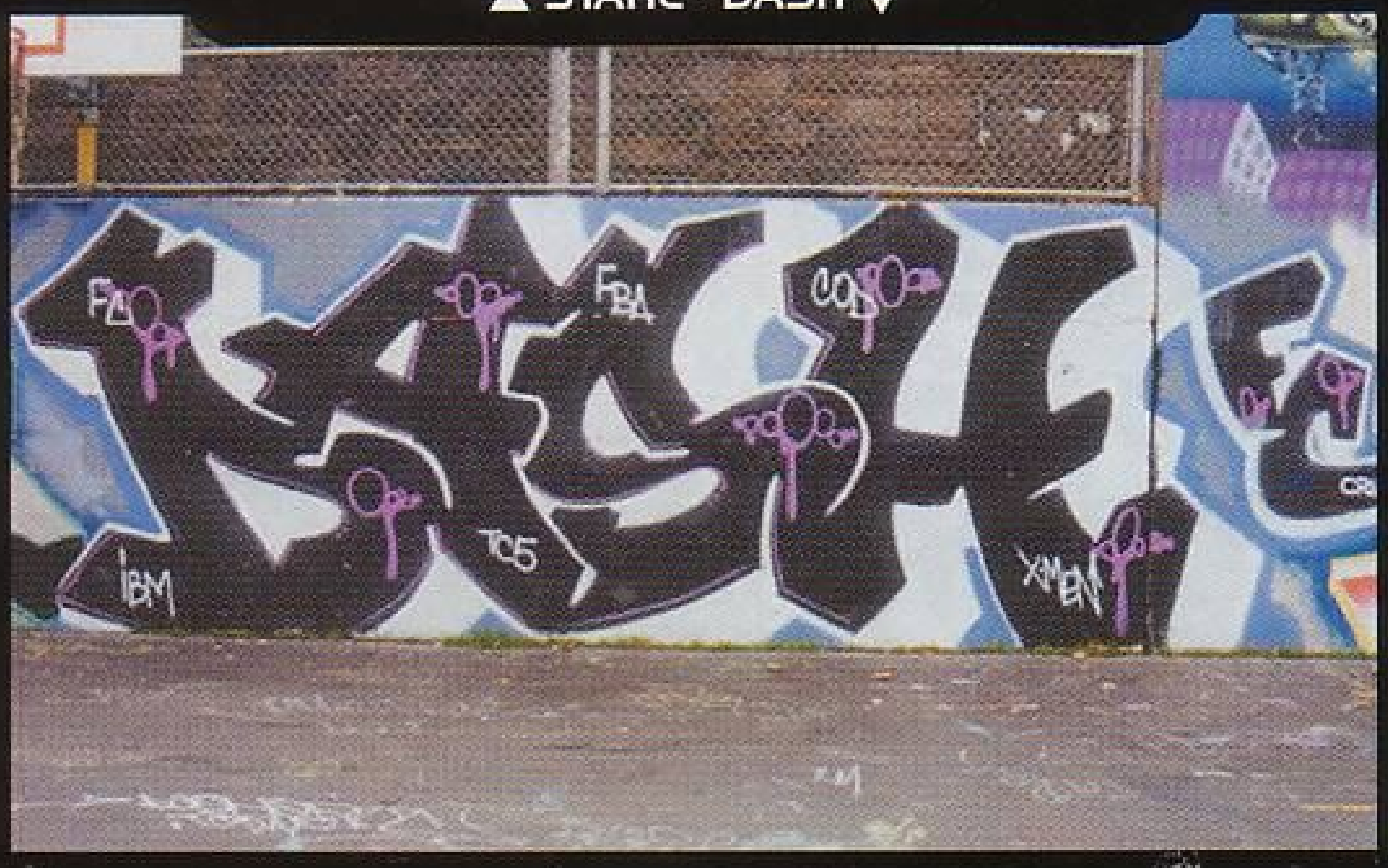
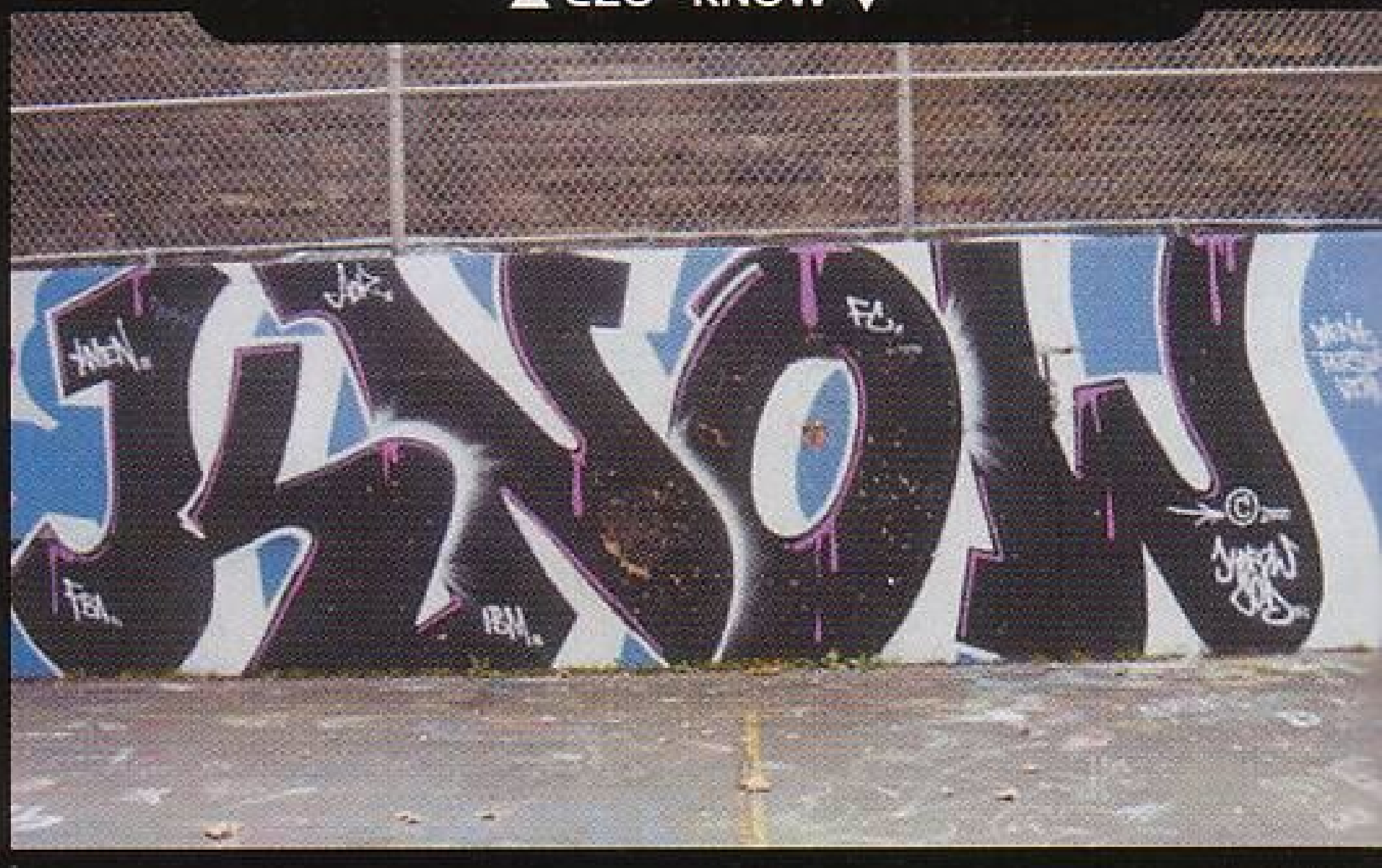




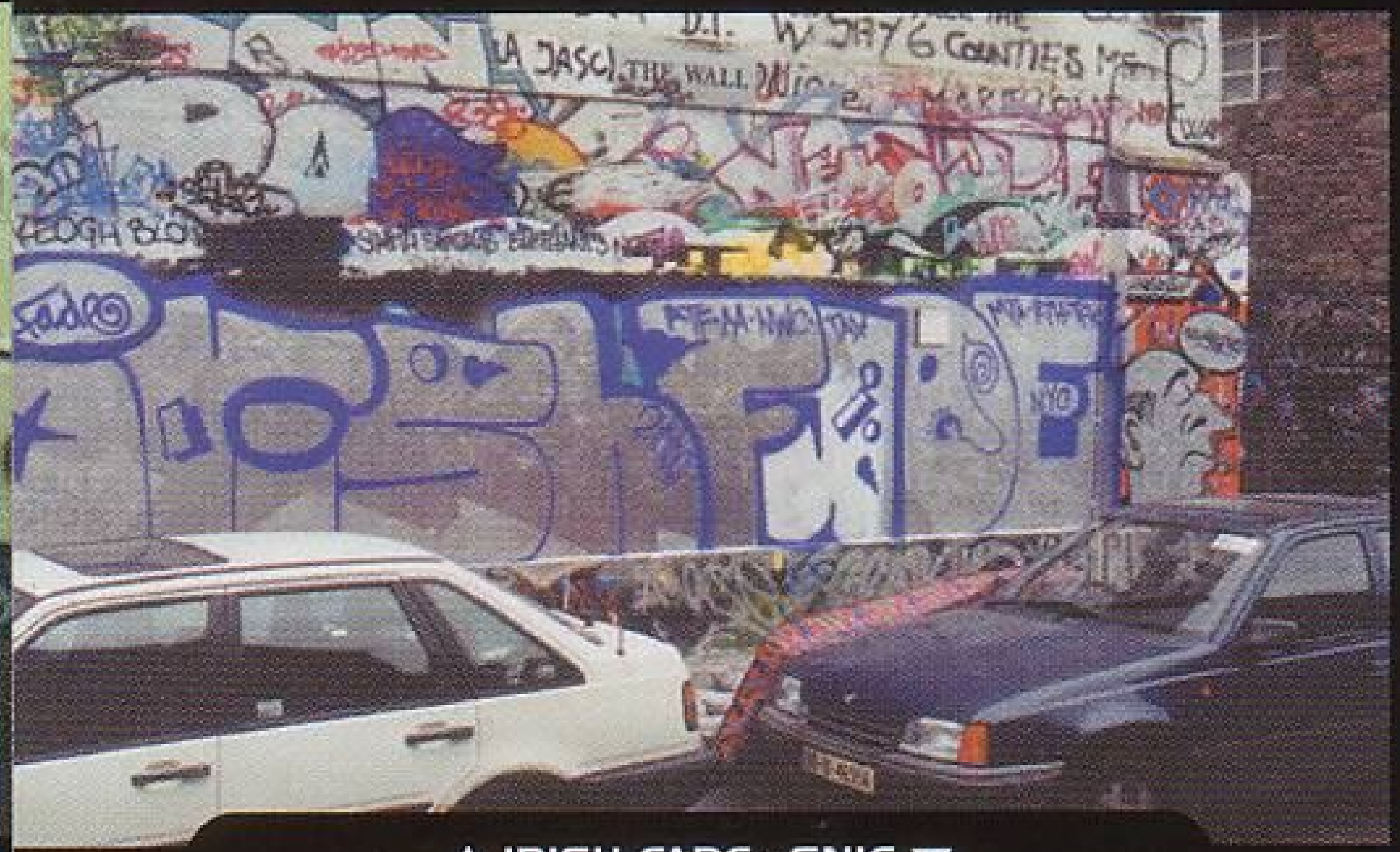
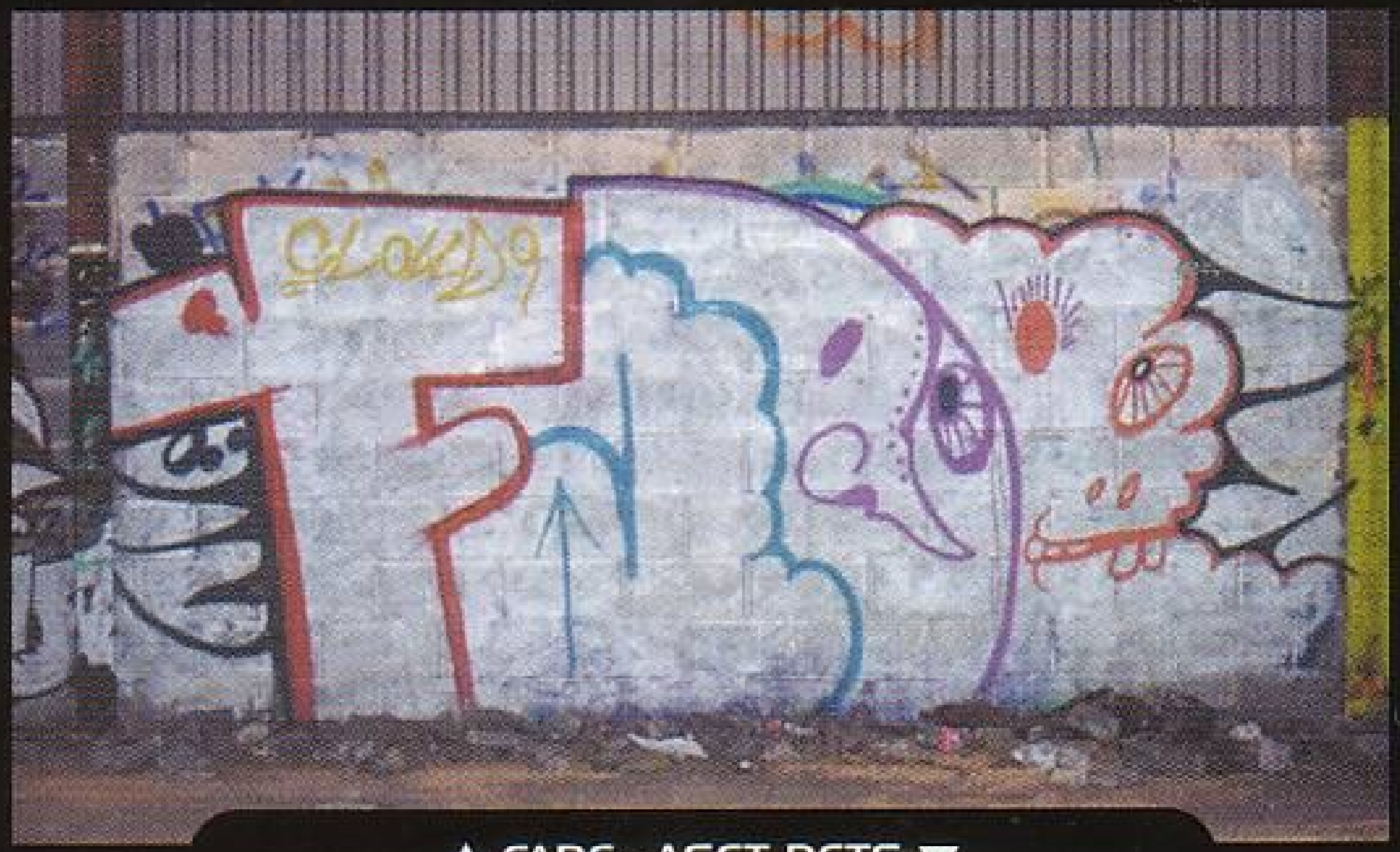
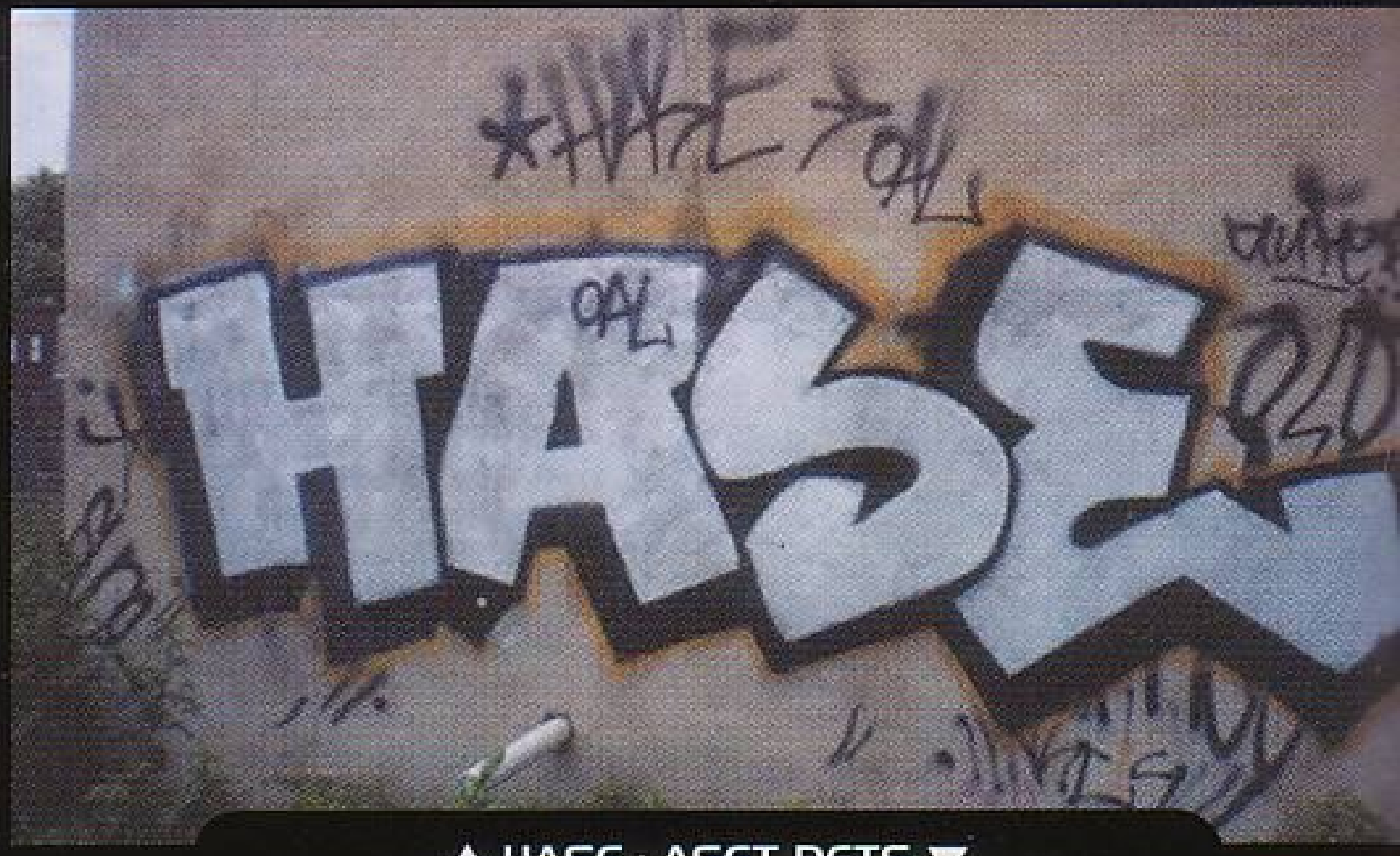
▲ EYED ARSE · MORAL ▼

▲ STATIC · DASH ▼

▲ EZO · KNOW ▼



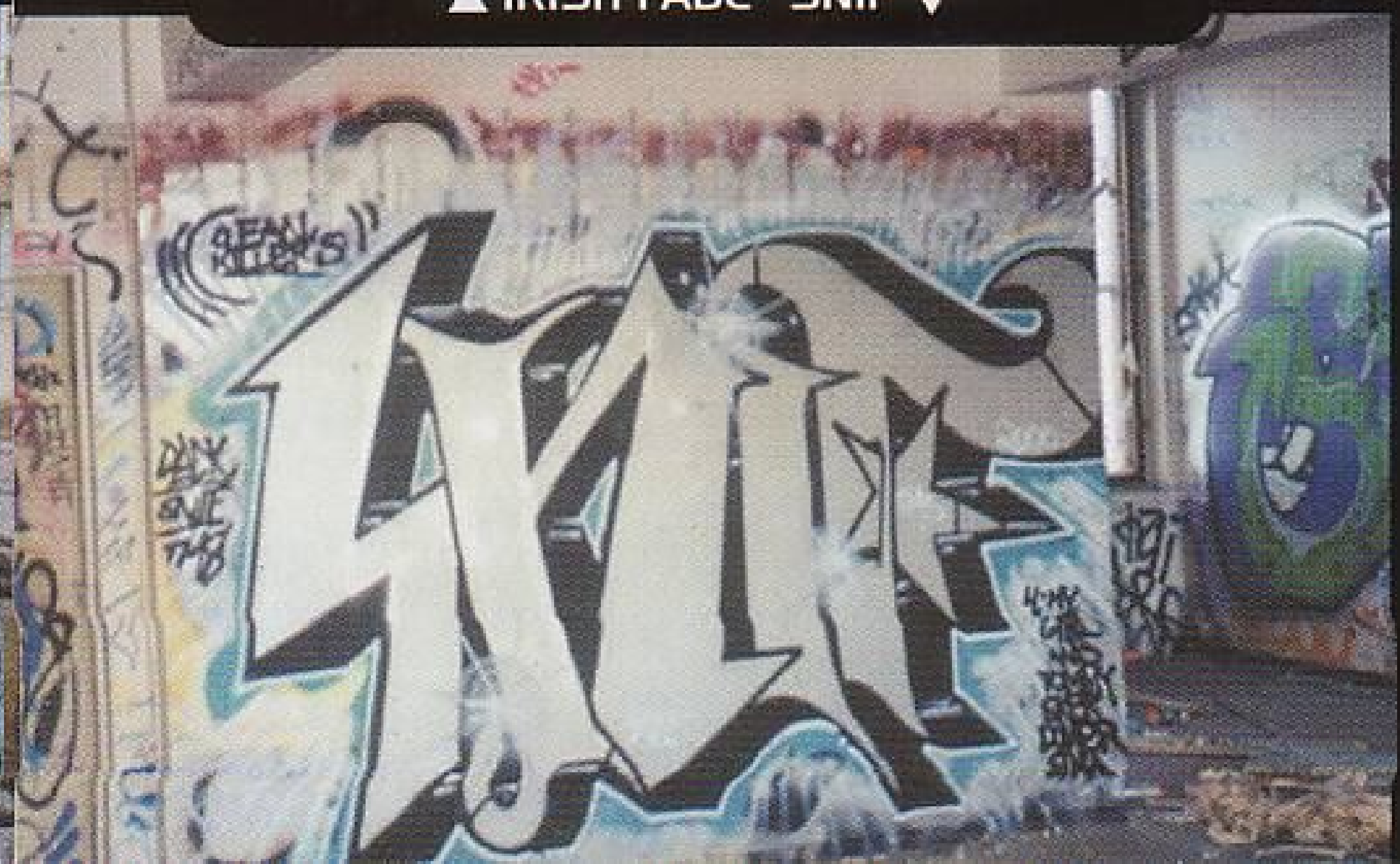
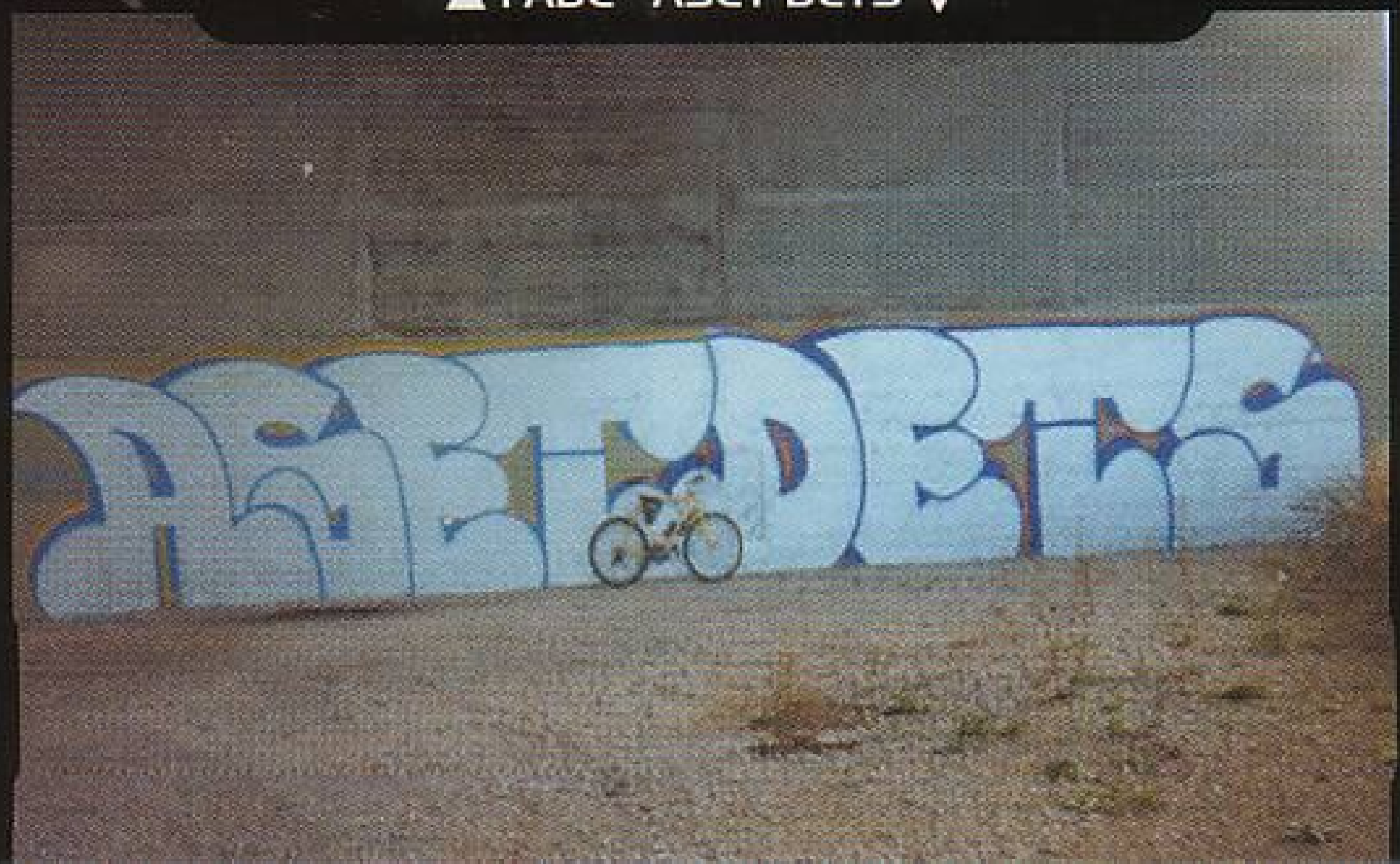
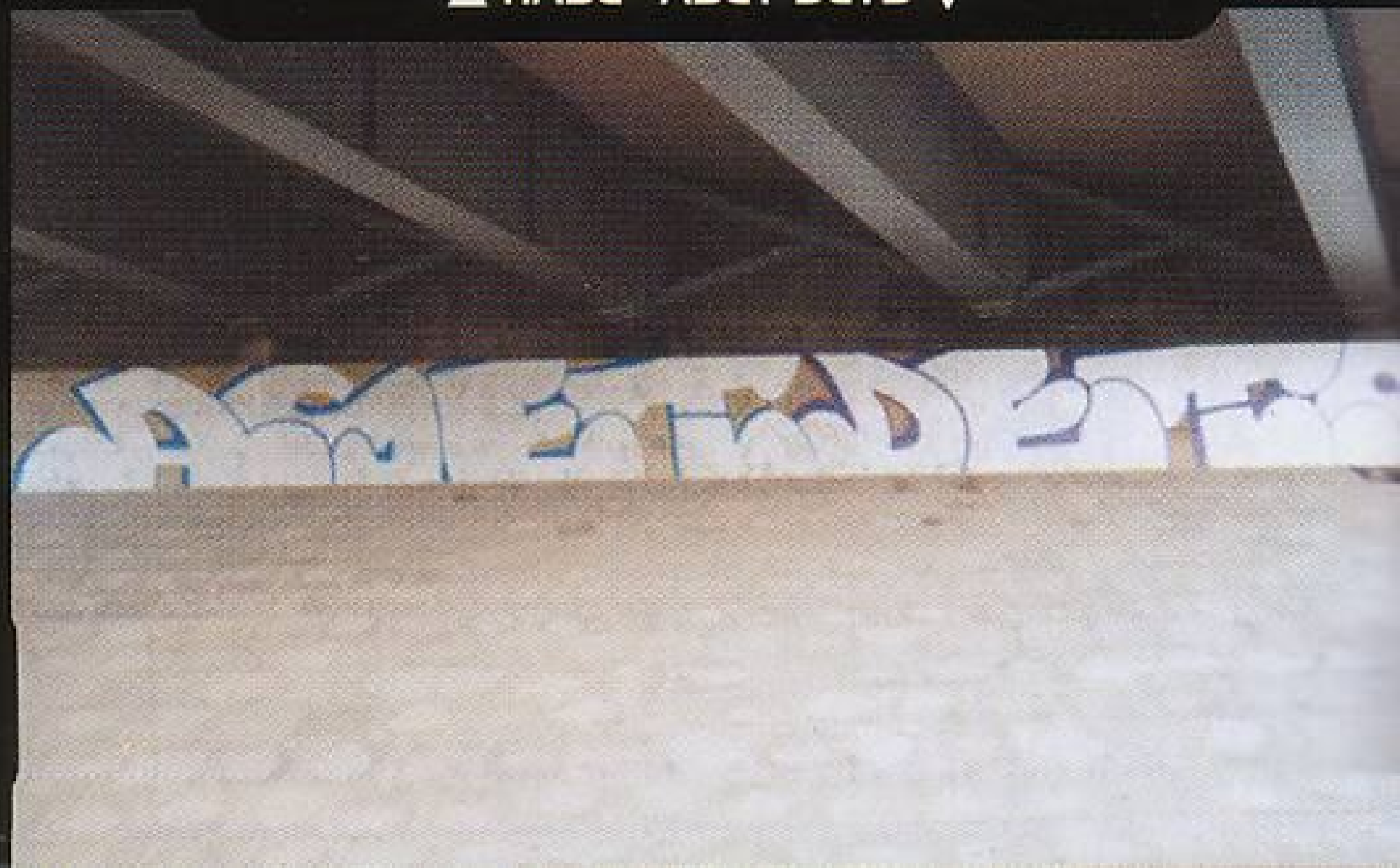



▲ IRISH FADE · SNIF ▼

▲ FADE · ASET DETS ▼

▲ HASE · ASET DETS ▼

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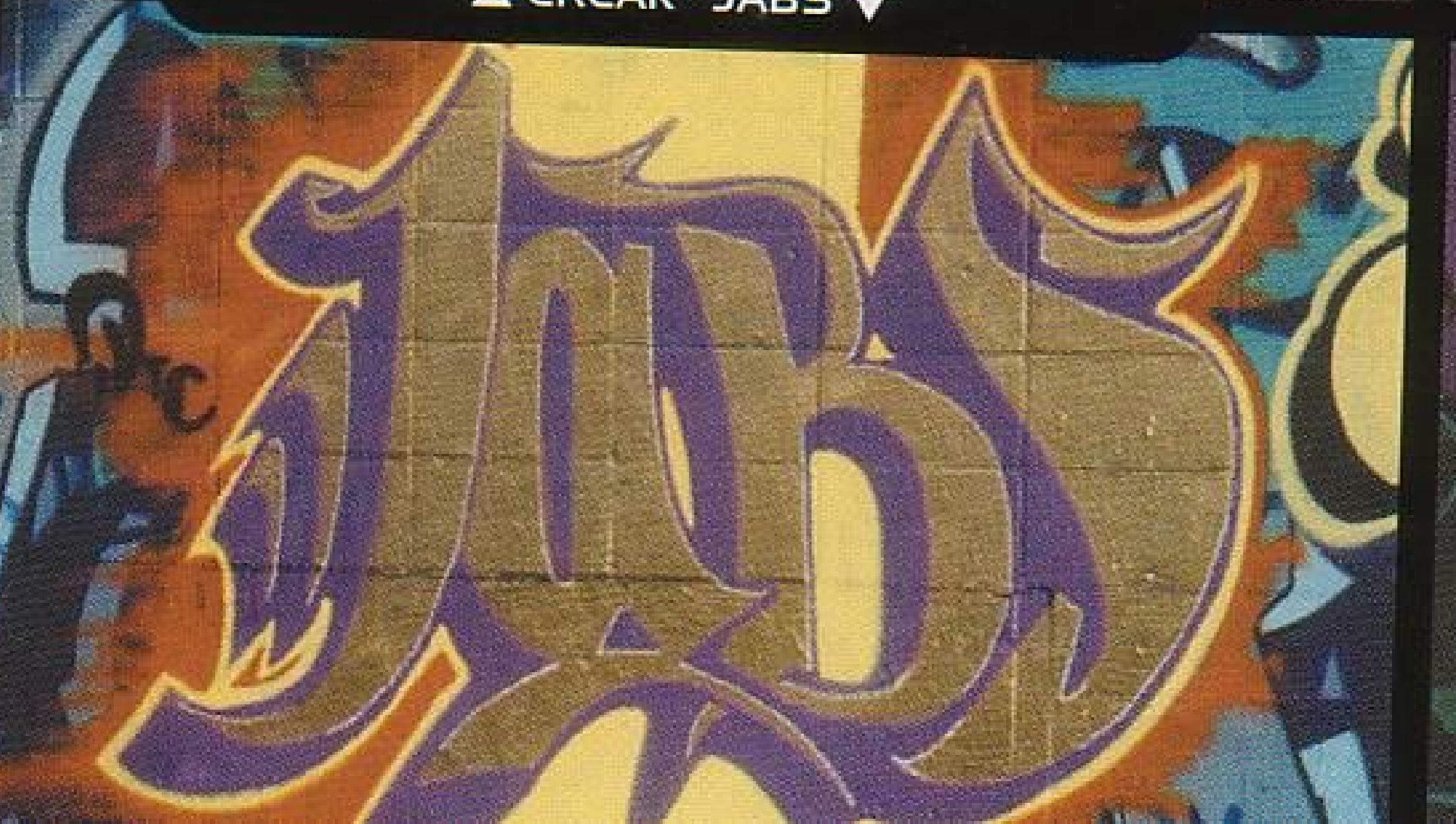

FOR THE GIRLS...

▲ AROE · ANIE ▼

AROE ▼

KOREA ▼

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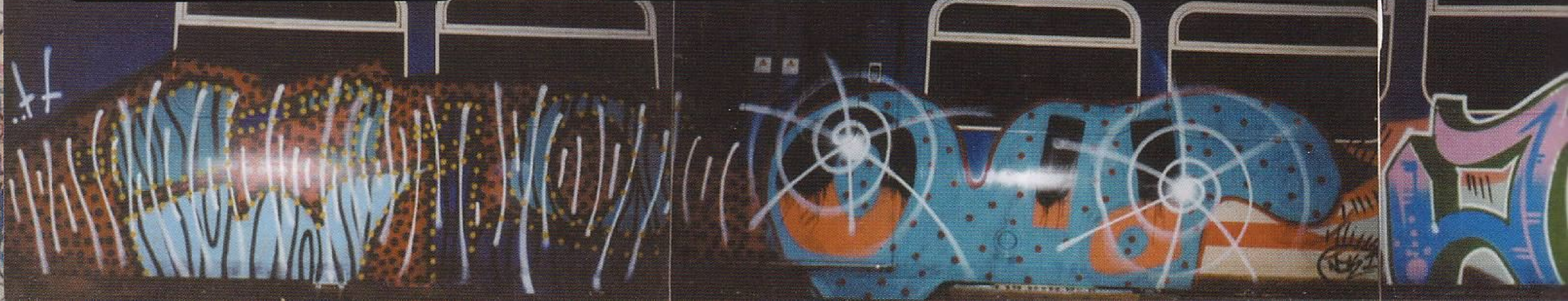
▲ SYAS

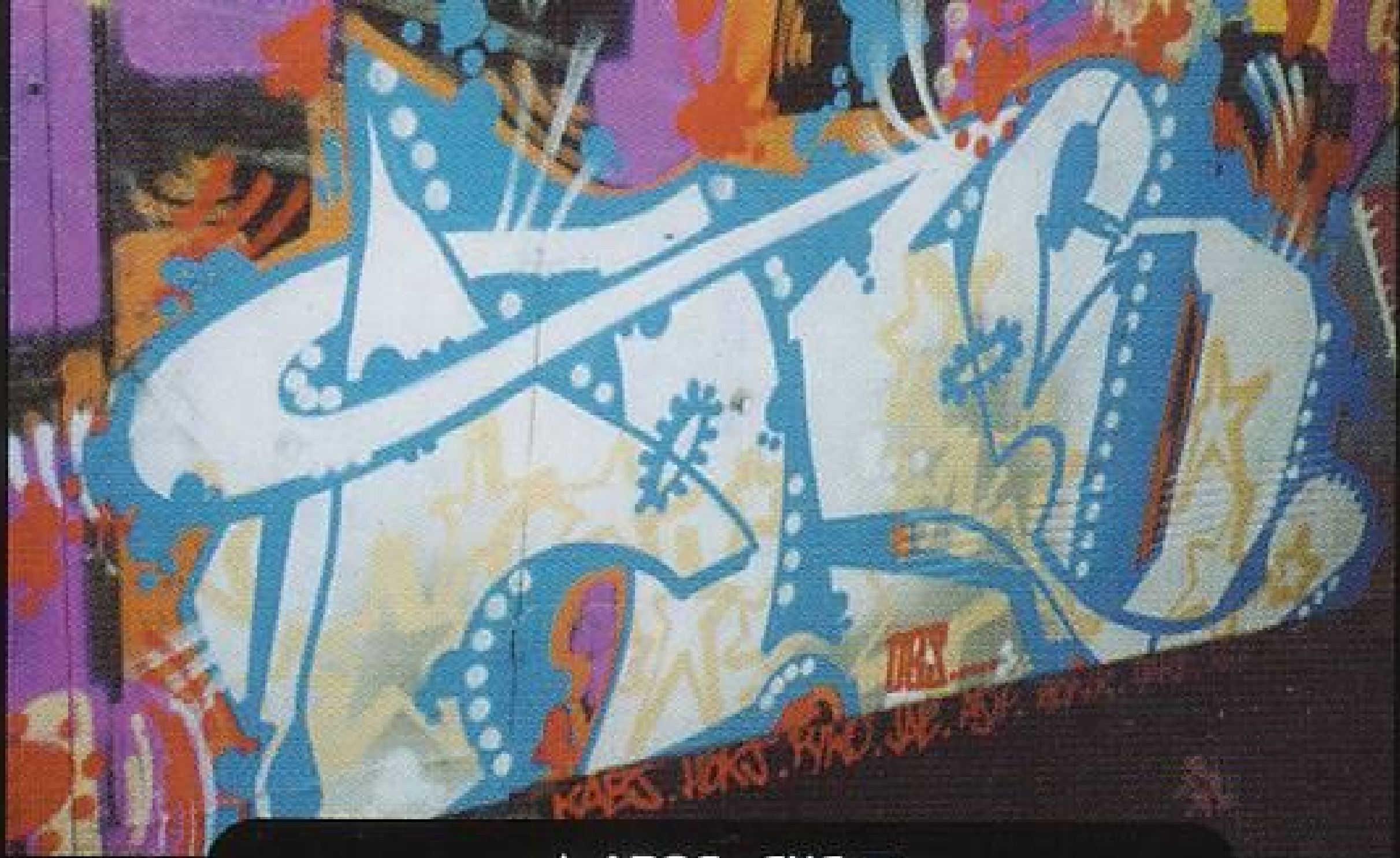
JAE AROE ▼

▲ DEPOT · DODO OLD NOK SYZE KHANS ▼

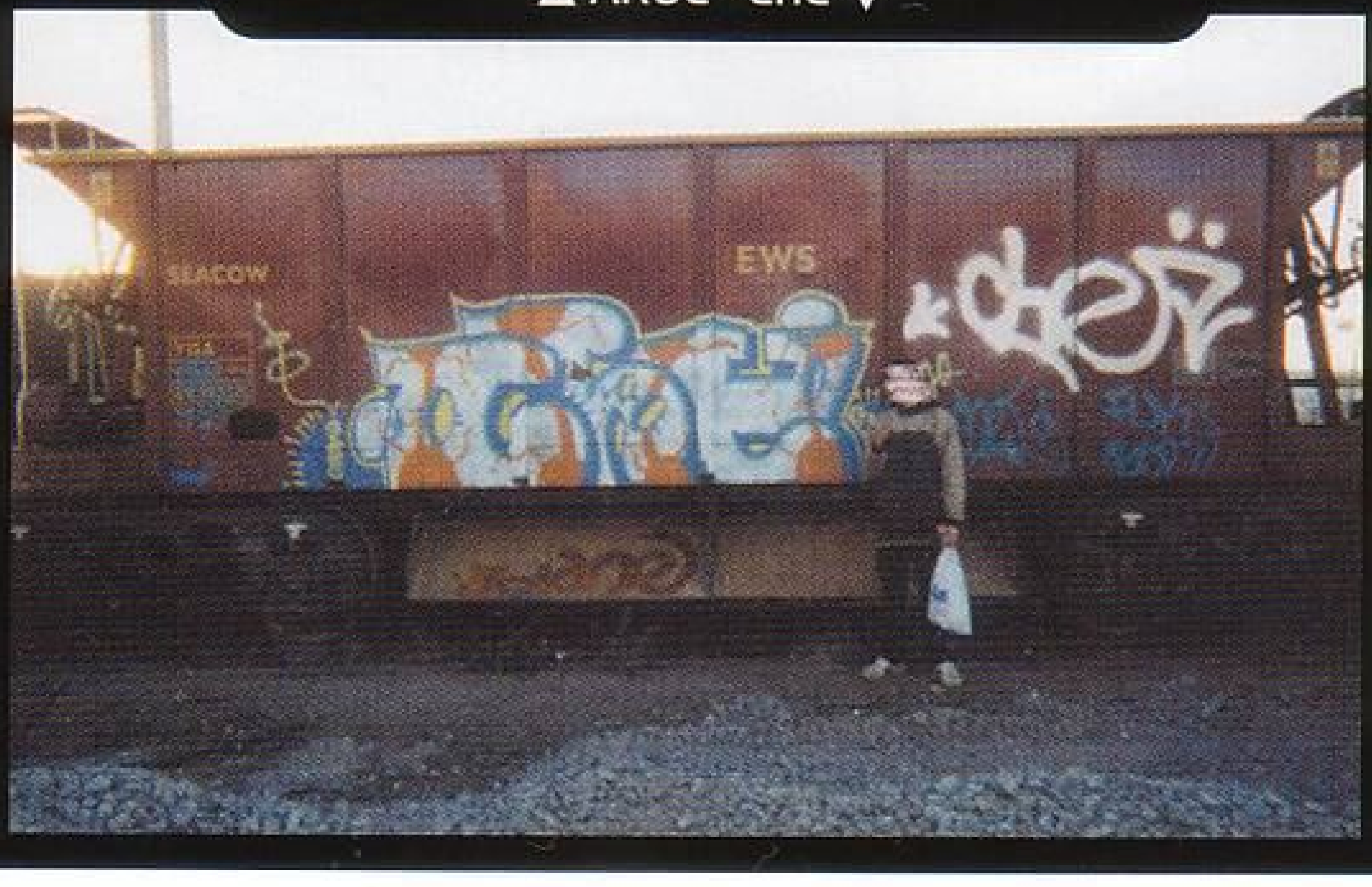
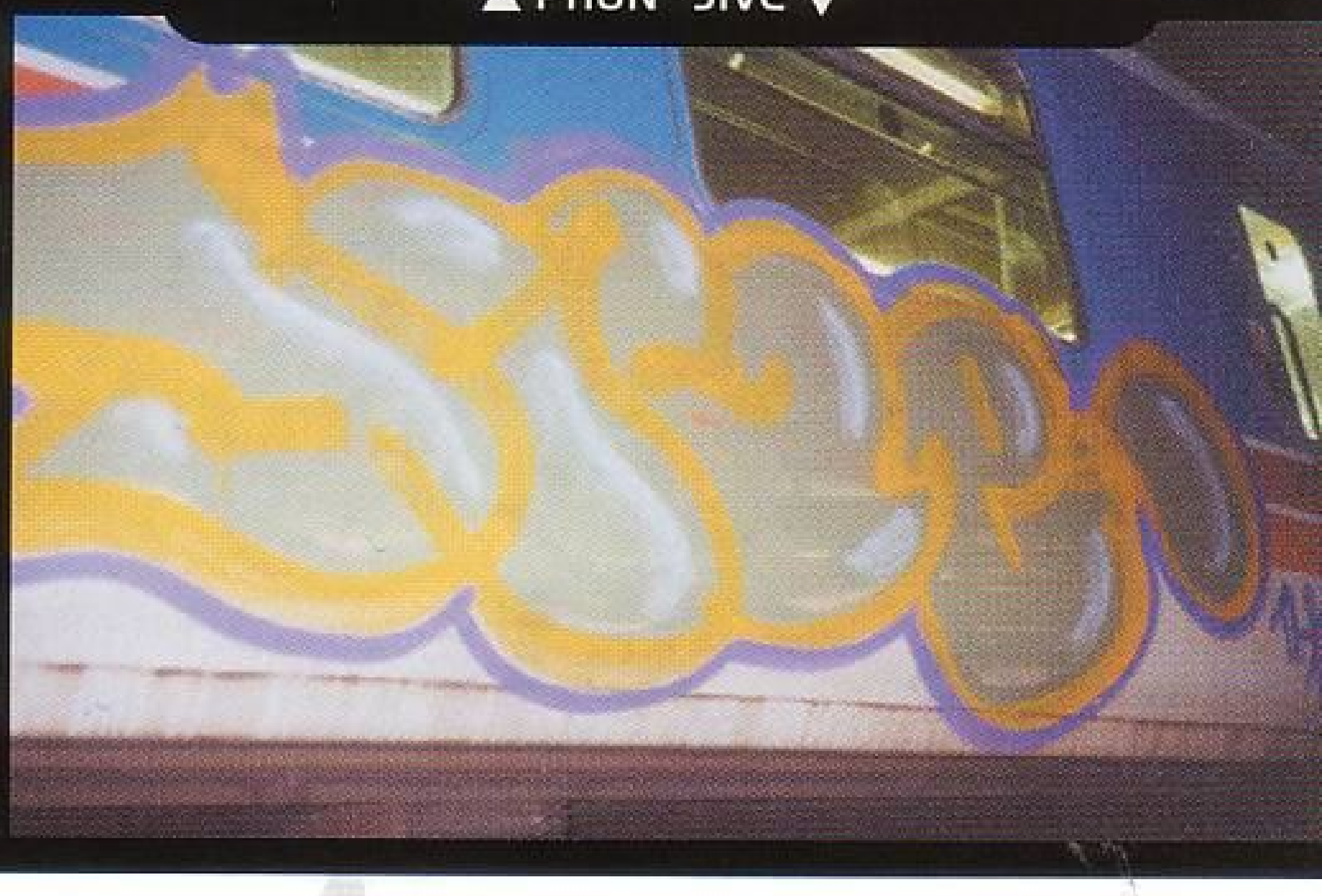
▲ DEPOT

▲ MIST





▲ PHUN · DIN ▼ ▲ AROE · CHE ▼ ▲ PHUN · JIVE ▼

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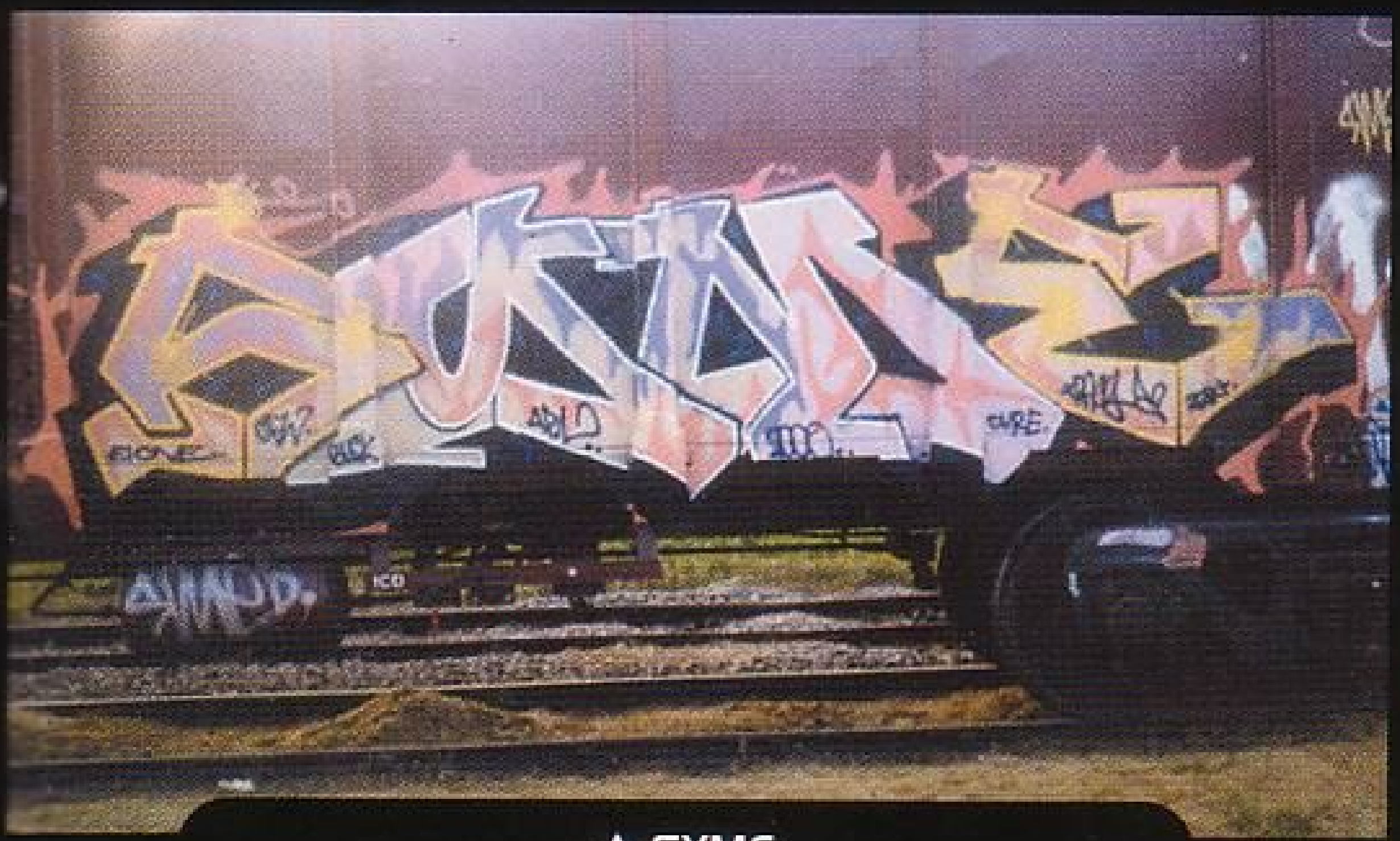
SENO ▼ CHE ▼ THE ▼



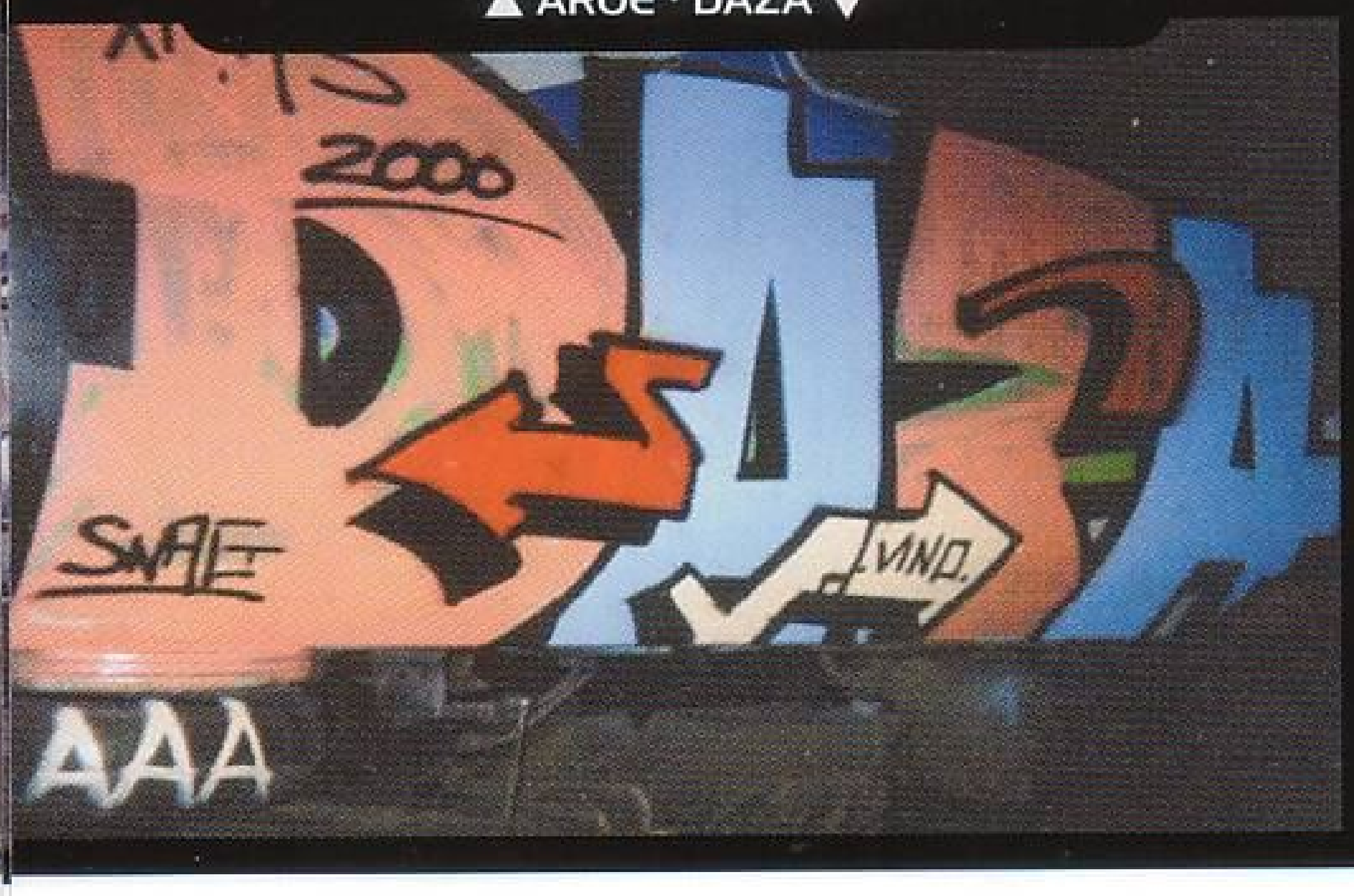
▲ SYME ▲ NYLON ▲ TAKS

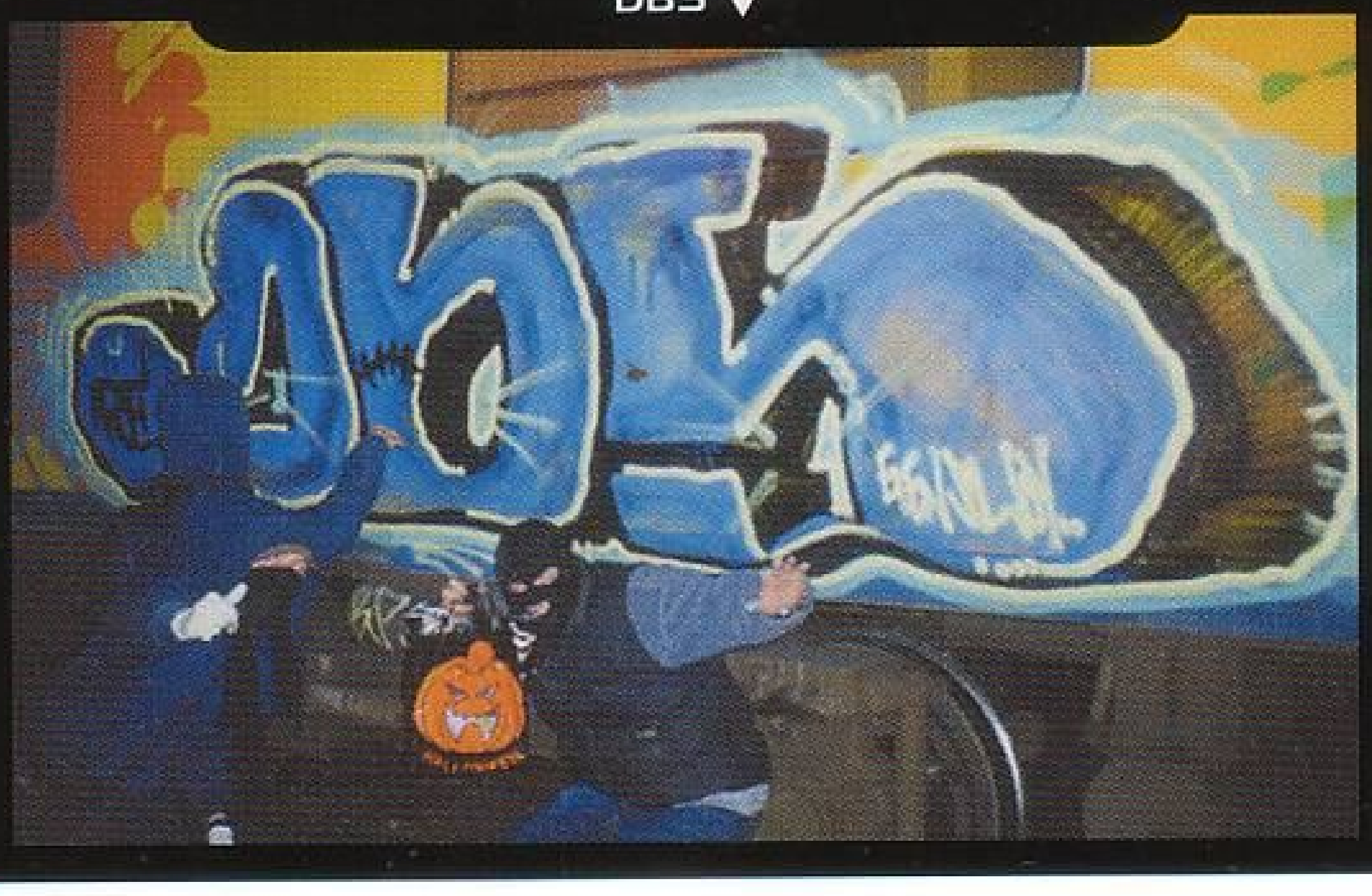
I PITY THE FOOL.

▲ AROE · DAZA ▼

DBS ▼

ASIF ▼





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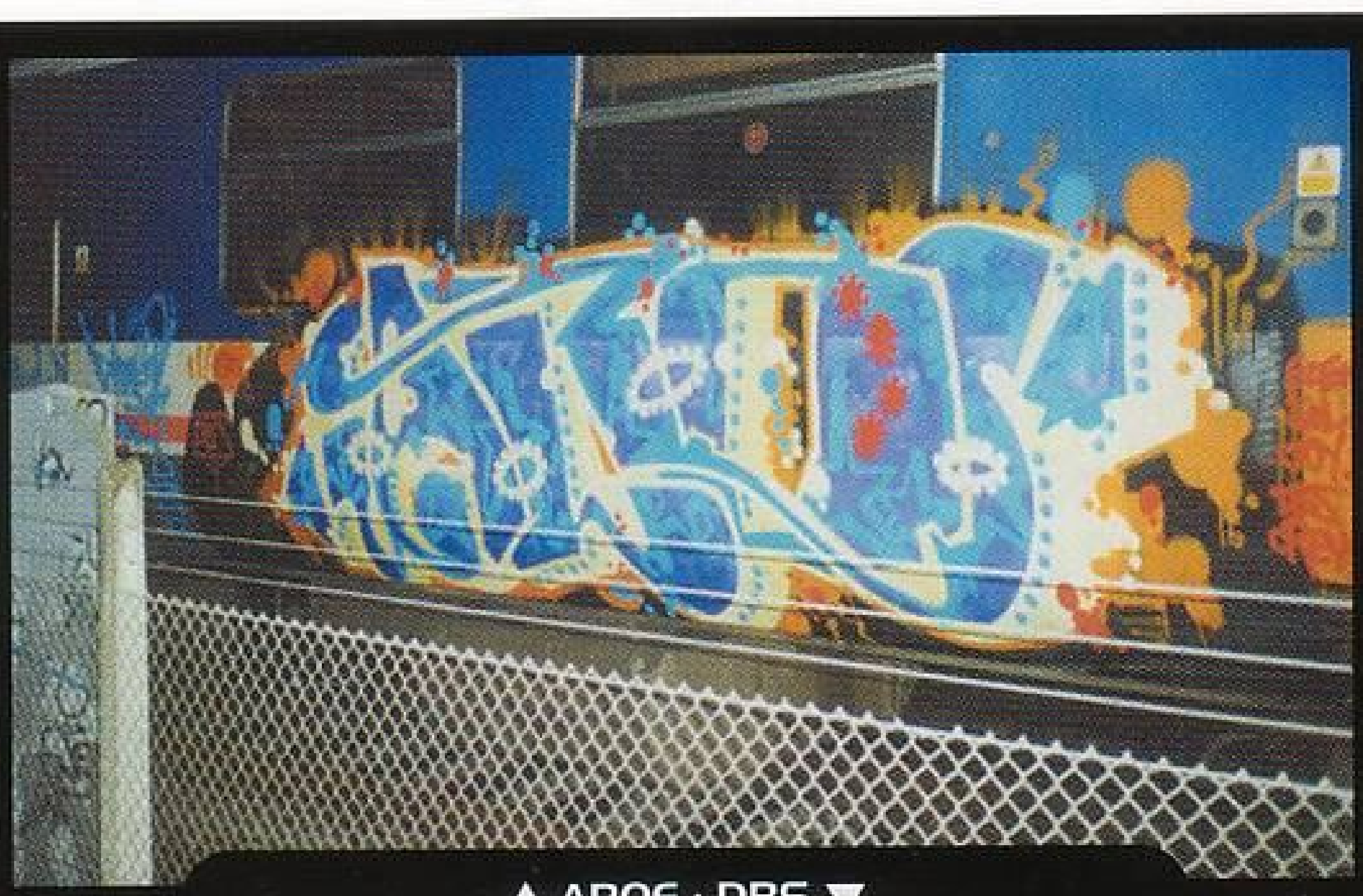
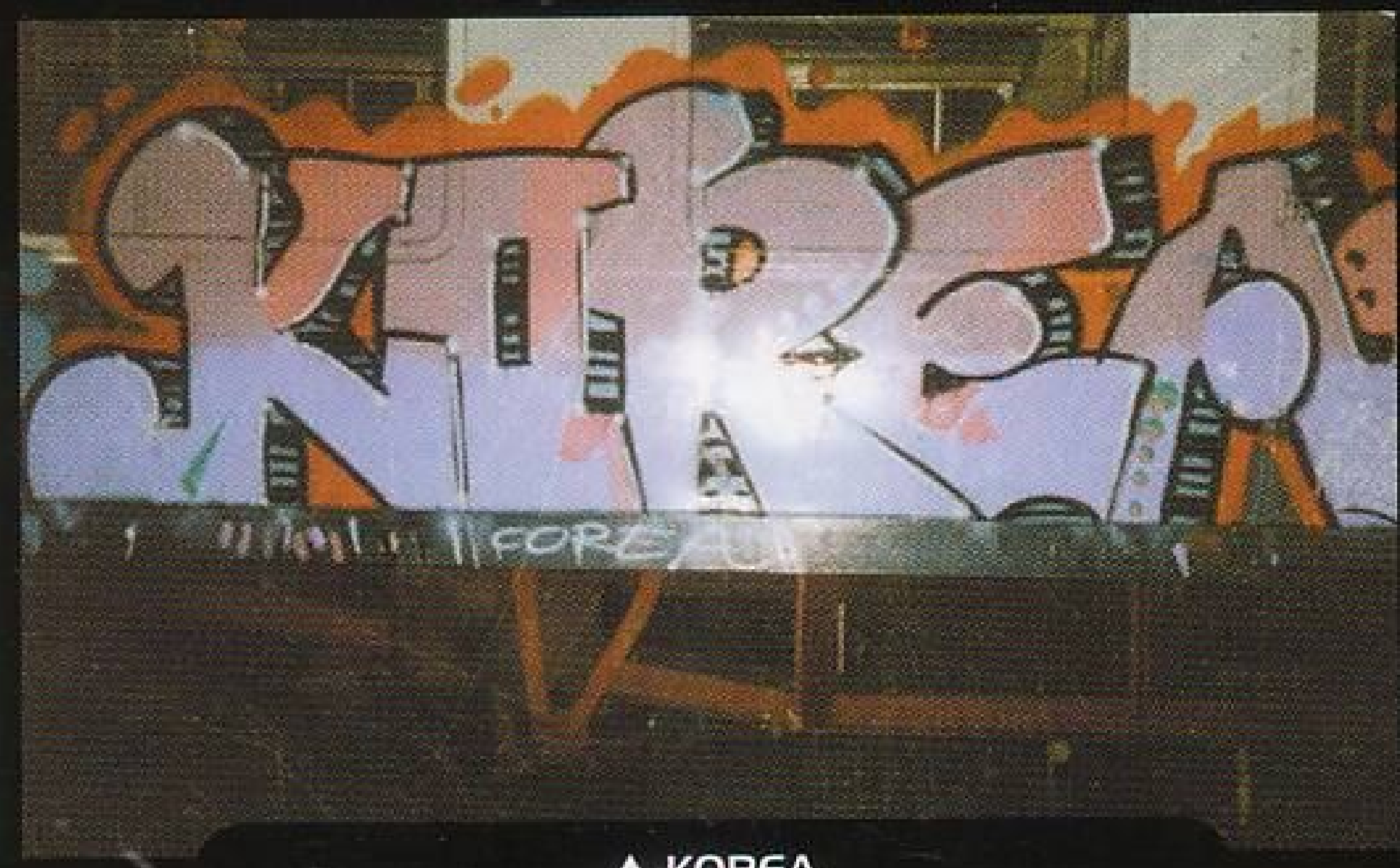
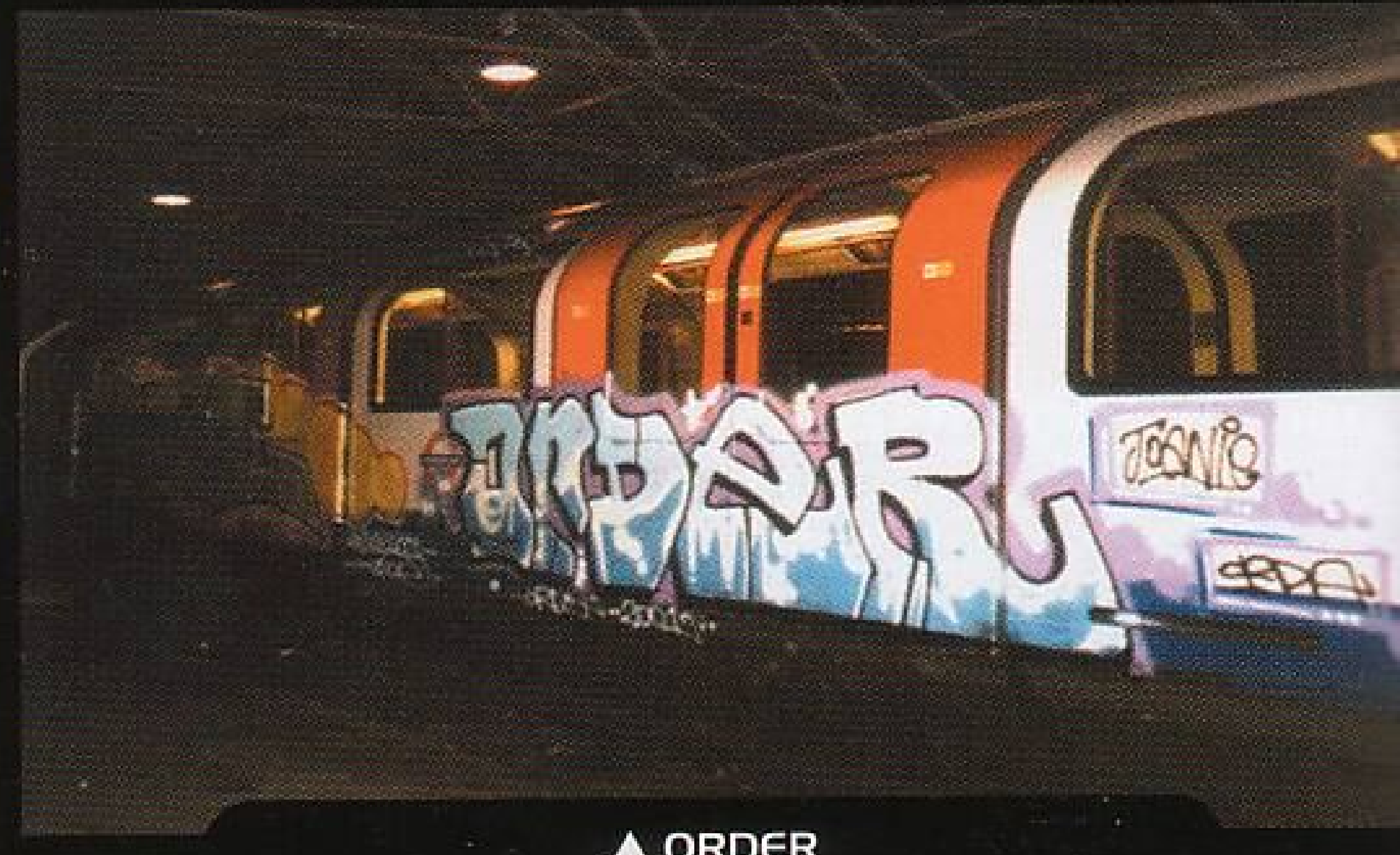


▲ AROE · HOKS ▼

▲ AROE · DBS ▼

▲ ARO · FIL3 ▼



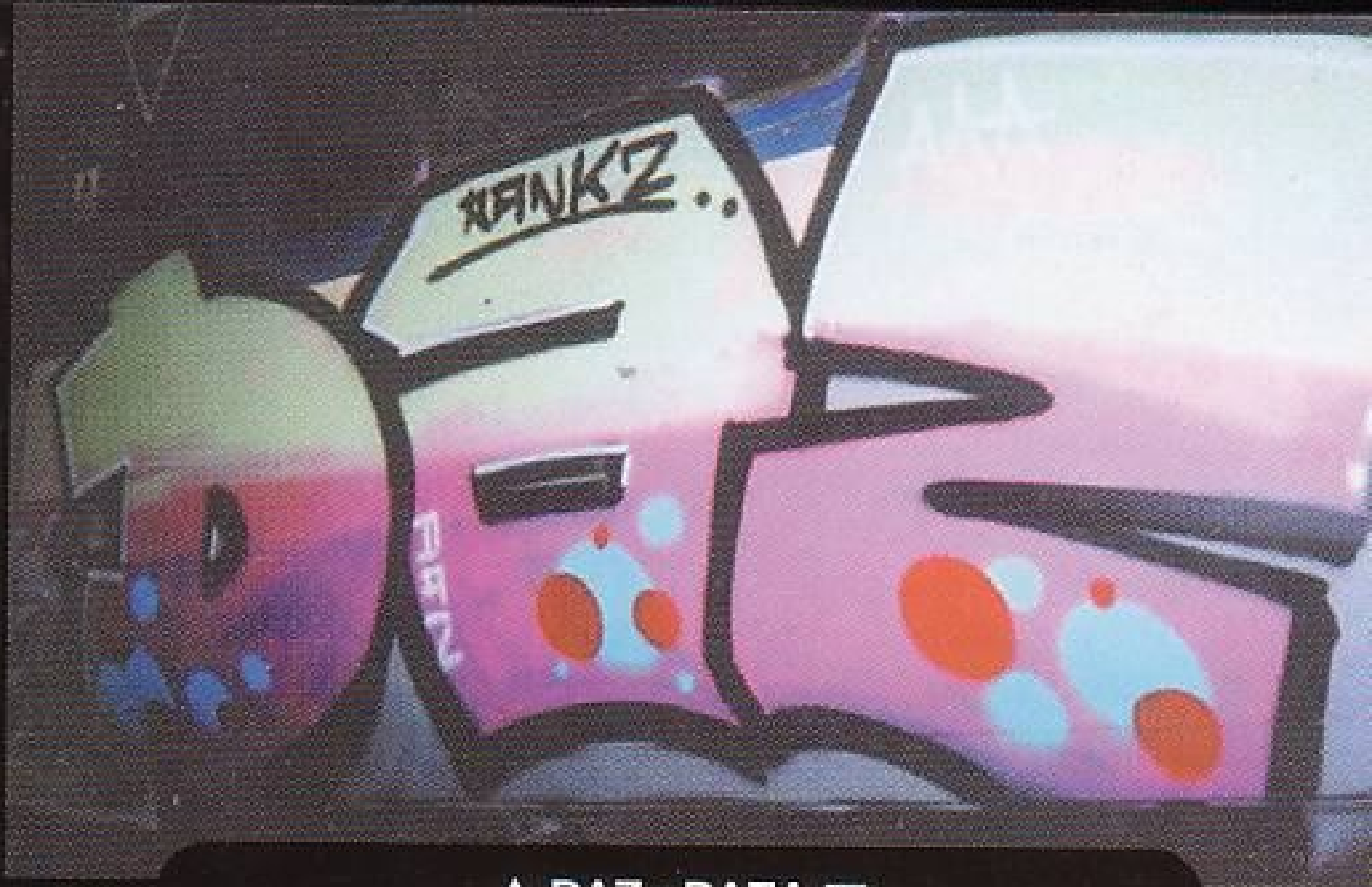


▲ IF · MACE ▼

▲ KOREA

▲ ORDER

LONDON 2004



▲ NYLON · REMIS ▼

▲ DAZA · SIME ▼

▲ DAZ · DAZA ▼

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▲ SHUKS · JERK ▼

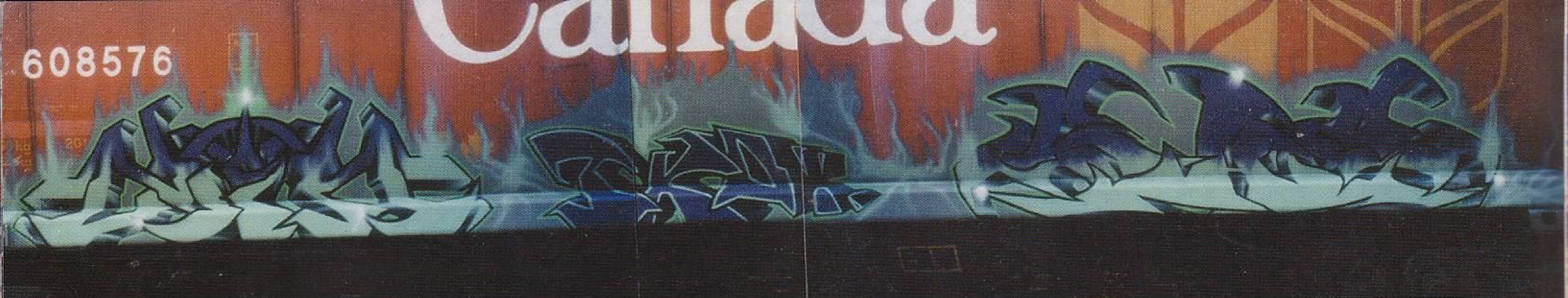
▲ JAE · DERS ▼

▲ AROE · AROE (INDIA) ▼

▲ ORDER · NOPE ▼

▲ MACE

▲ FAD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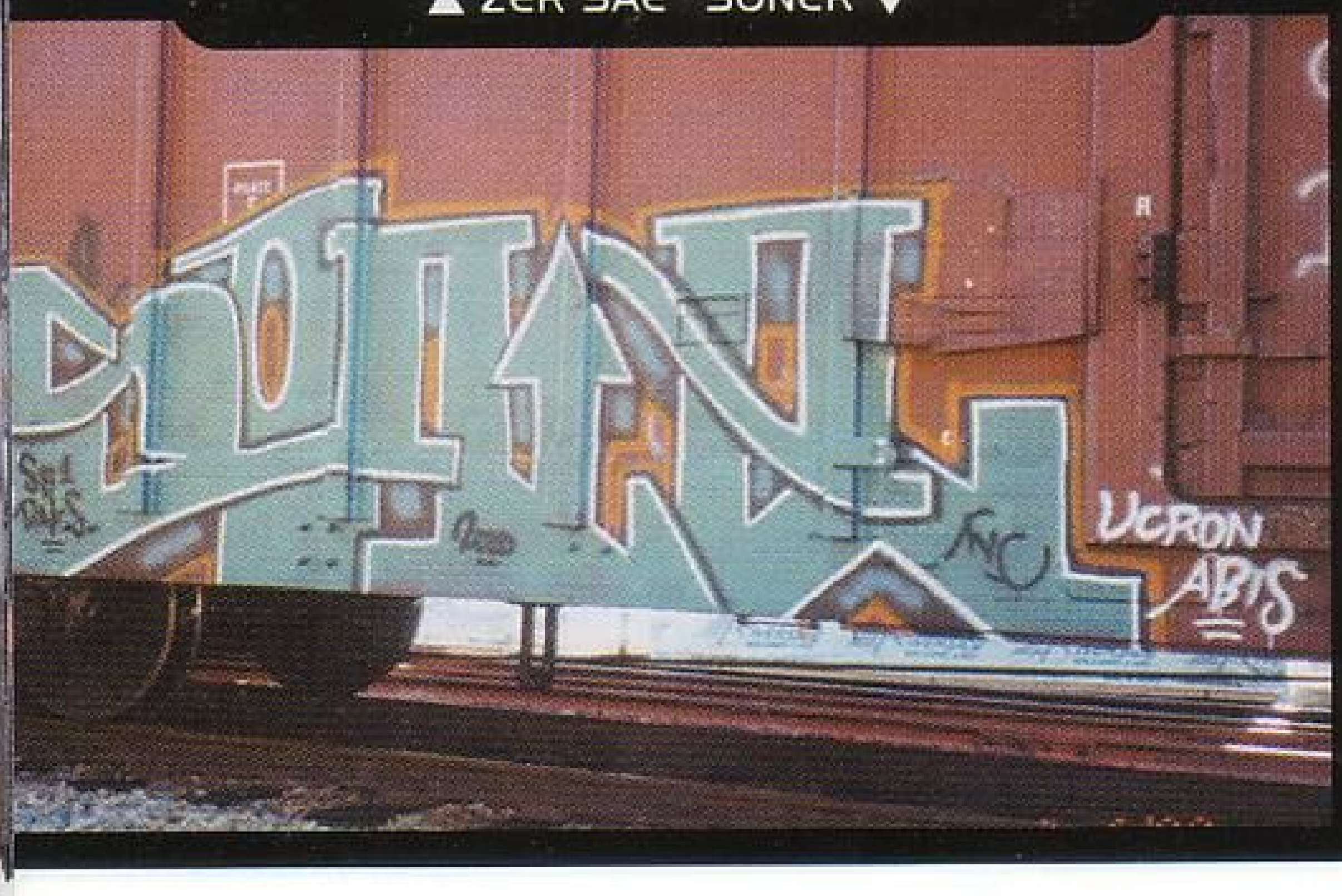
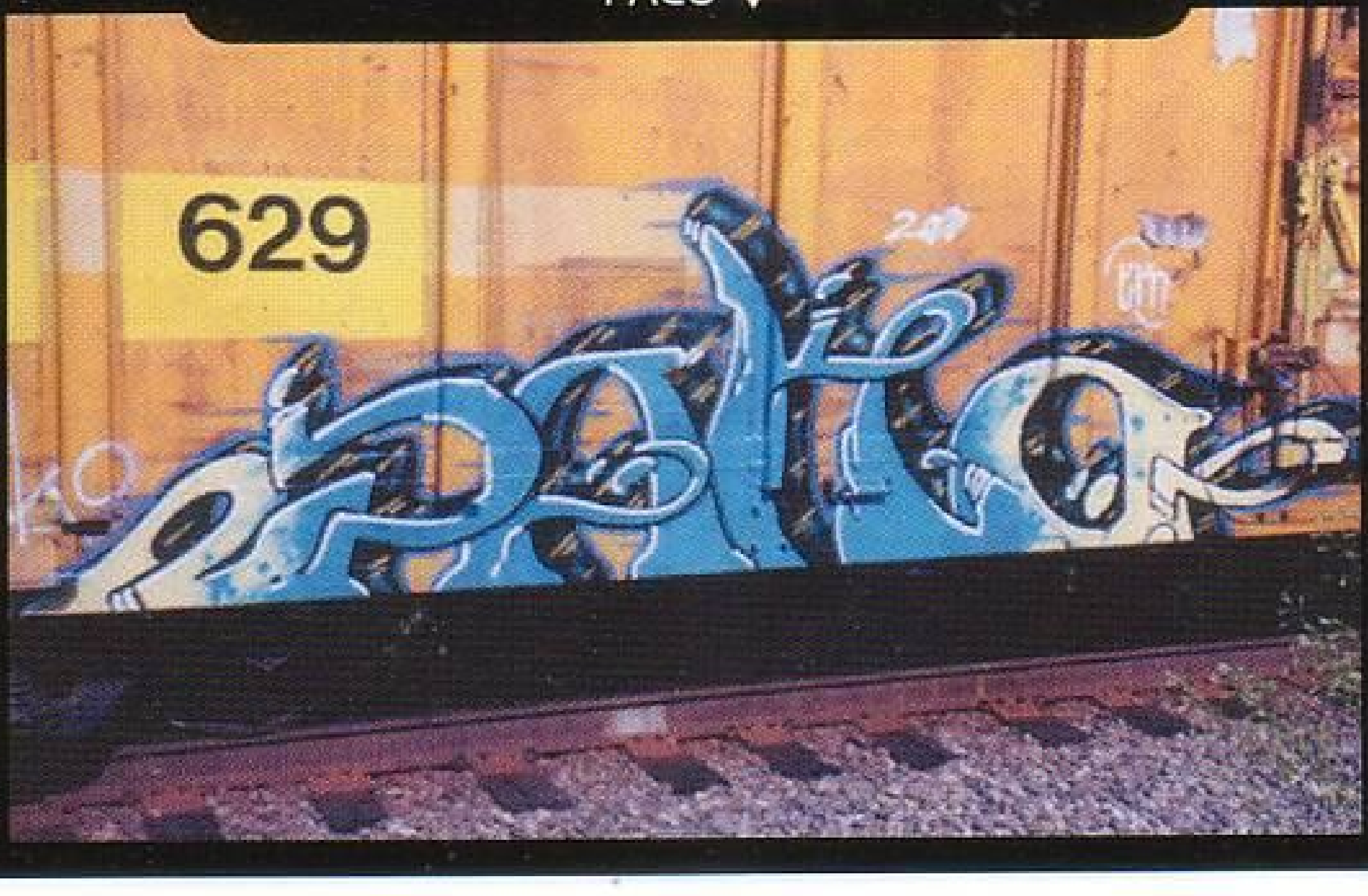
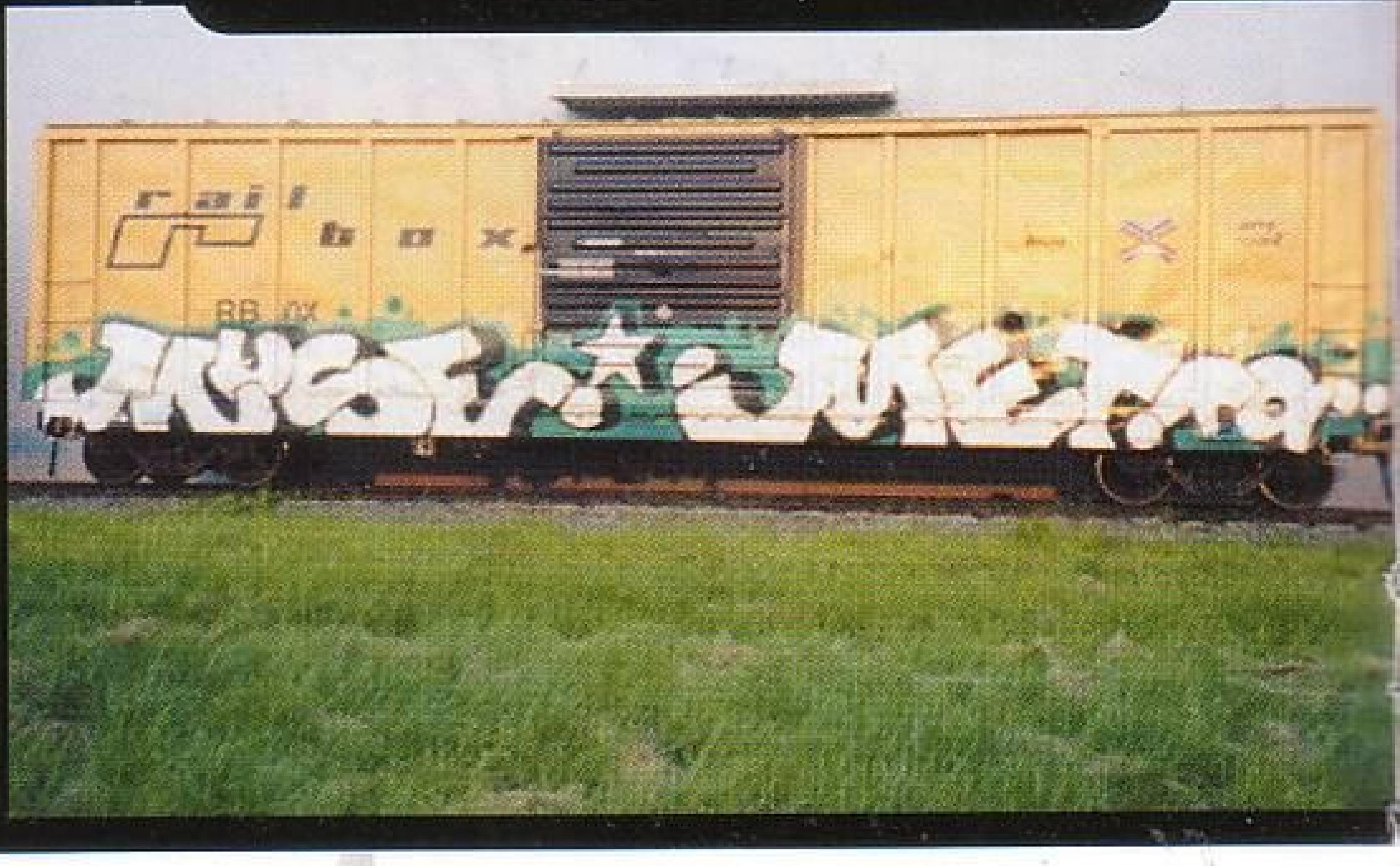
▲ ZER SAE · SONER ▼

PACO ▼

MUSE MET ▼







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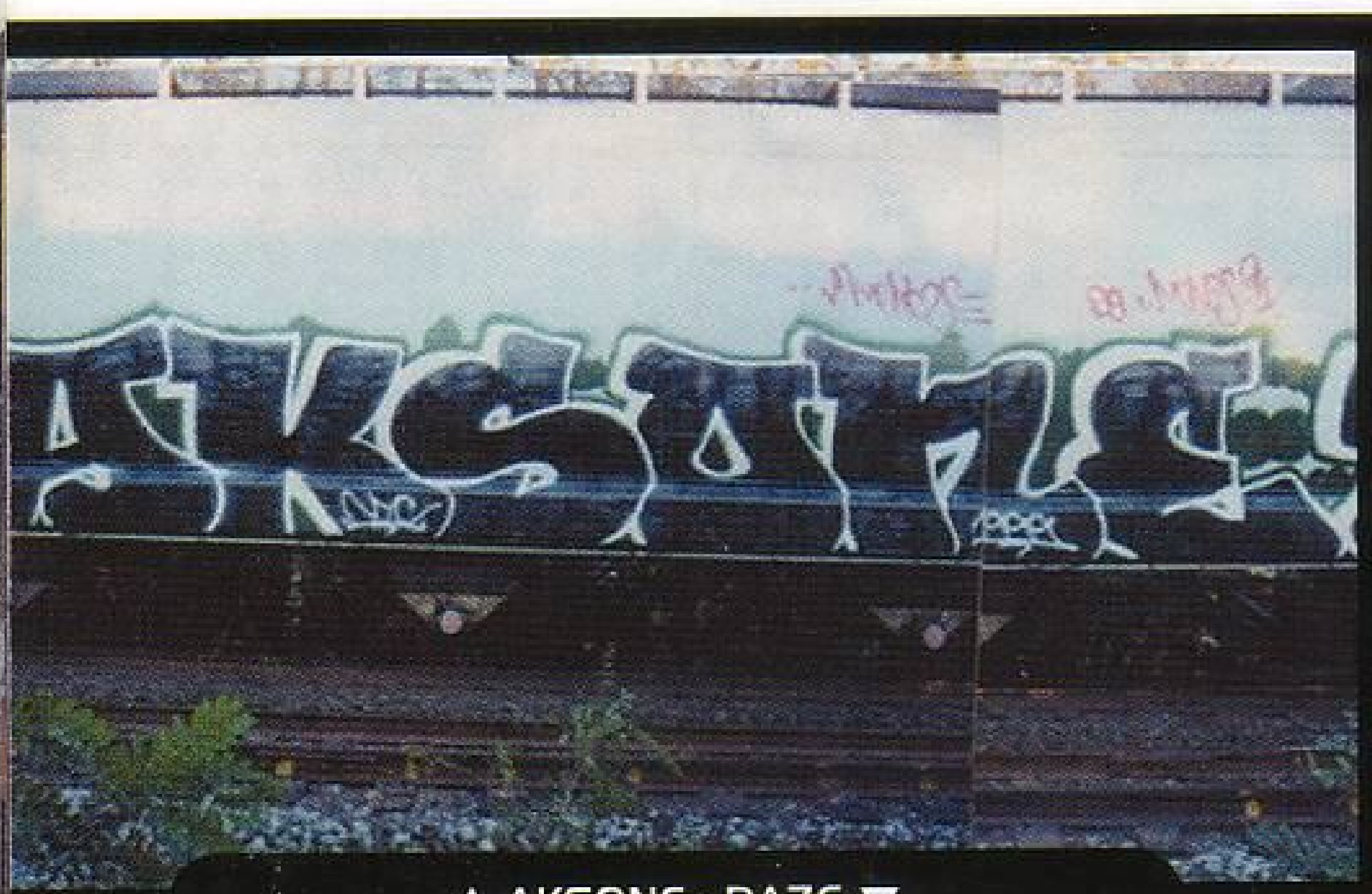

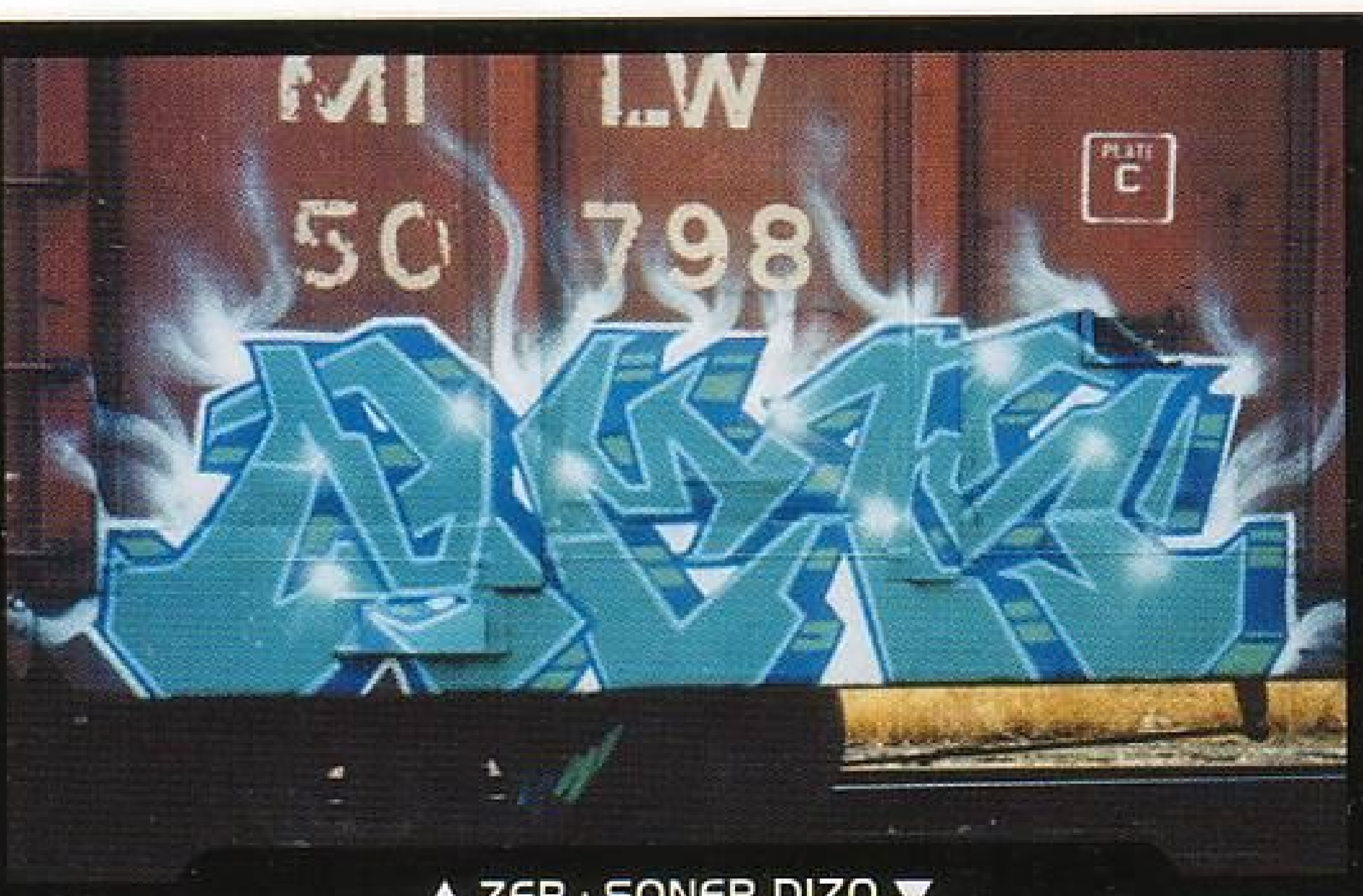

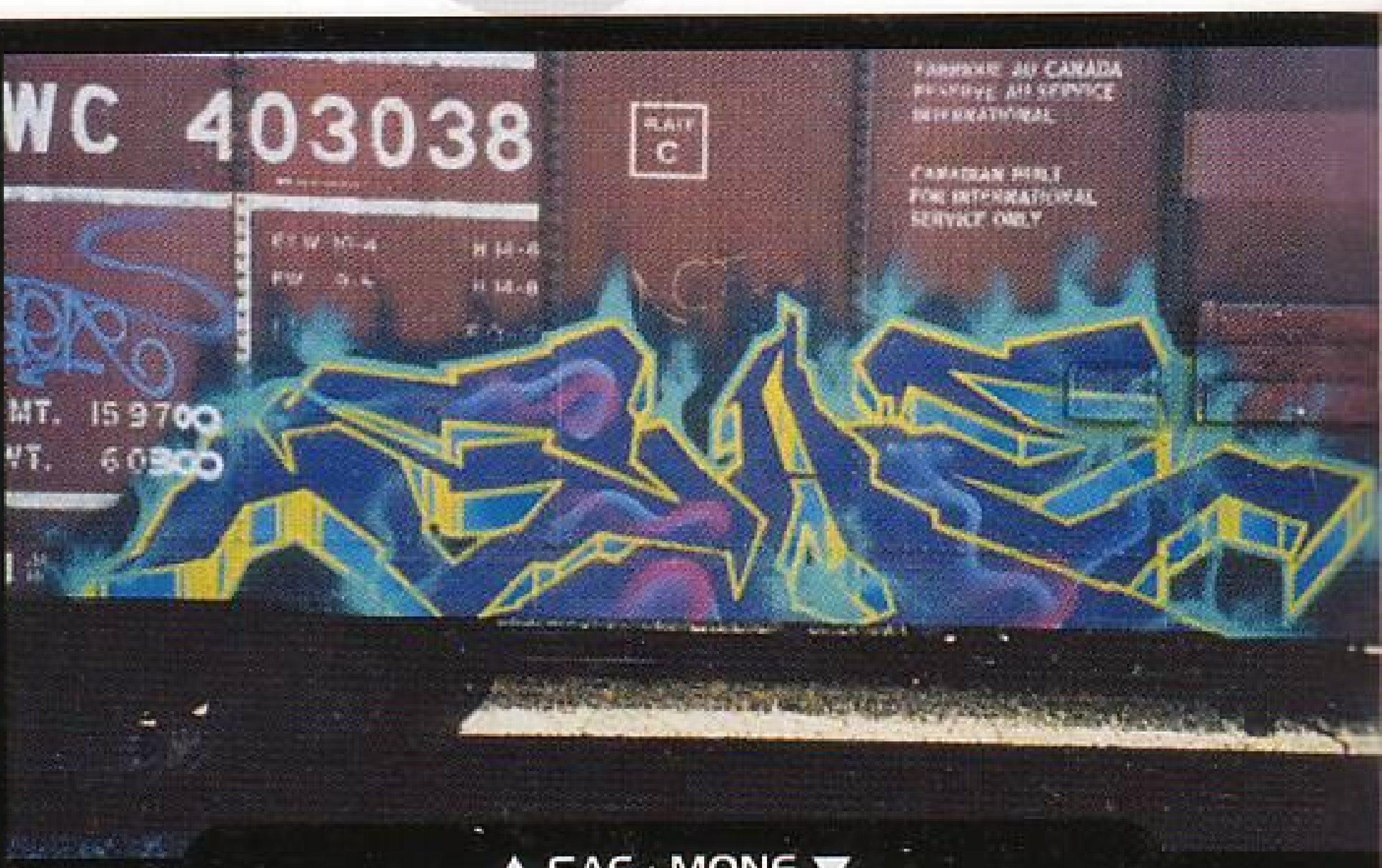

▲ AKSONE · DAZE ▼

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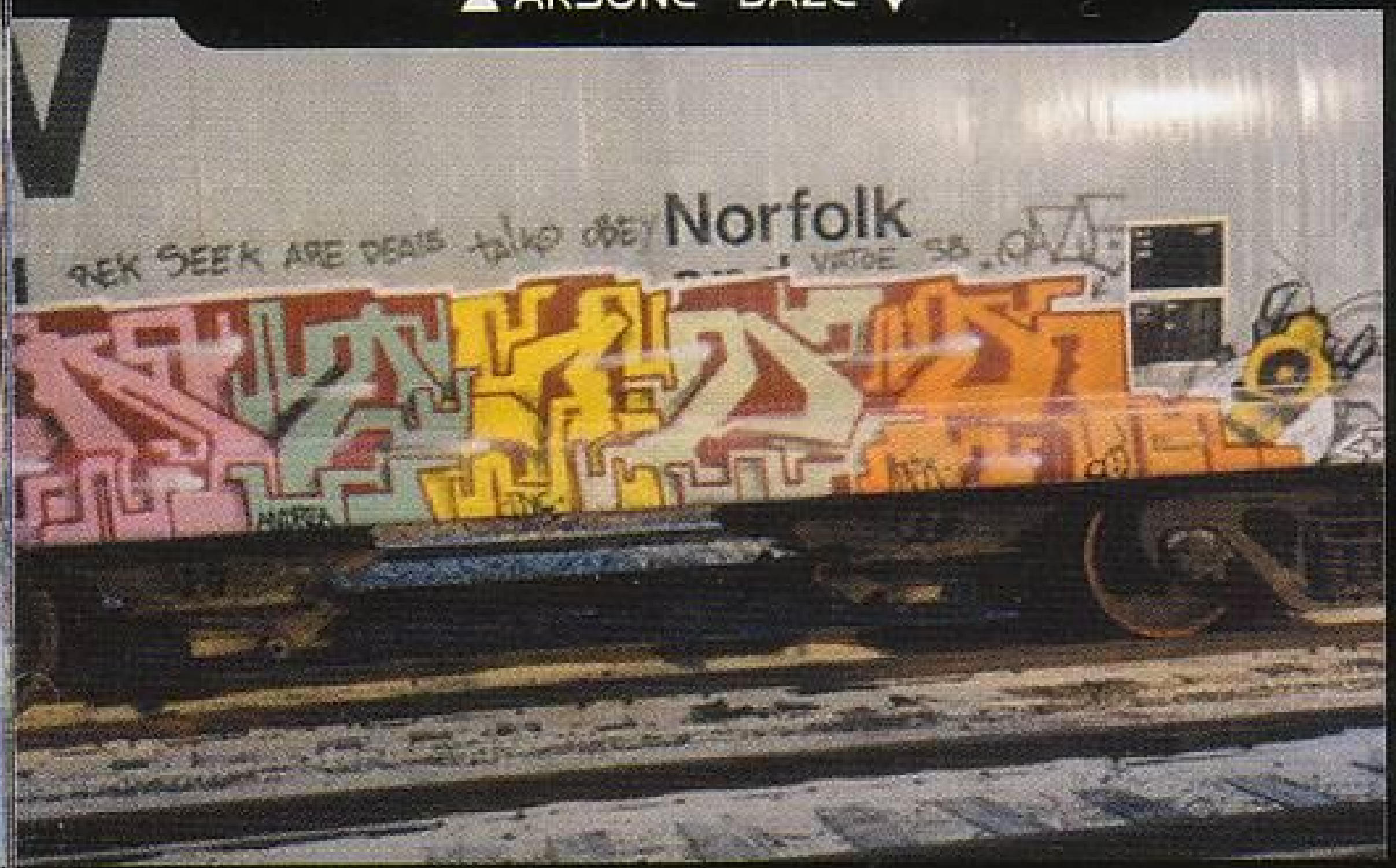
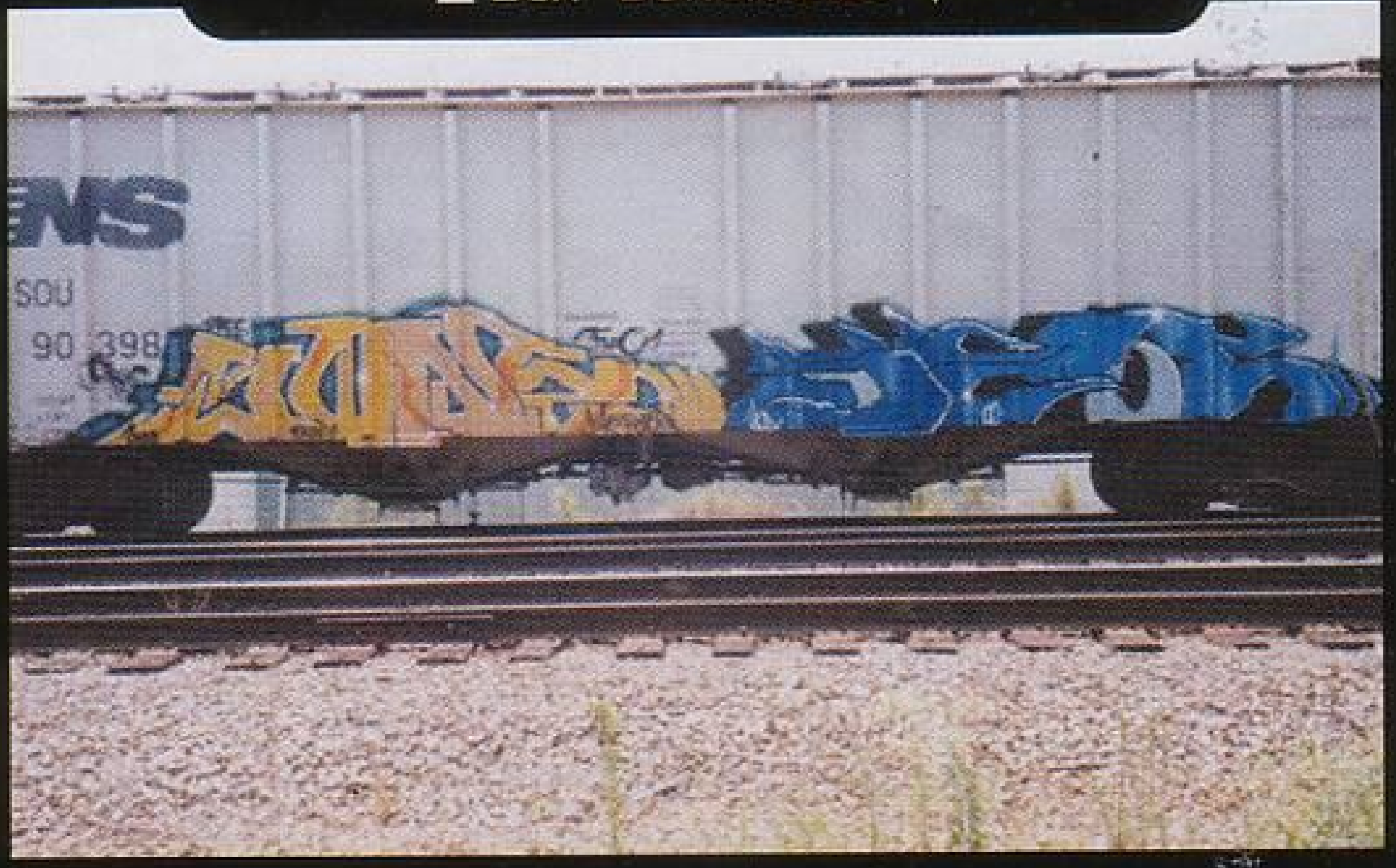
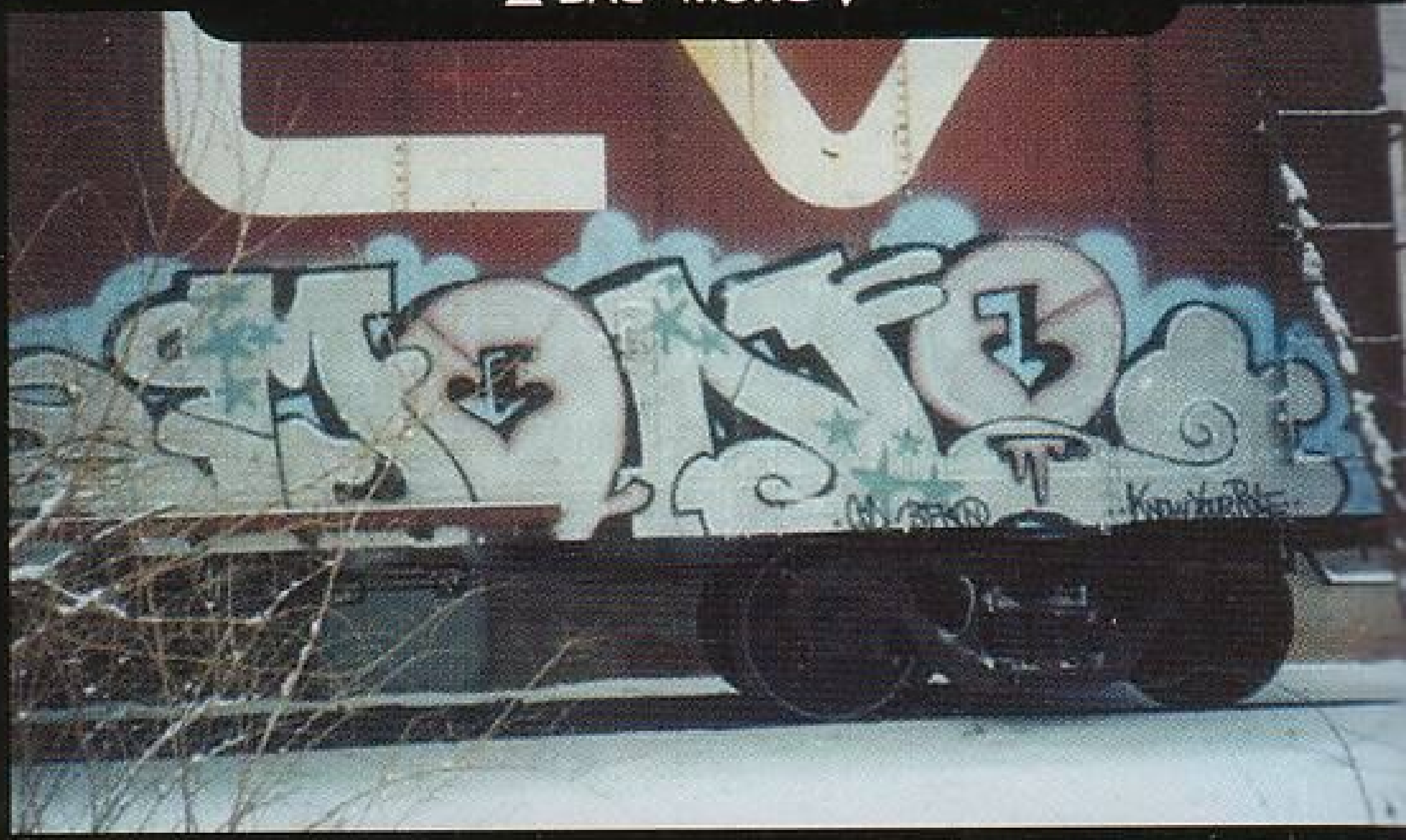
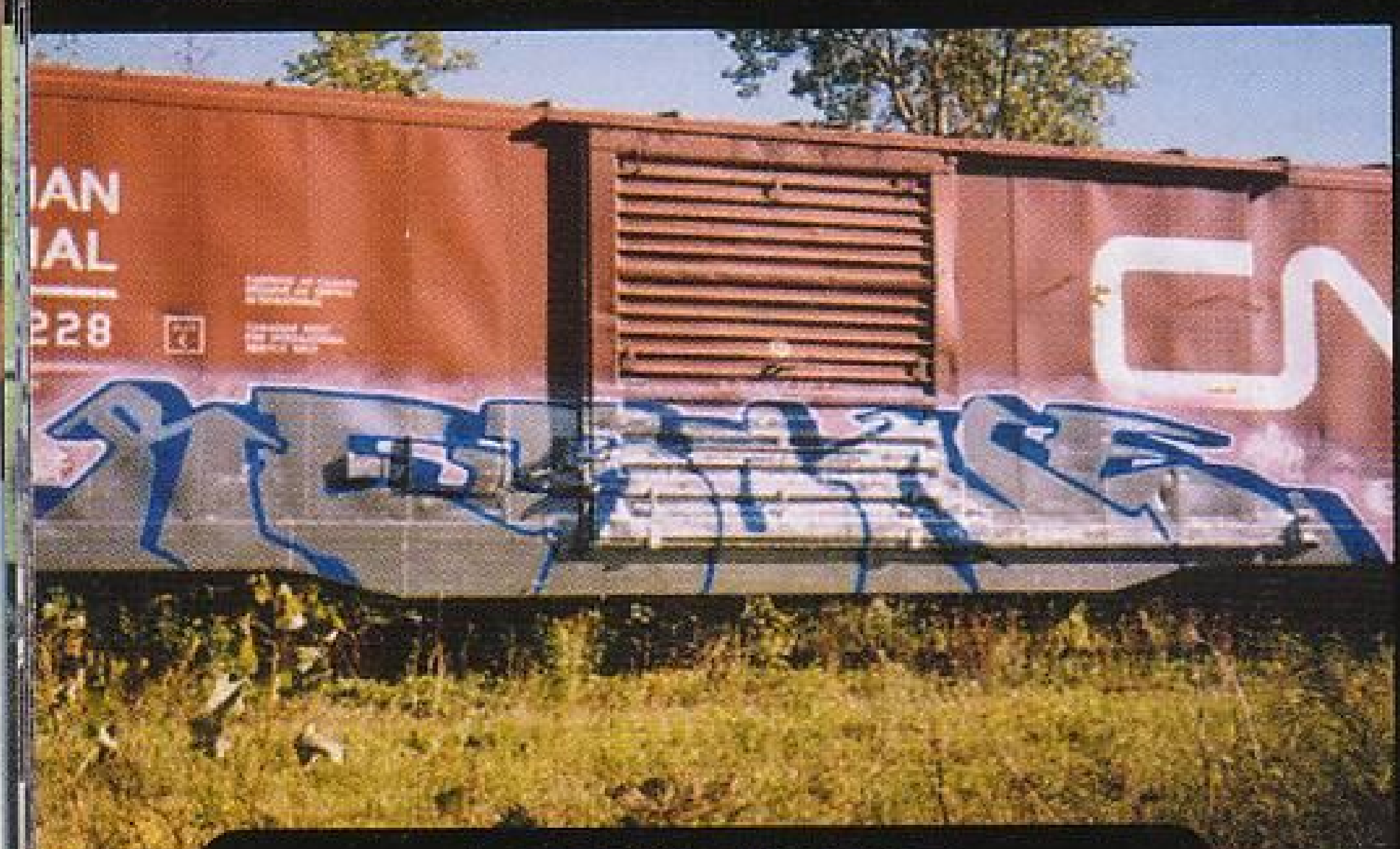
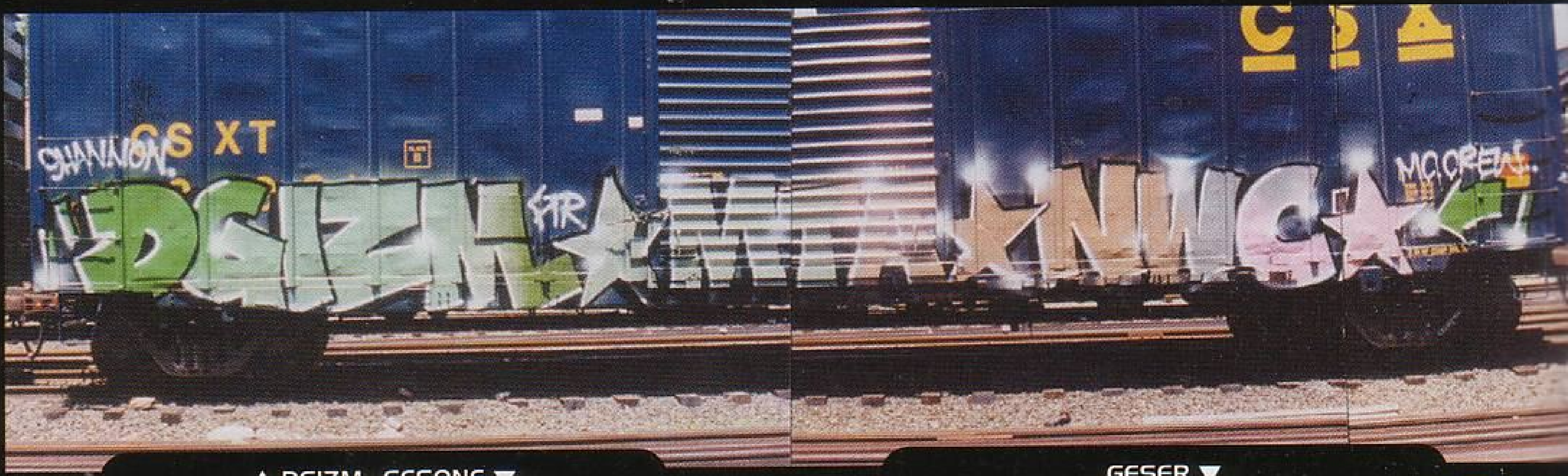
▲ SAE · MONE ▼











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▲ DGIZM · GESONE ▼

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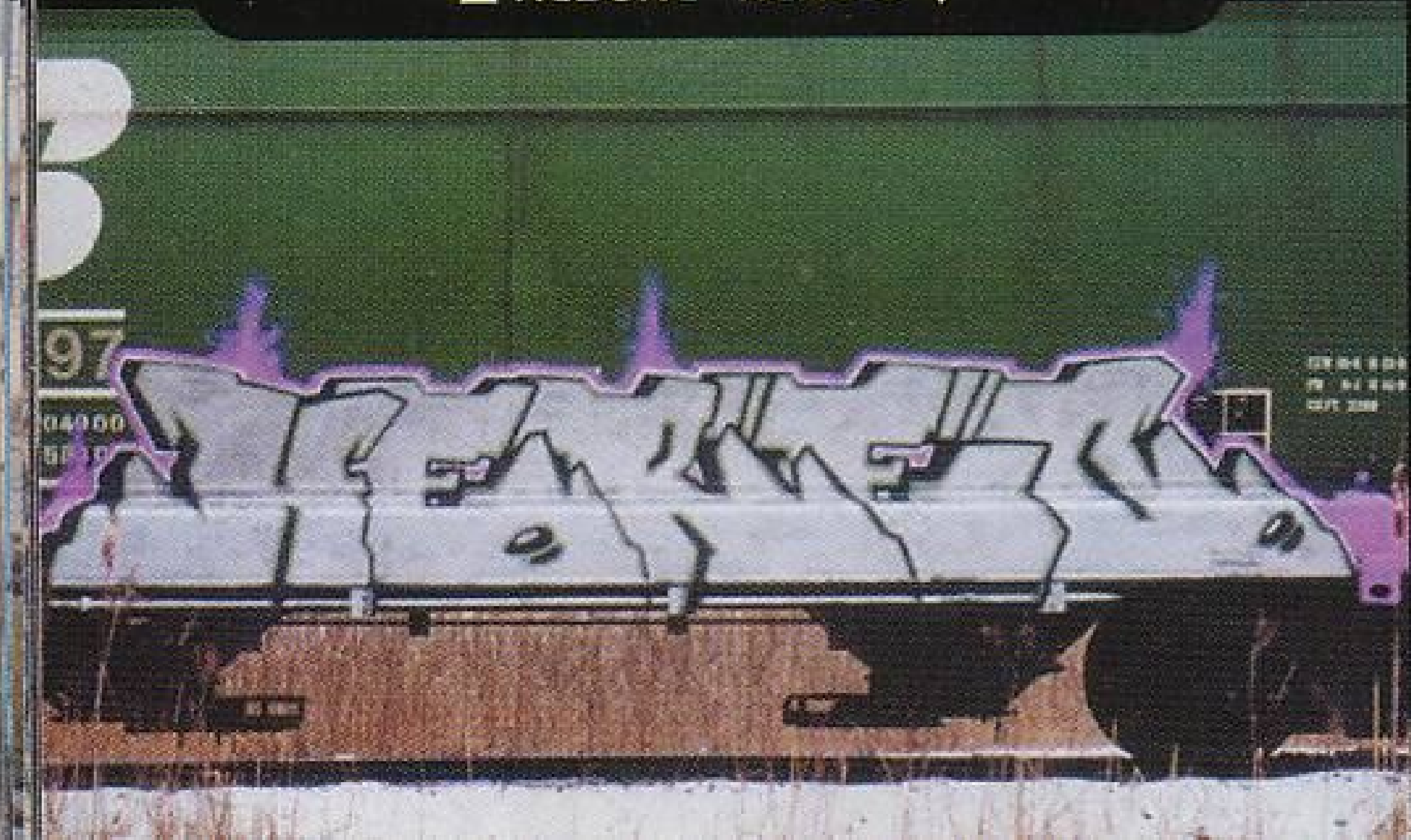
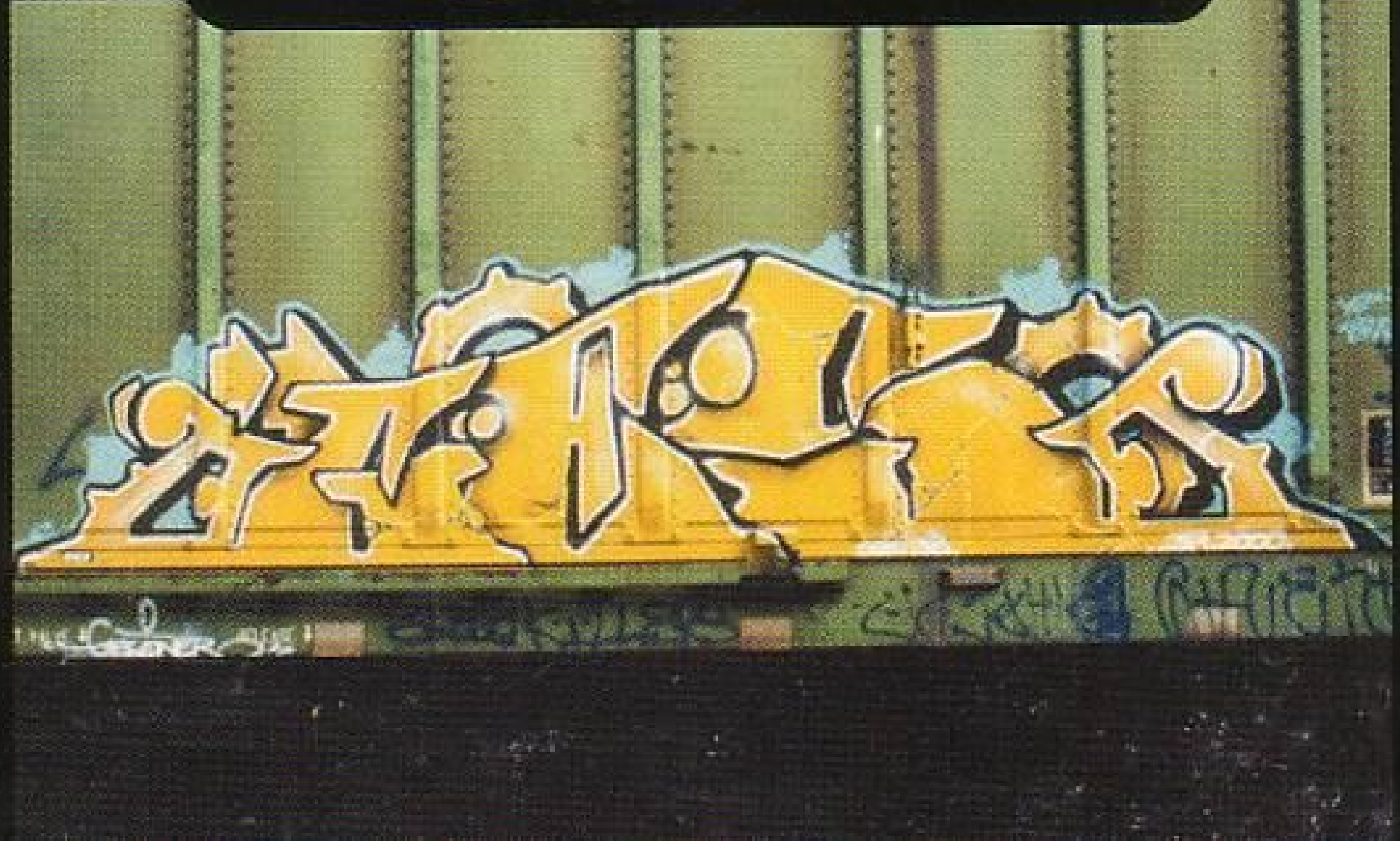
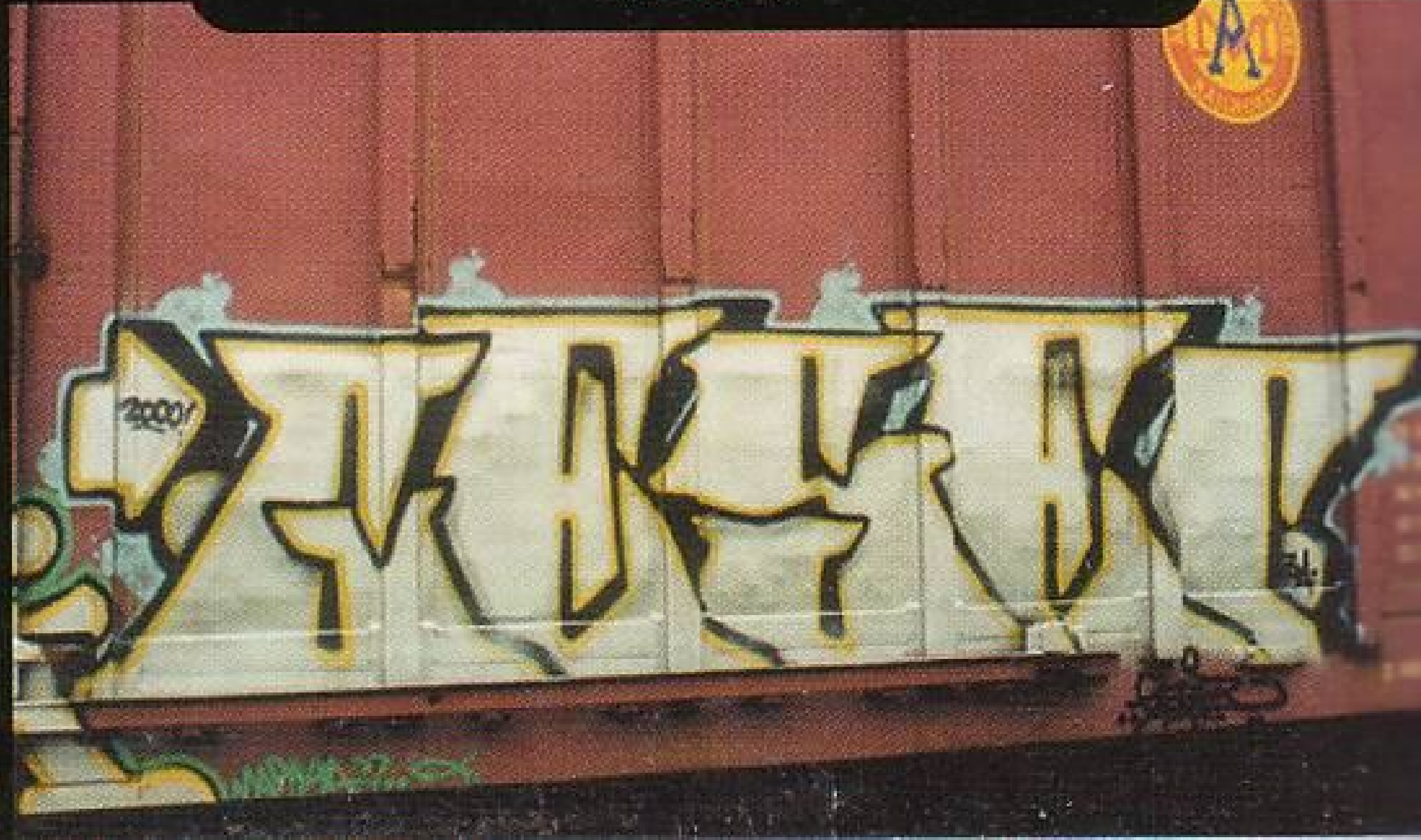
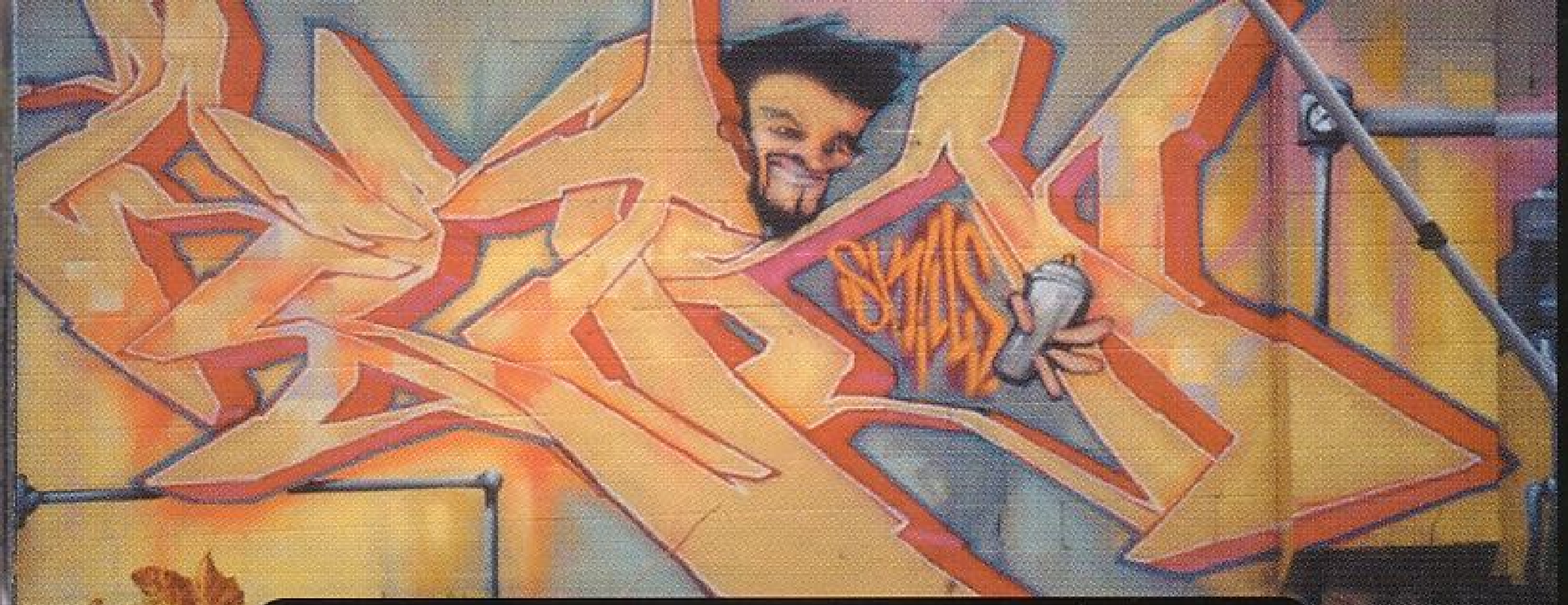
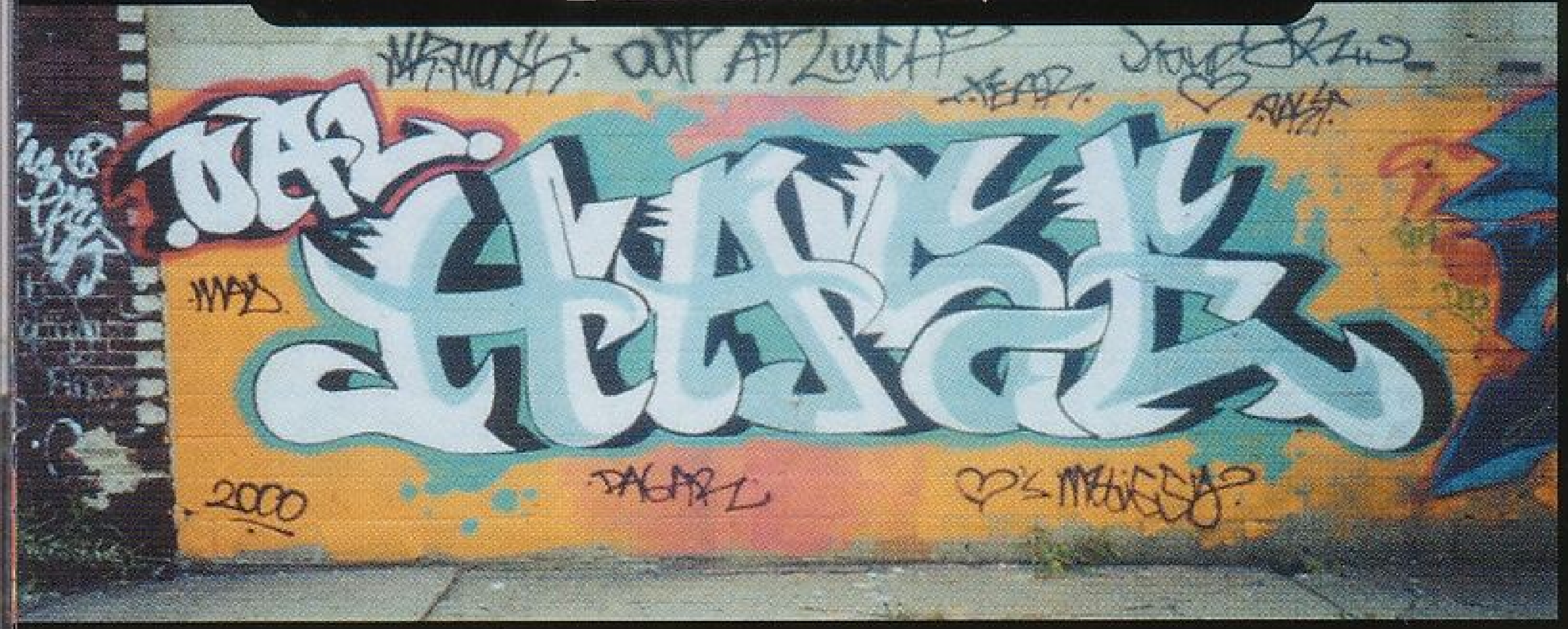


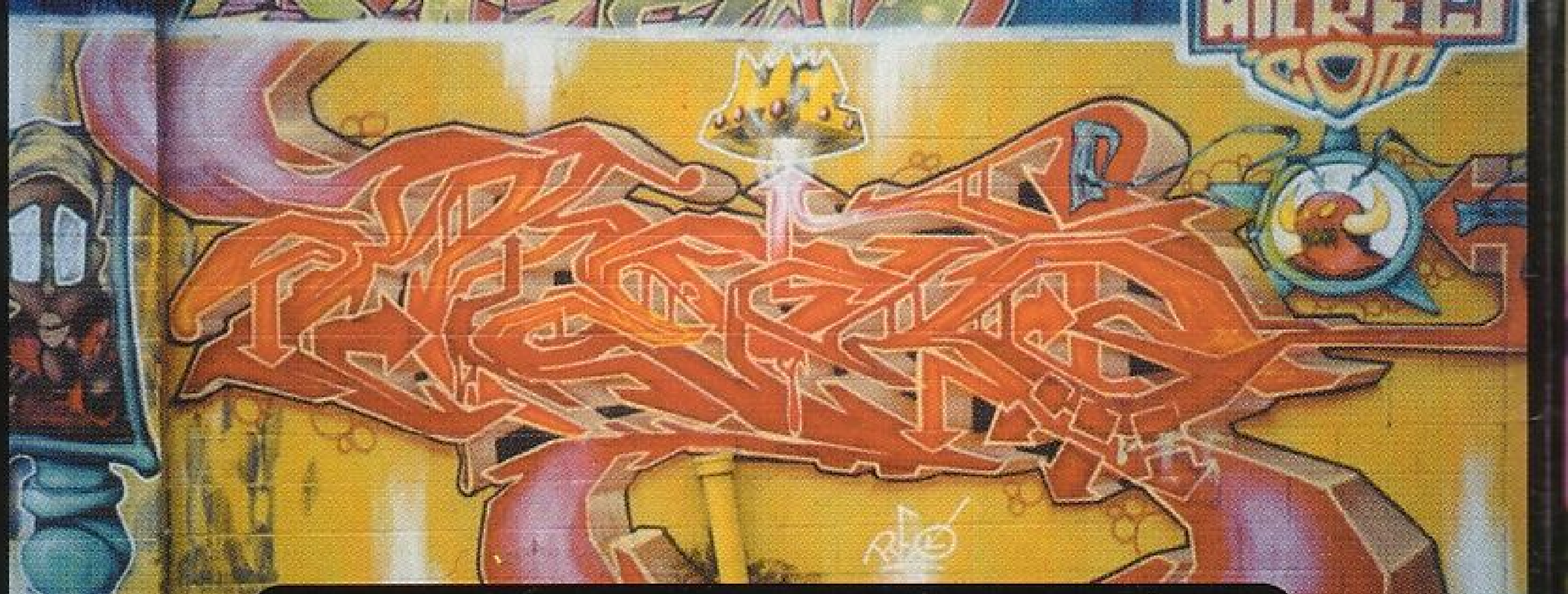




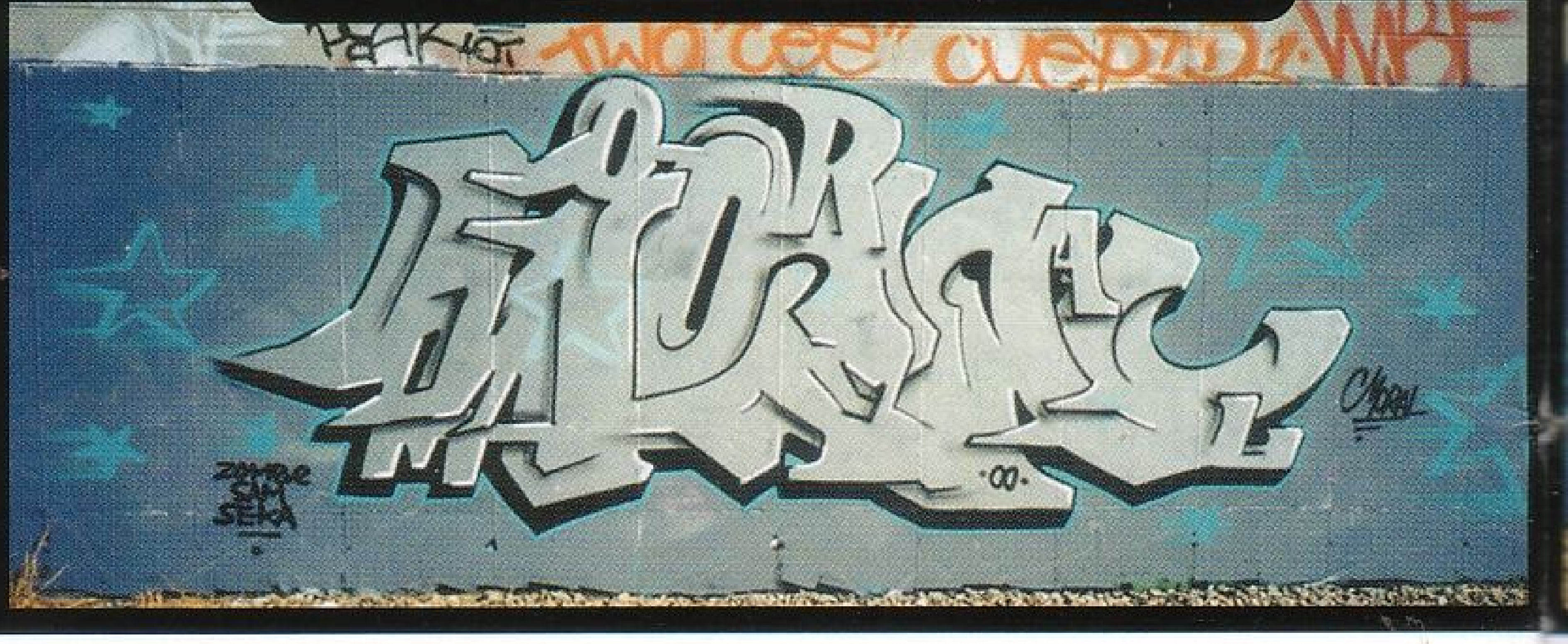


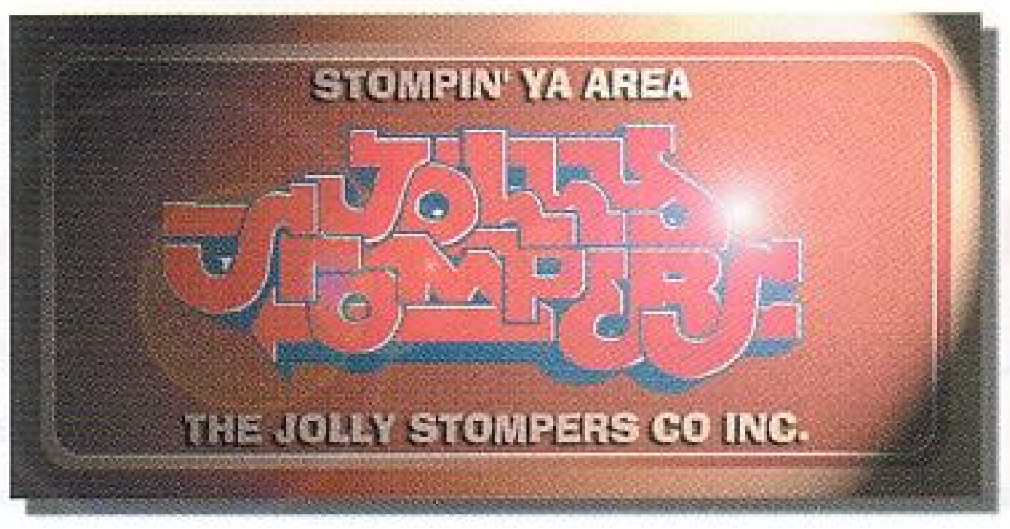
▲ EBIS USA · HASE USA ▼





▲ REO USA · MOREL USA ▼

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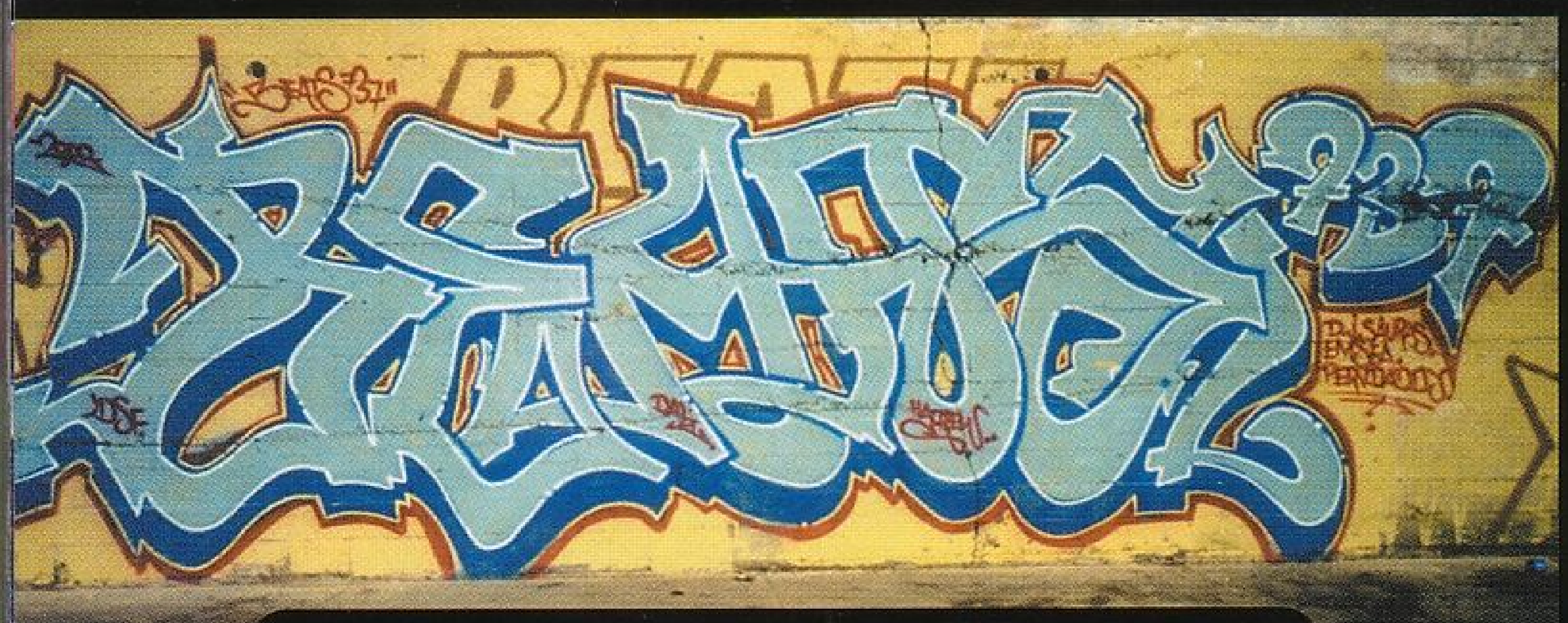
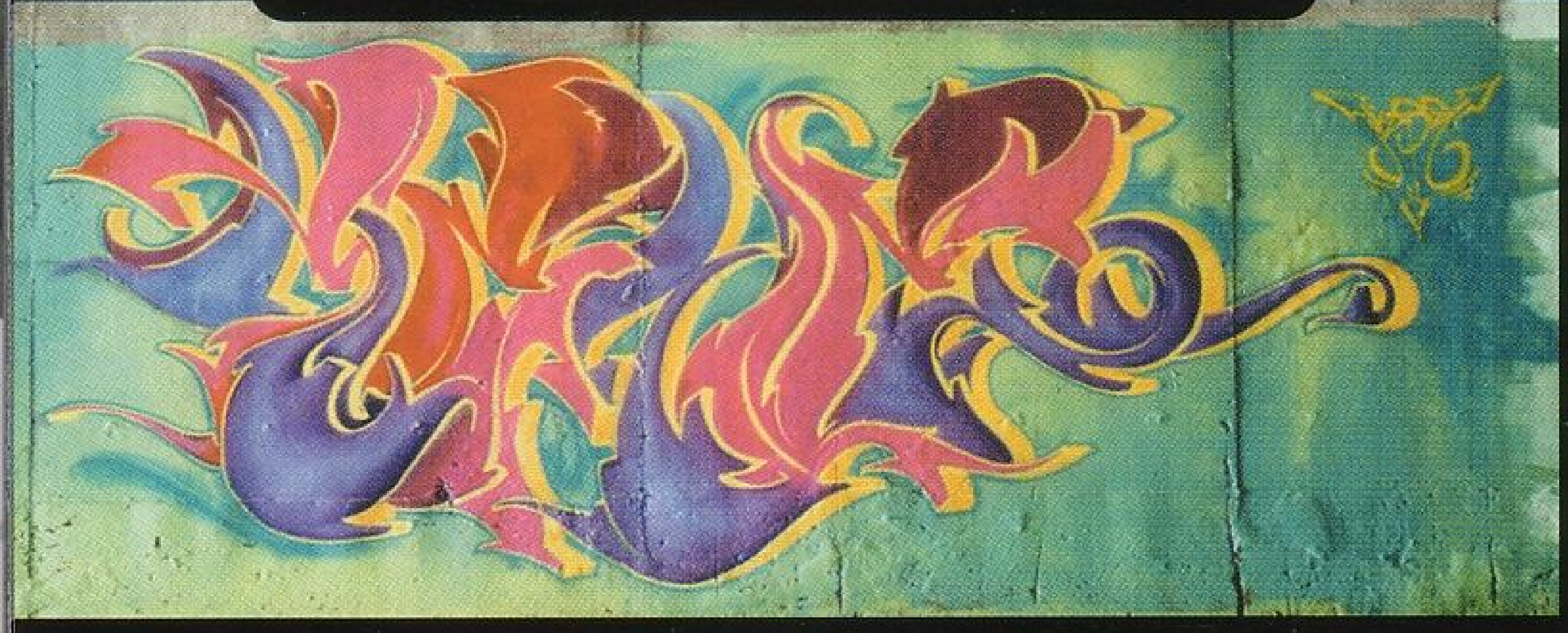
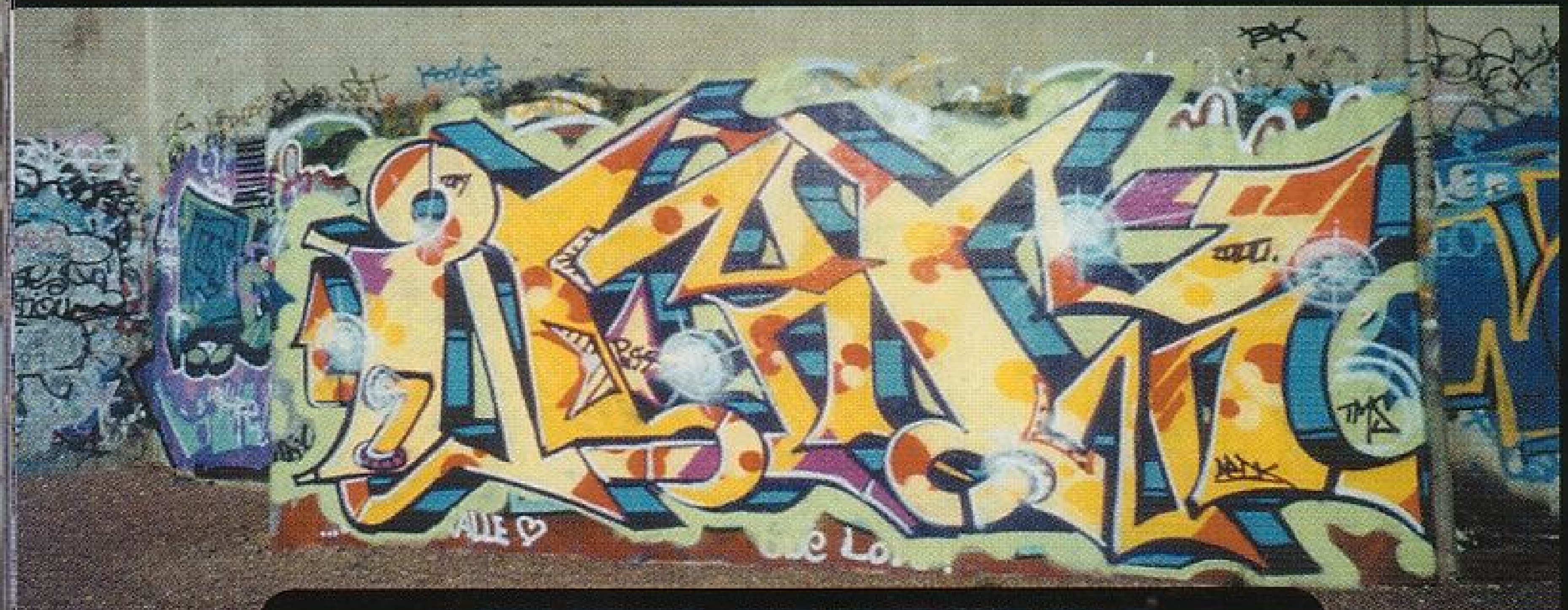
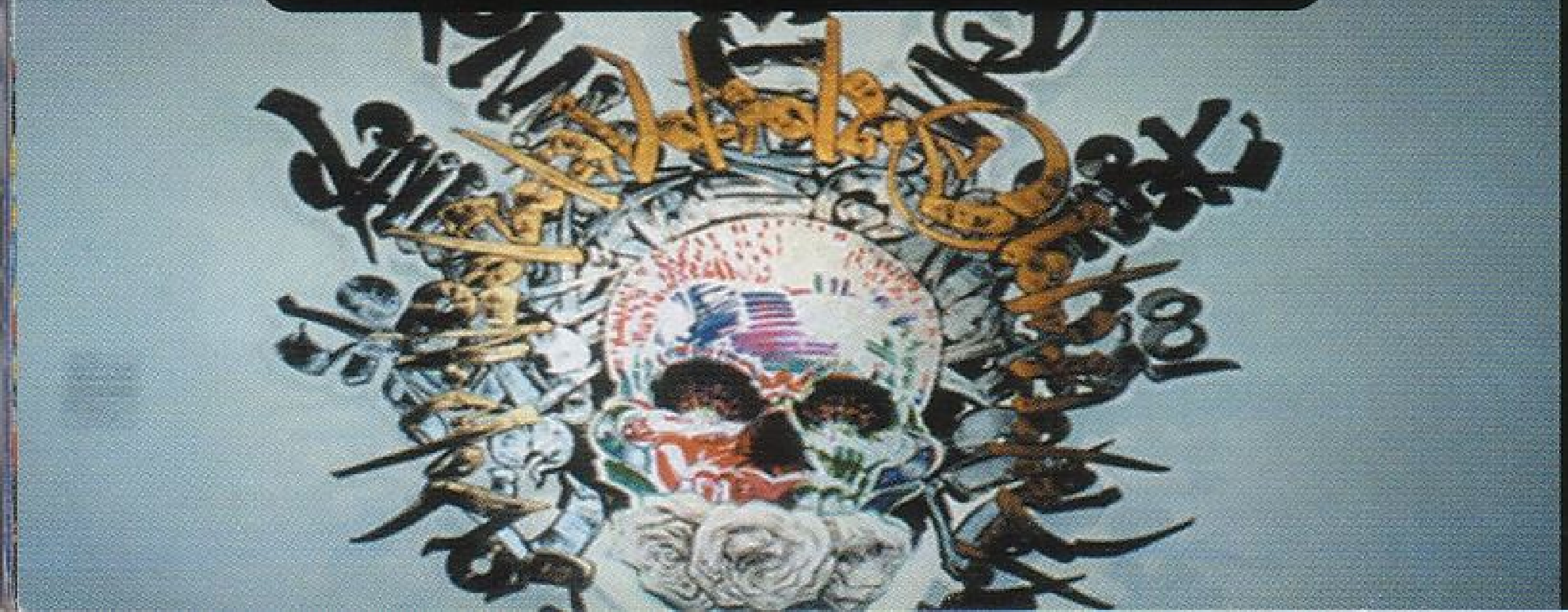


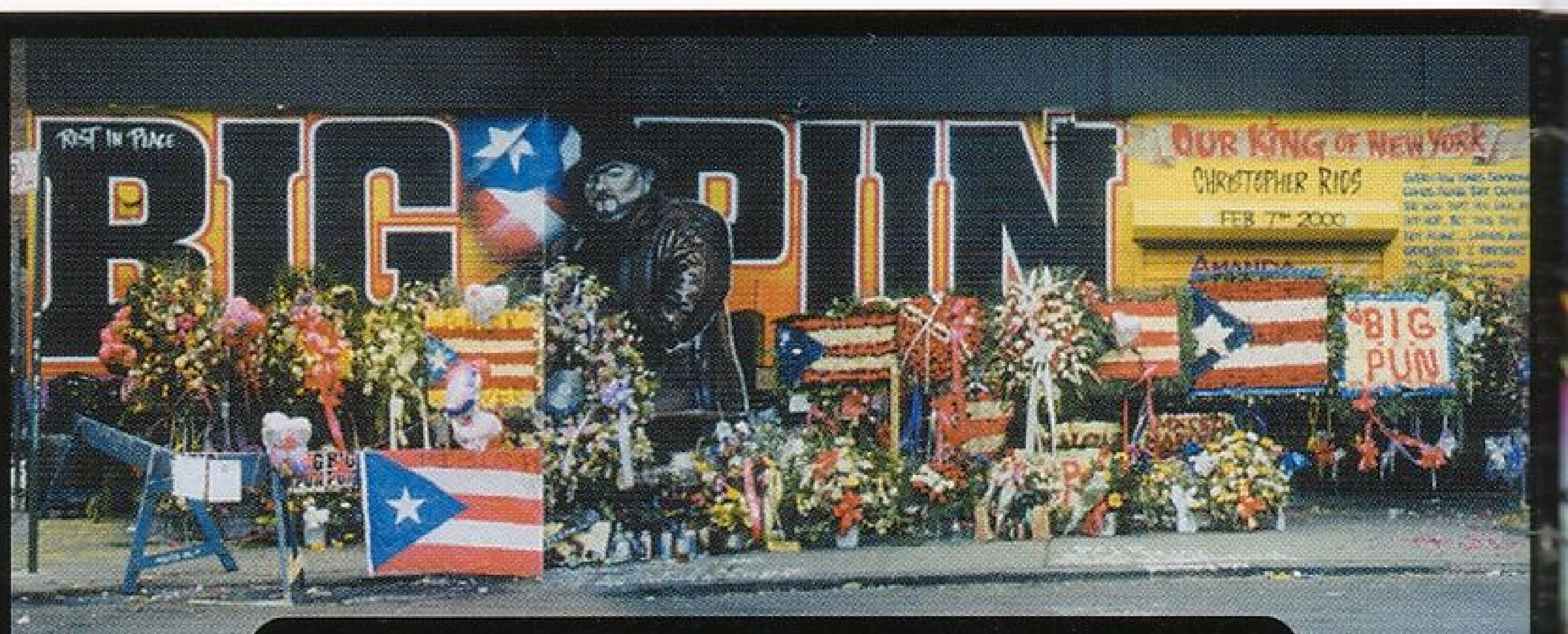
▲ BEATS737 USA · KEEN USA ▼



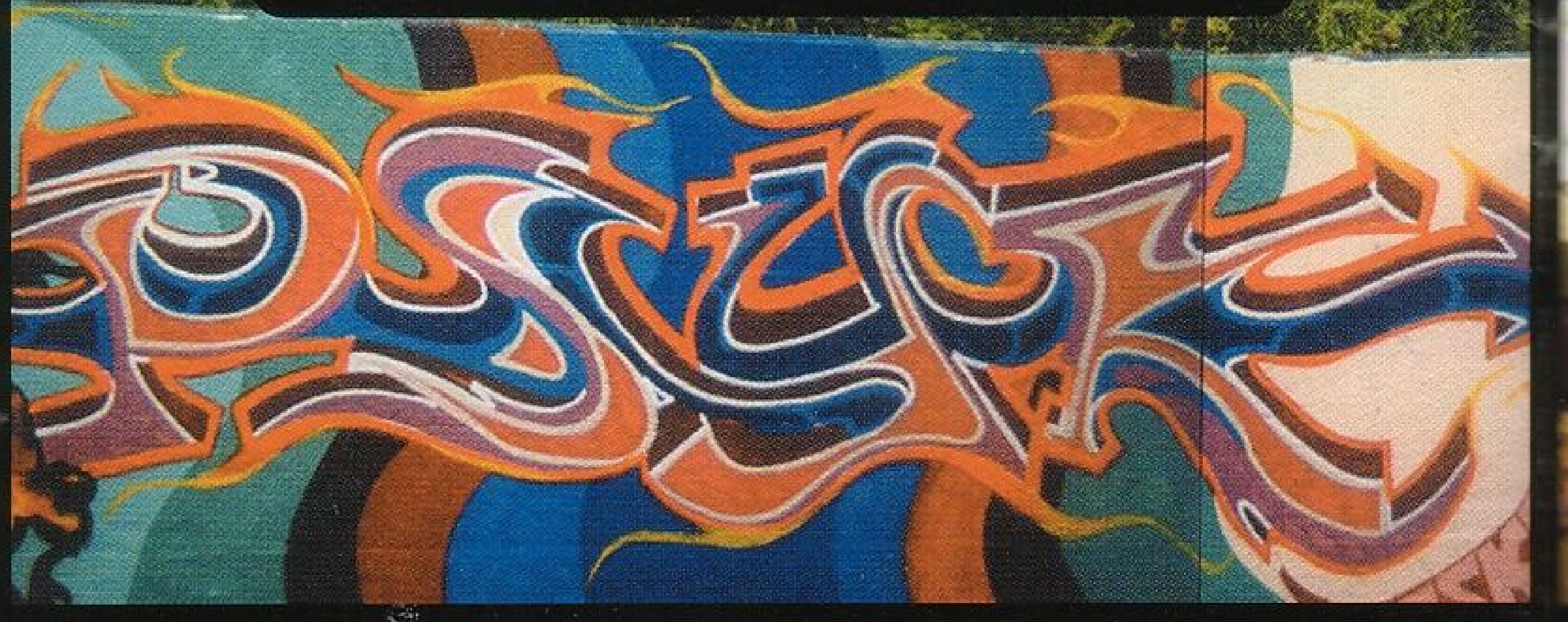


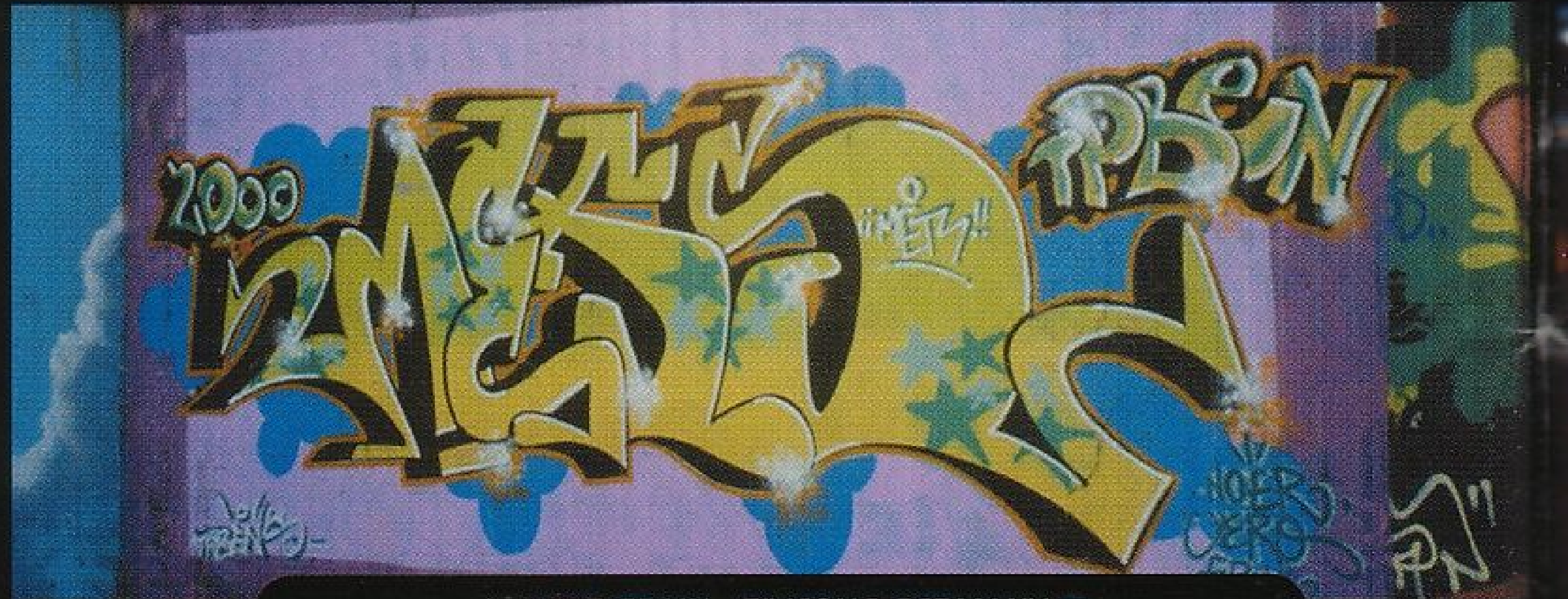
▲ SNIF FINLAND · CHAZ BOJORQUEZ USA ▼



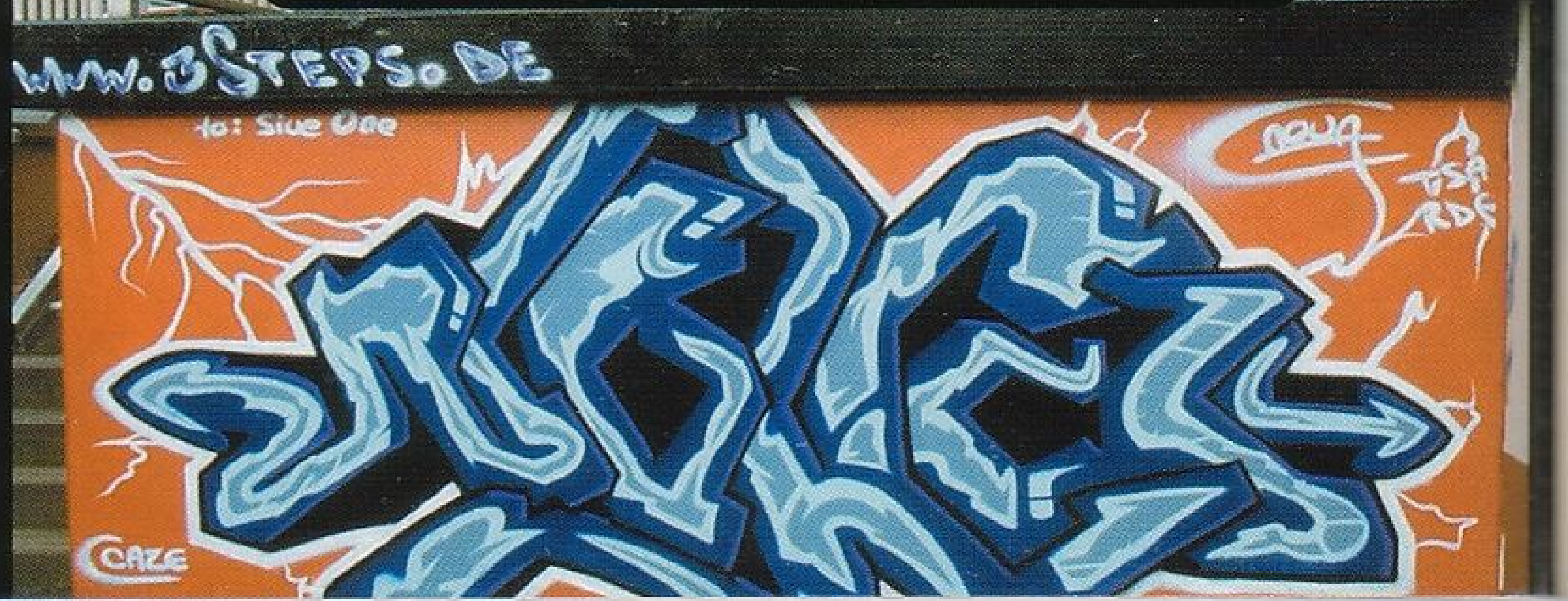

RIP IN PEACE
BIG PUN
OUR KING OF NEW YORK
CHRISTOPHER RIOS
FEB 7th 2000
BIG PUN

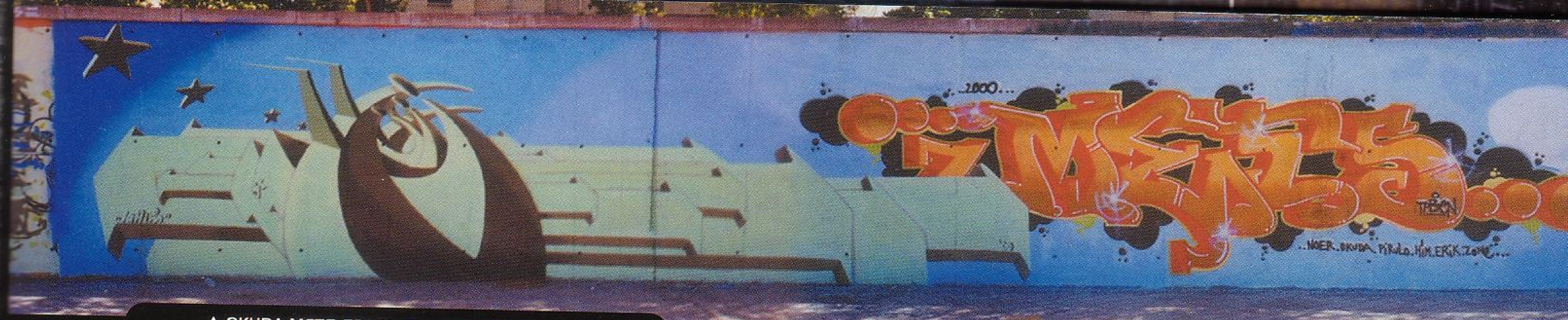
▲ TATS USA · PSYK HOLLAND ▼



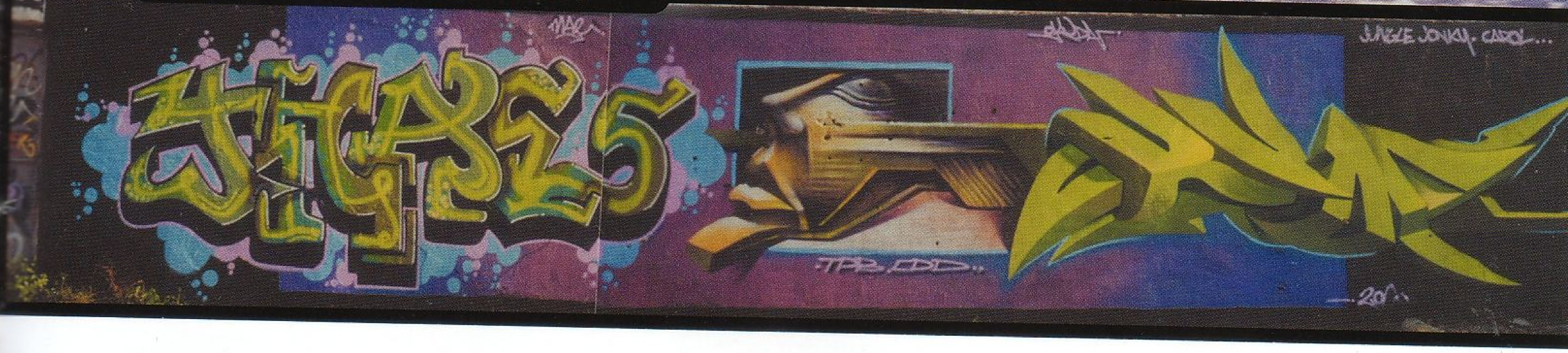


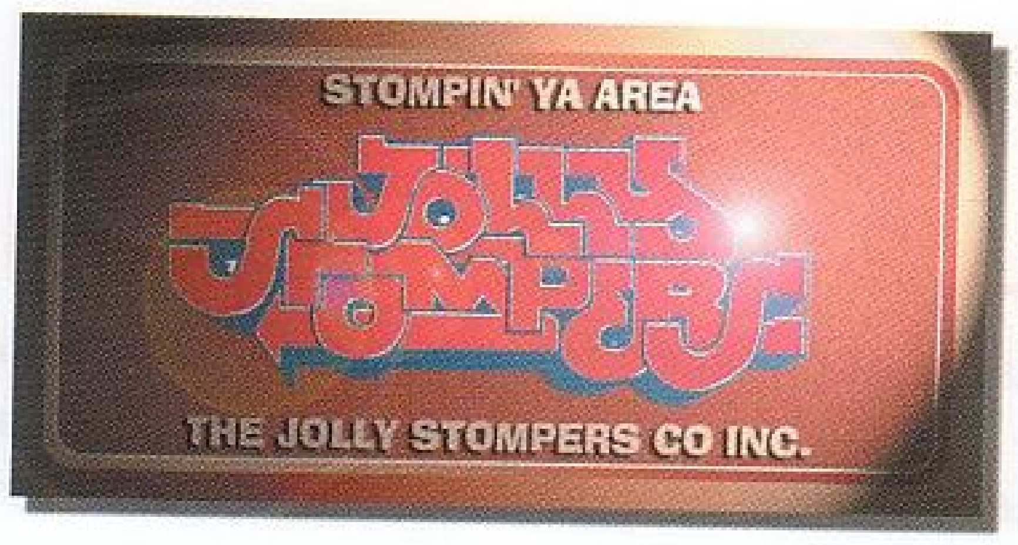
▲ METS SPAIN · SIVEONE GERMANY ▼


www.3STEPS.DE
to: Sive One
CAZE



▲ OKUDA METS SPAIN · THAE OKUDA SPAIN ▼


JUNGLE JONKY. CAROL...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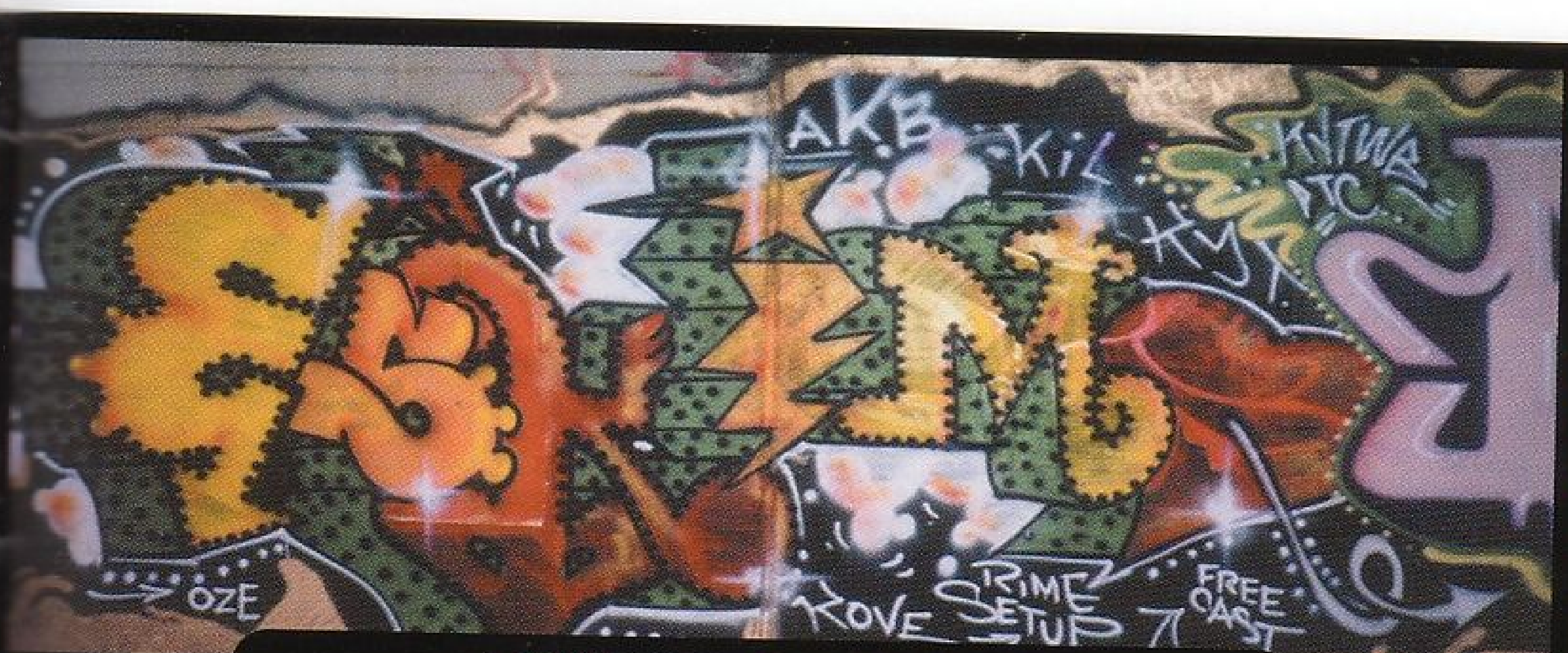
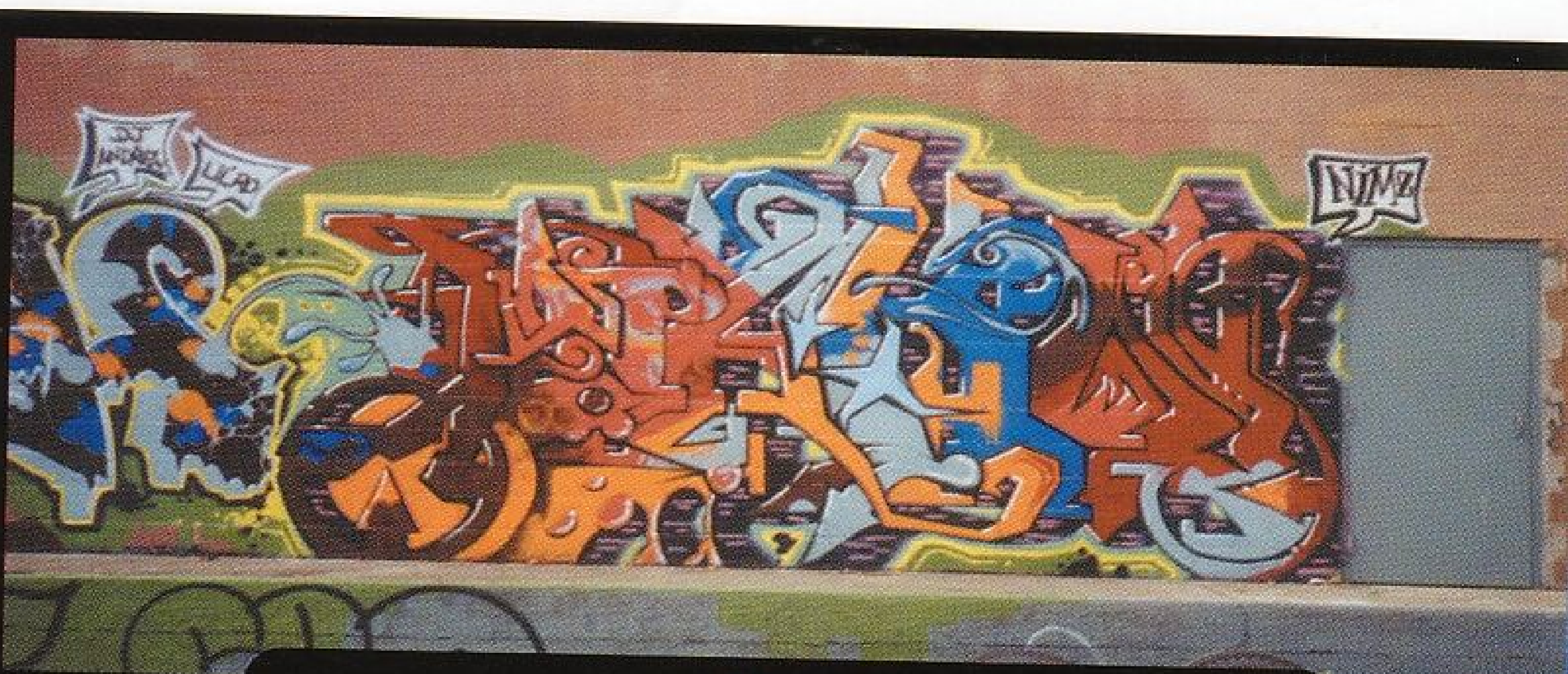
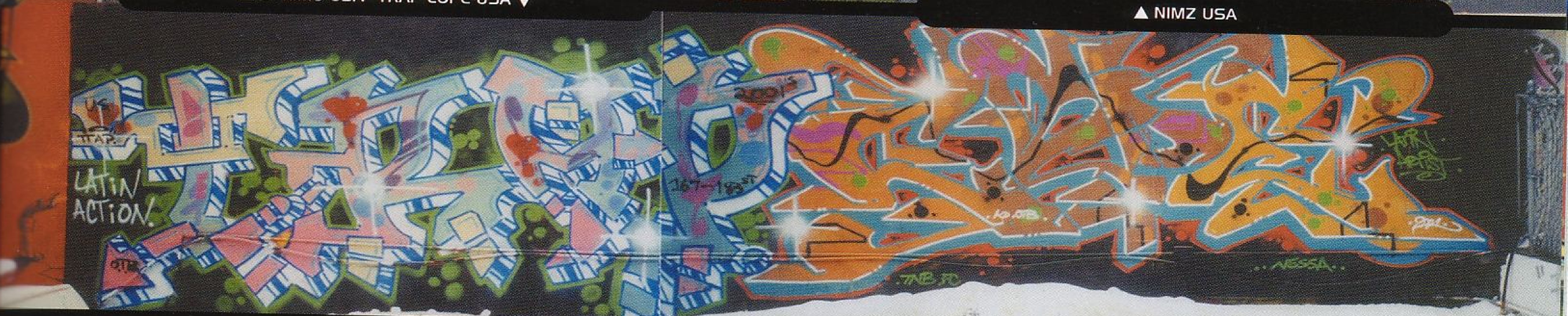
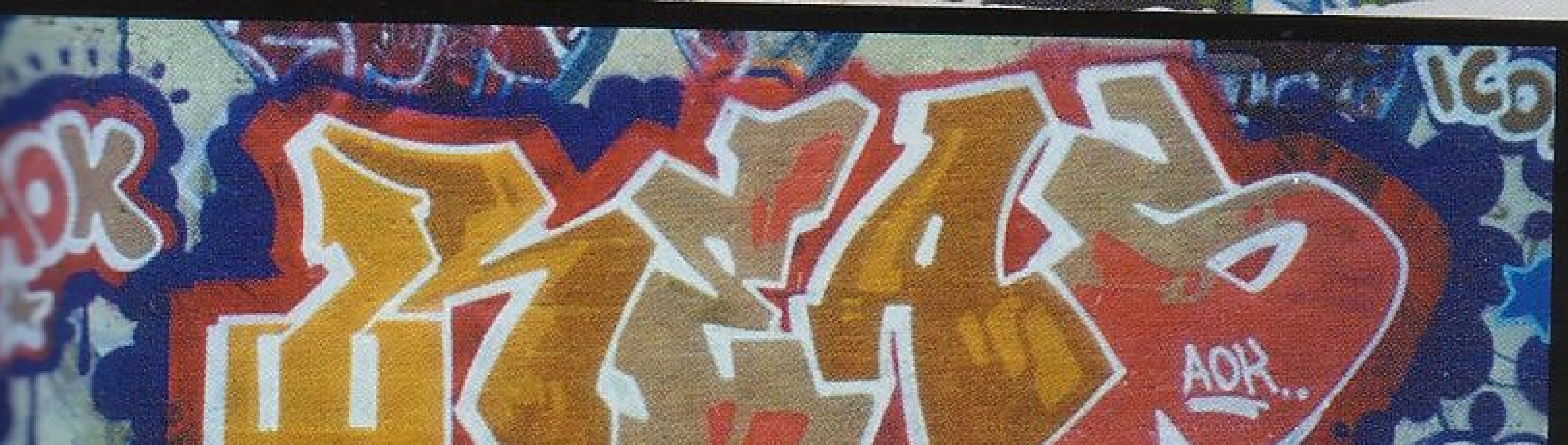

AKB
KIL
OZE
KOVE
PRIME SETUP
FREE CAST

▲ ESKIMO USA · TRAP COPE USA ▼

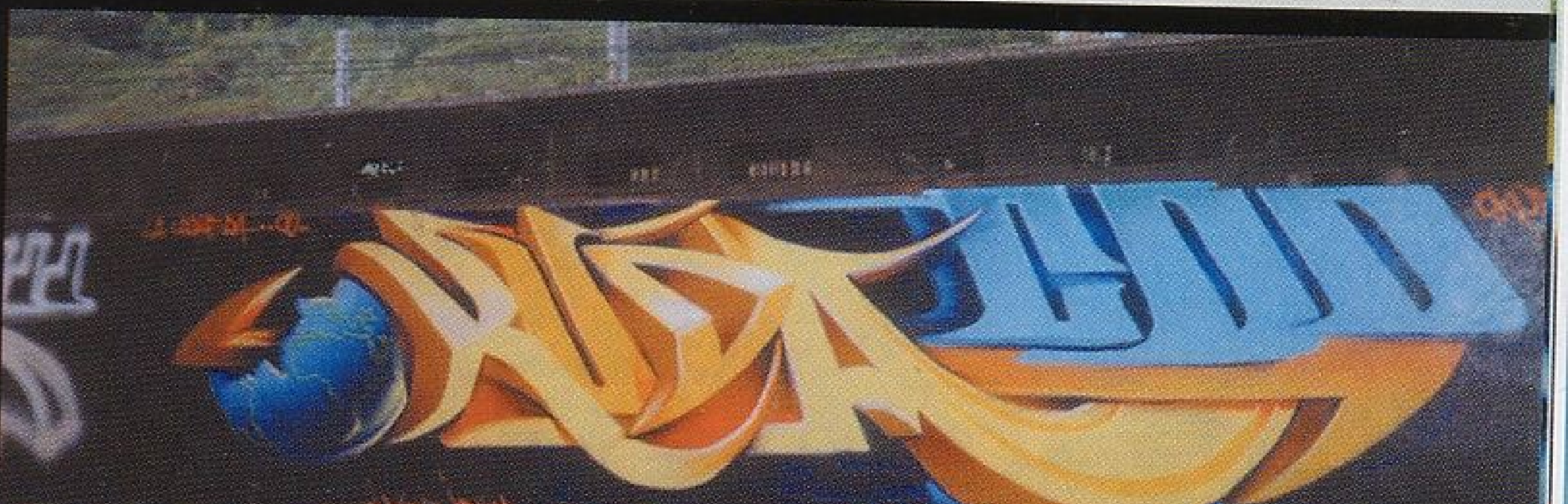


▲ NIMZ USA

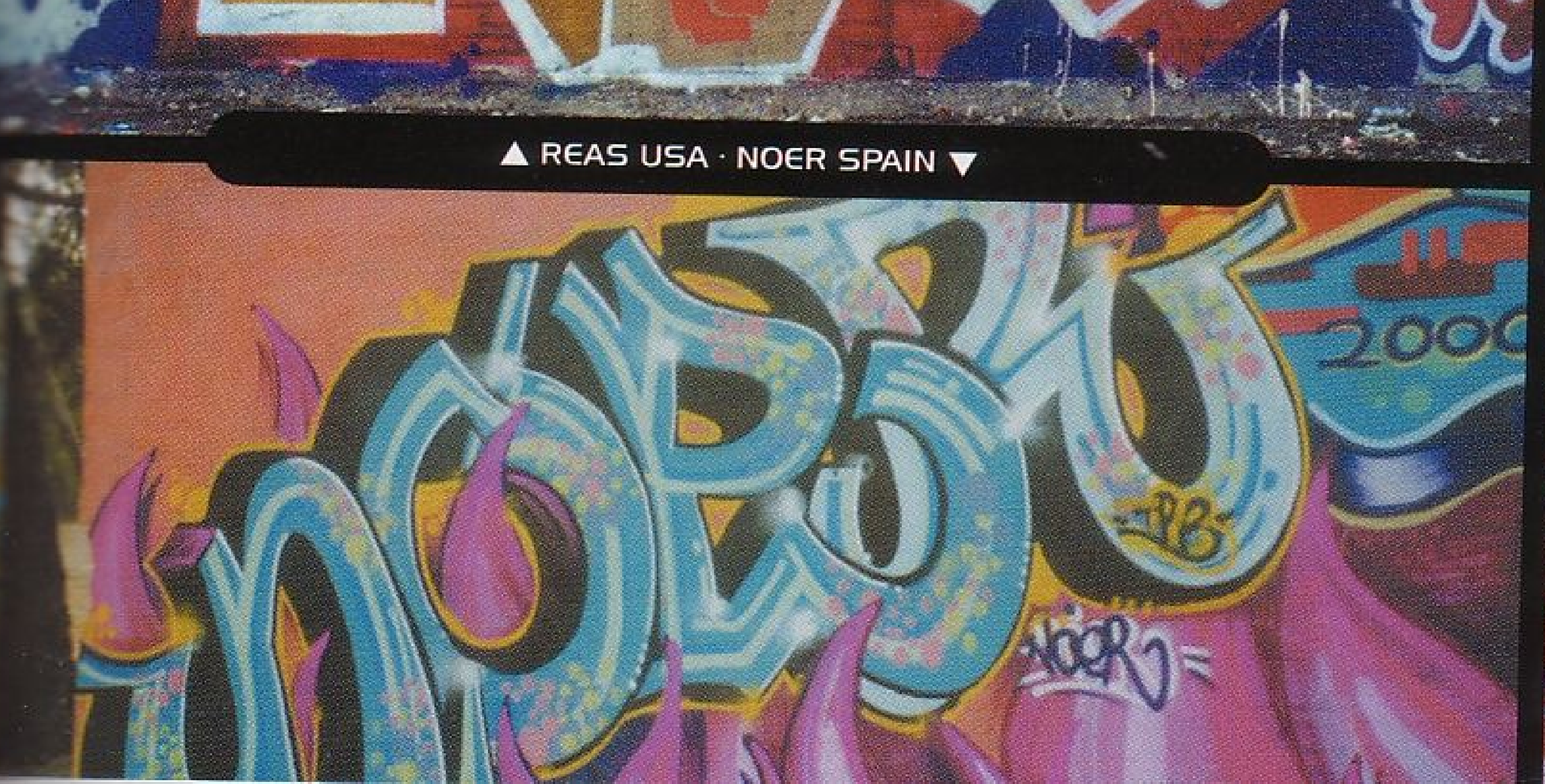

LATIN ACTION

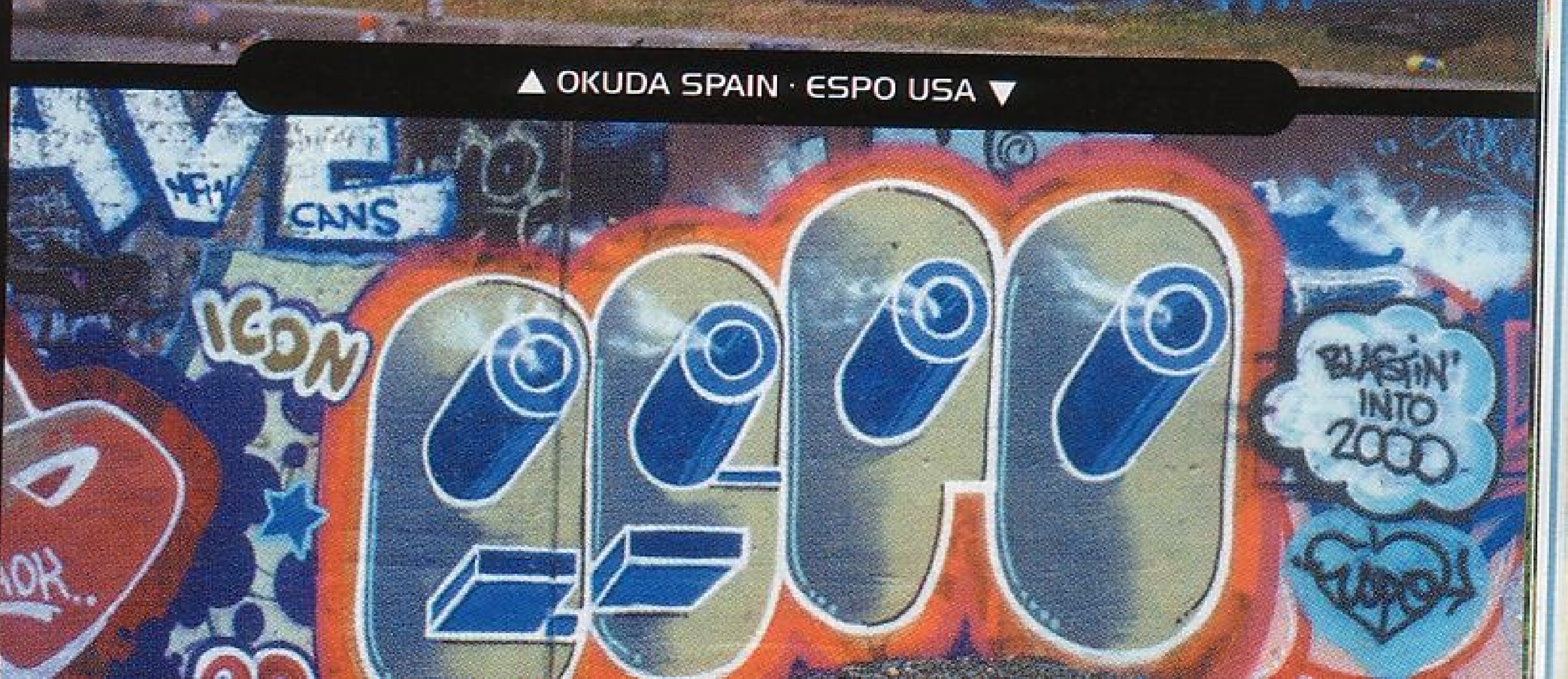


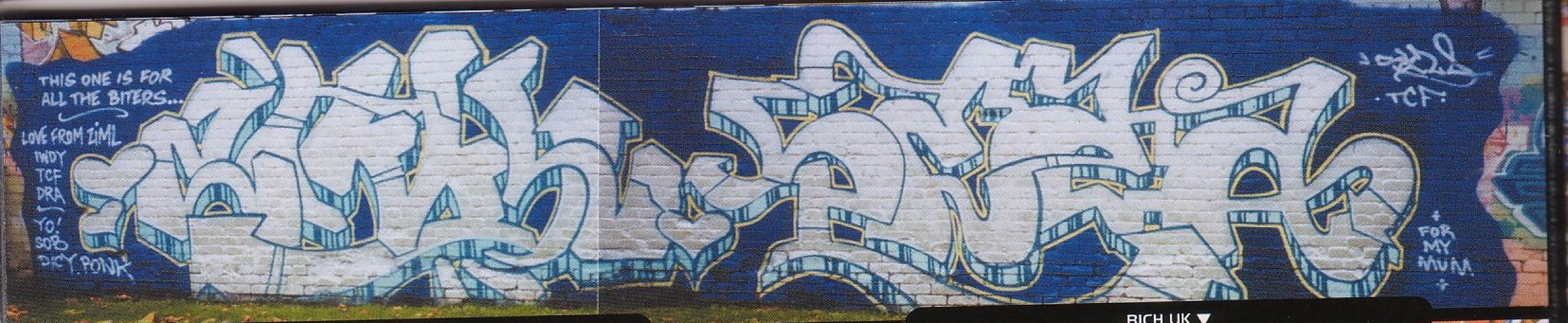
▲ REAS USA · NOER SPAIN ▼



▲ OKUDA SPAIN · ESPO USA ▼

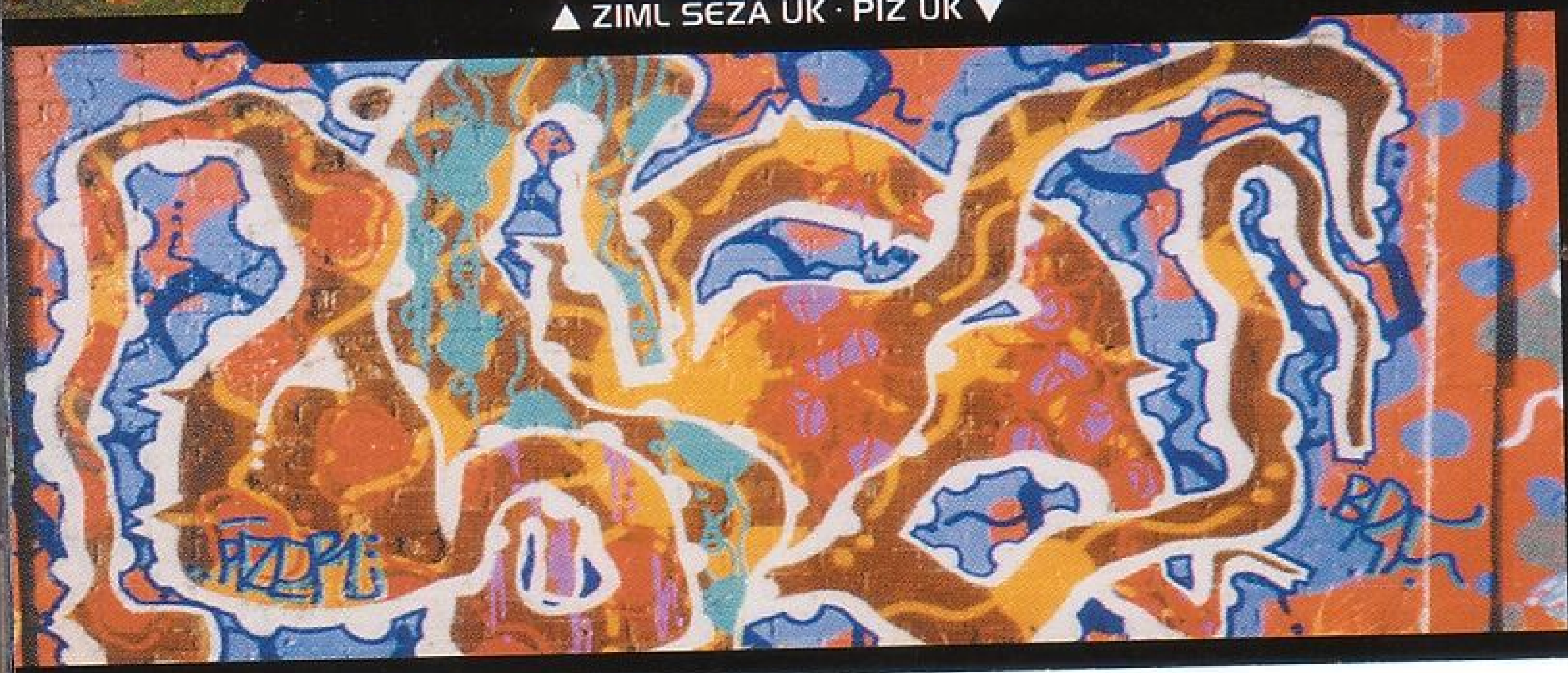


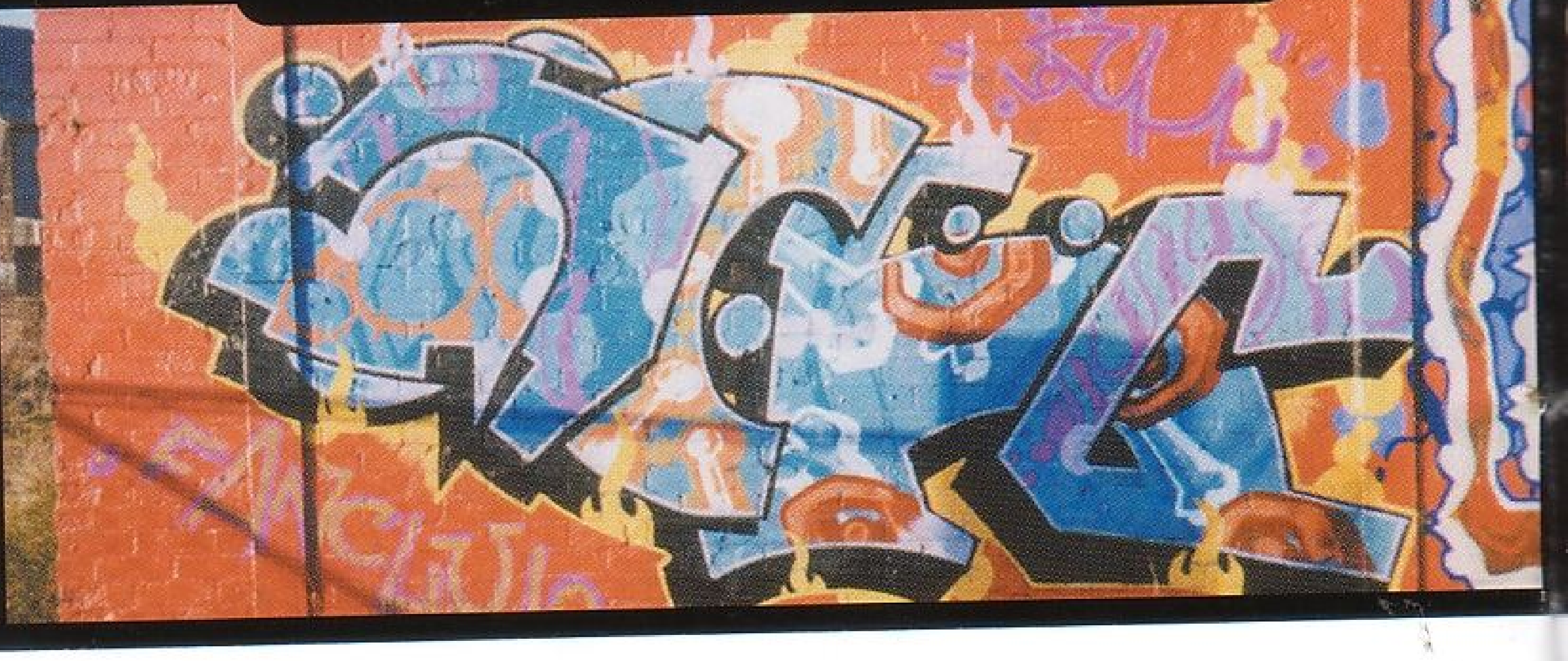

ICON
CANS
BLASTIN' INTO 2000

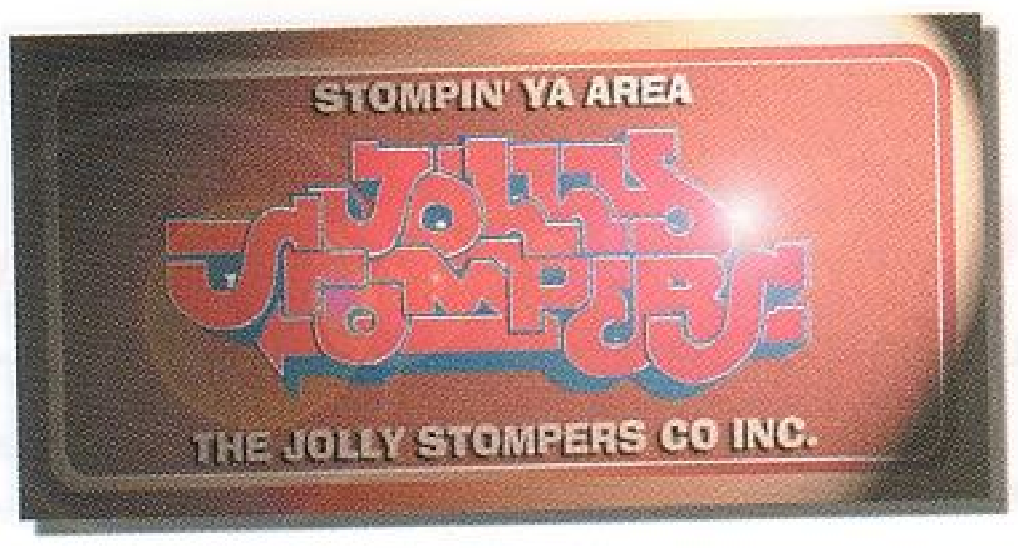

THIS ONE IS FOR ALL THE BITERS...
LOVE FROM ZIML
INDY
TCF
DRA
YO!
SOB
DICY PONK
TCF
FOR MY MUM

▲ ZIML SEZA UK · PIZ UK ▼

BICH UK ▼



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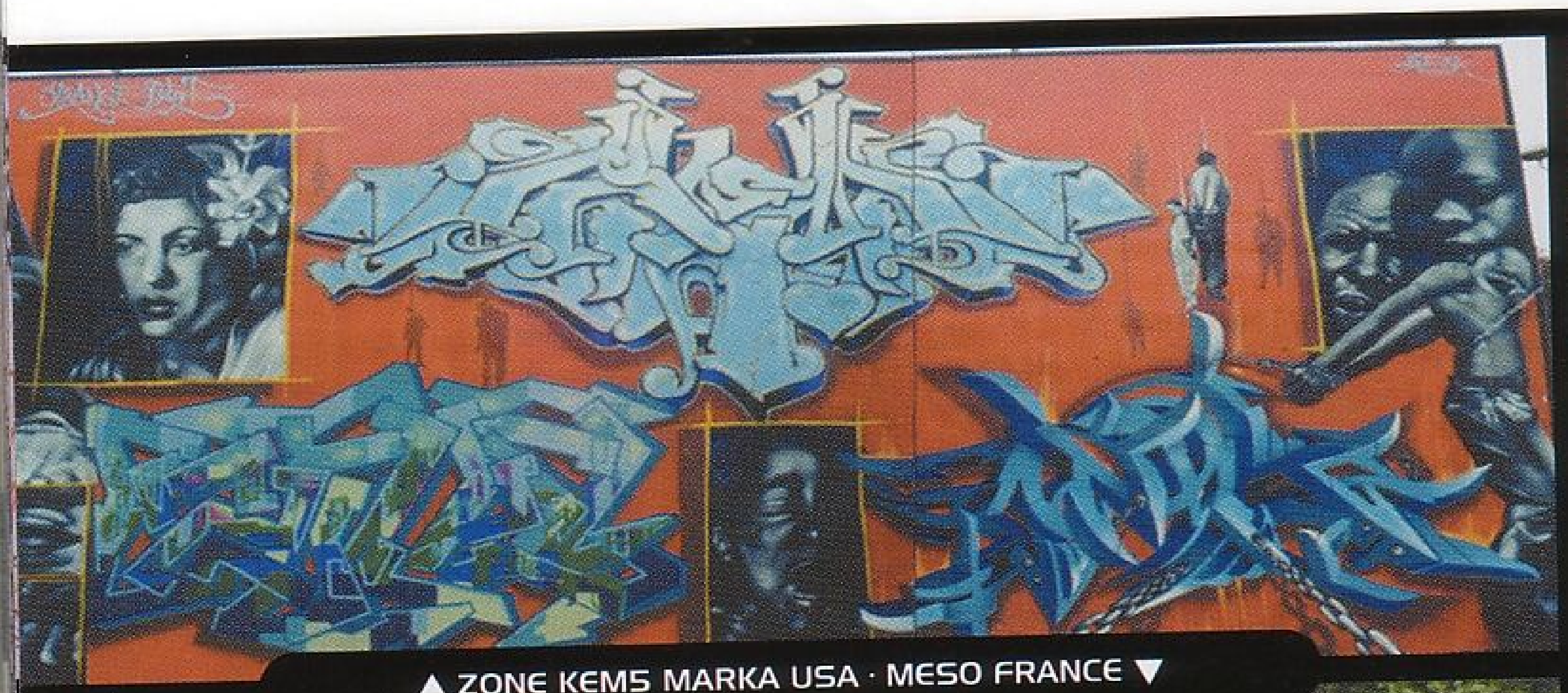
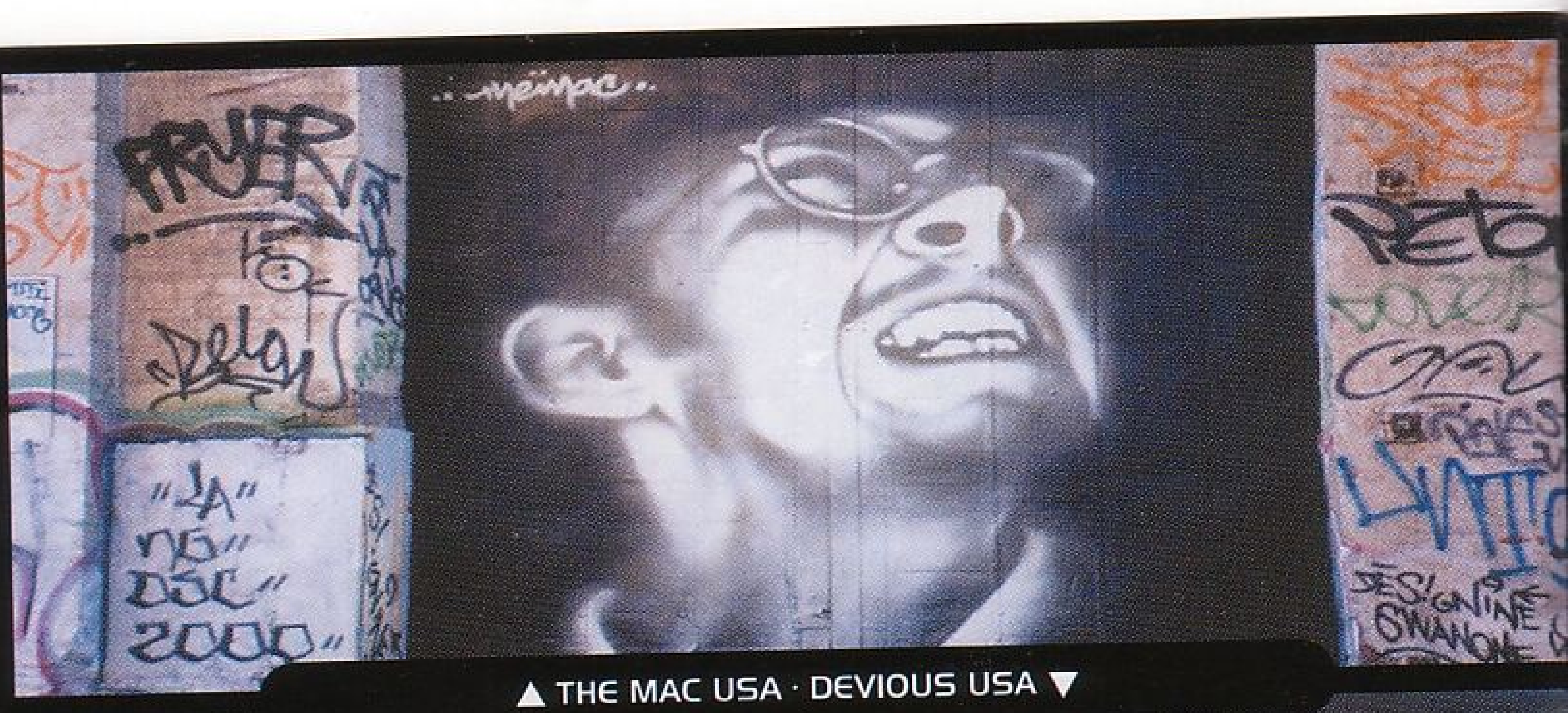
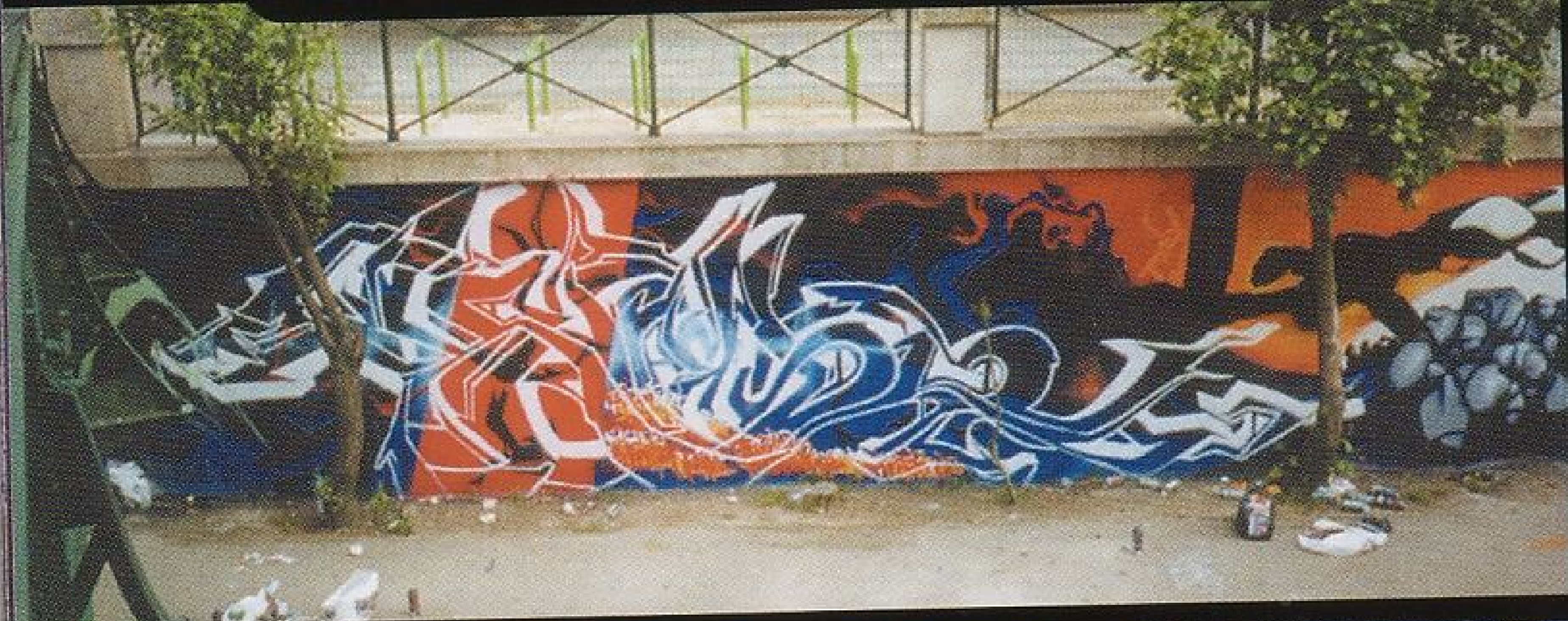
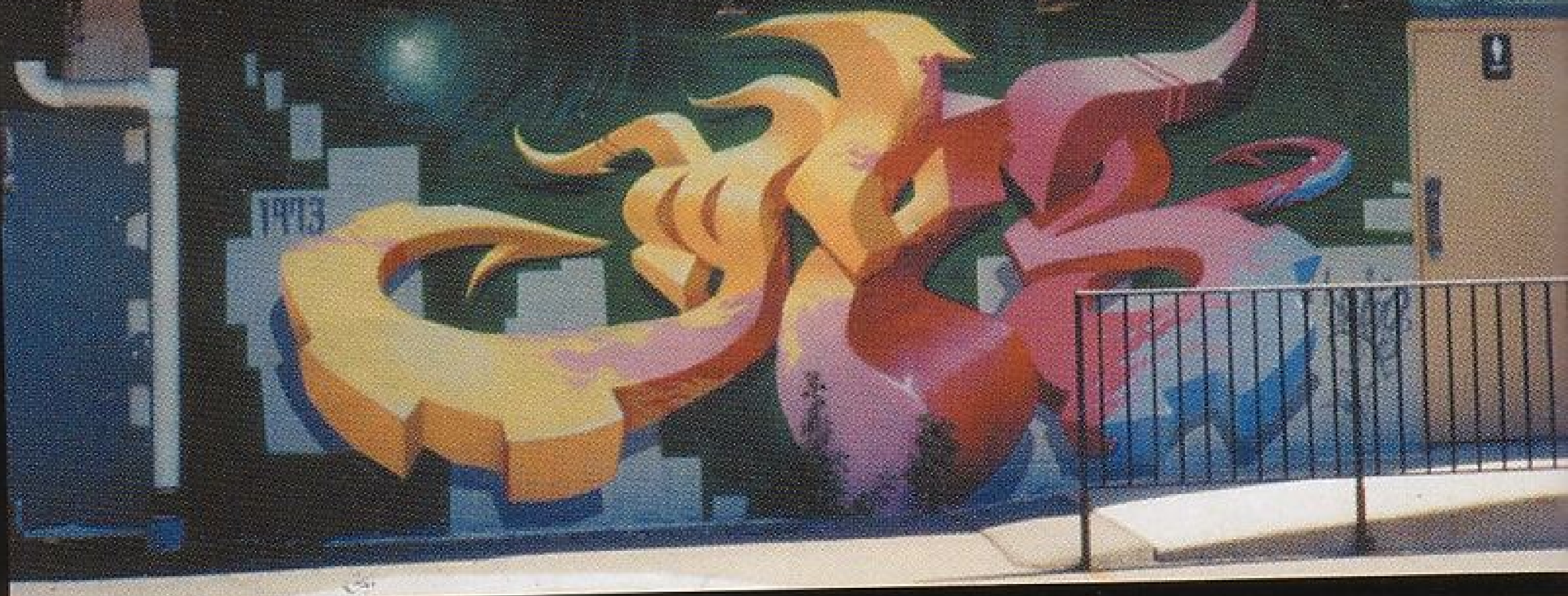


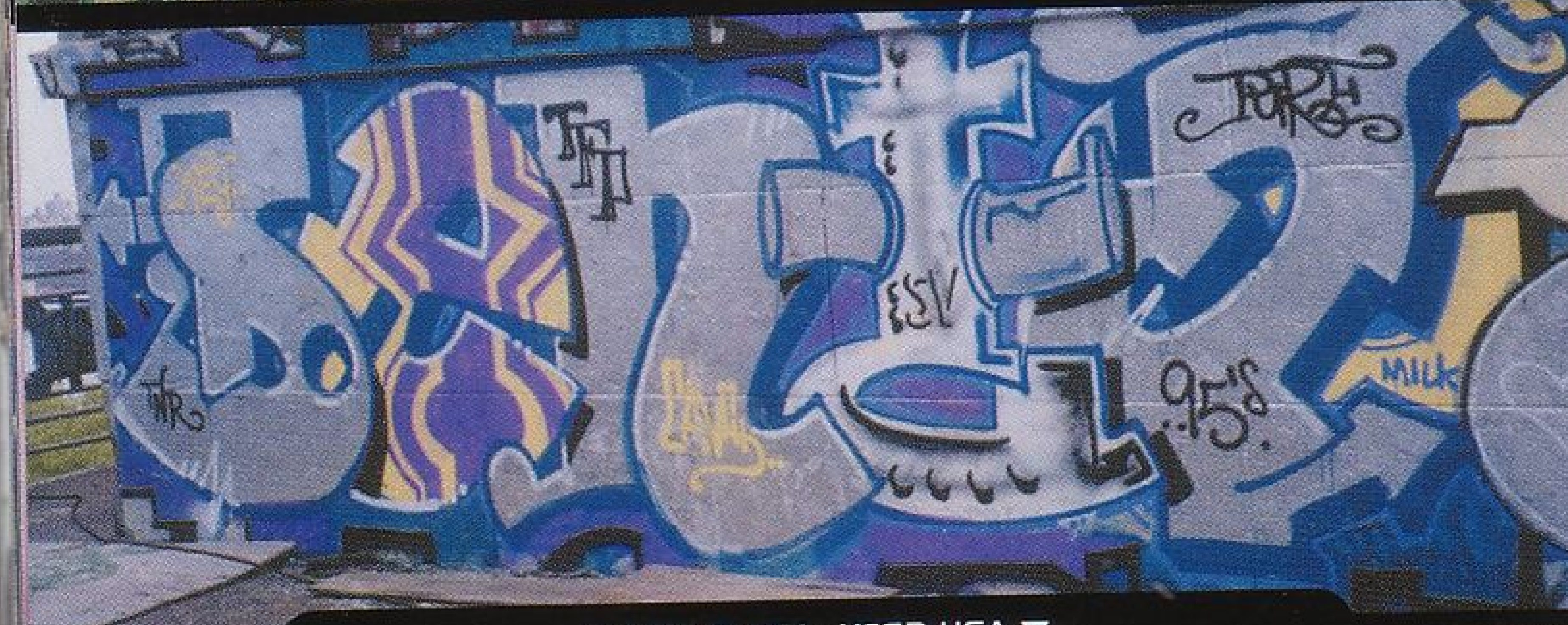

PRVER
"JA"
"NO"
"DSC"
2000"

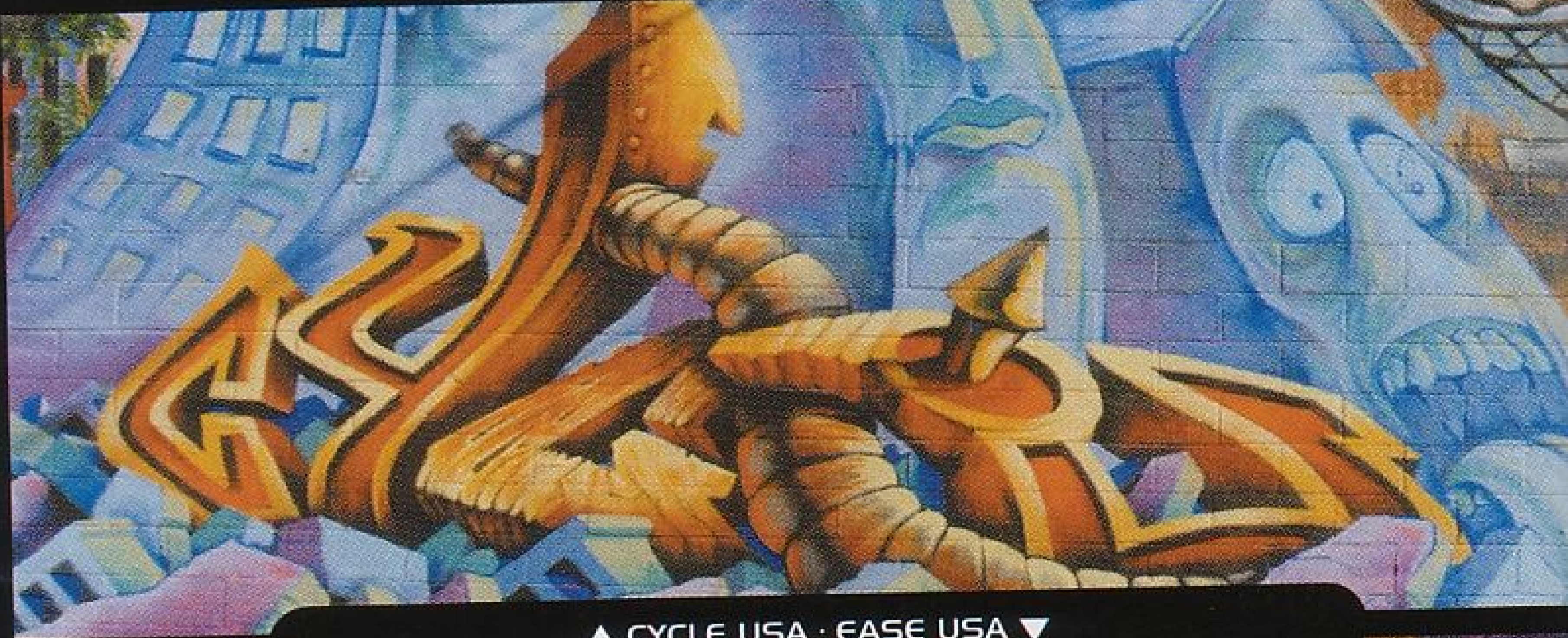
▲ ZONE KEM5 MARKA USA · MESO FRANCE ▼

▲ THE MAC USA · DEVIOUS USA ▼



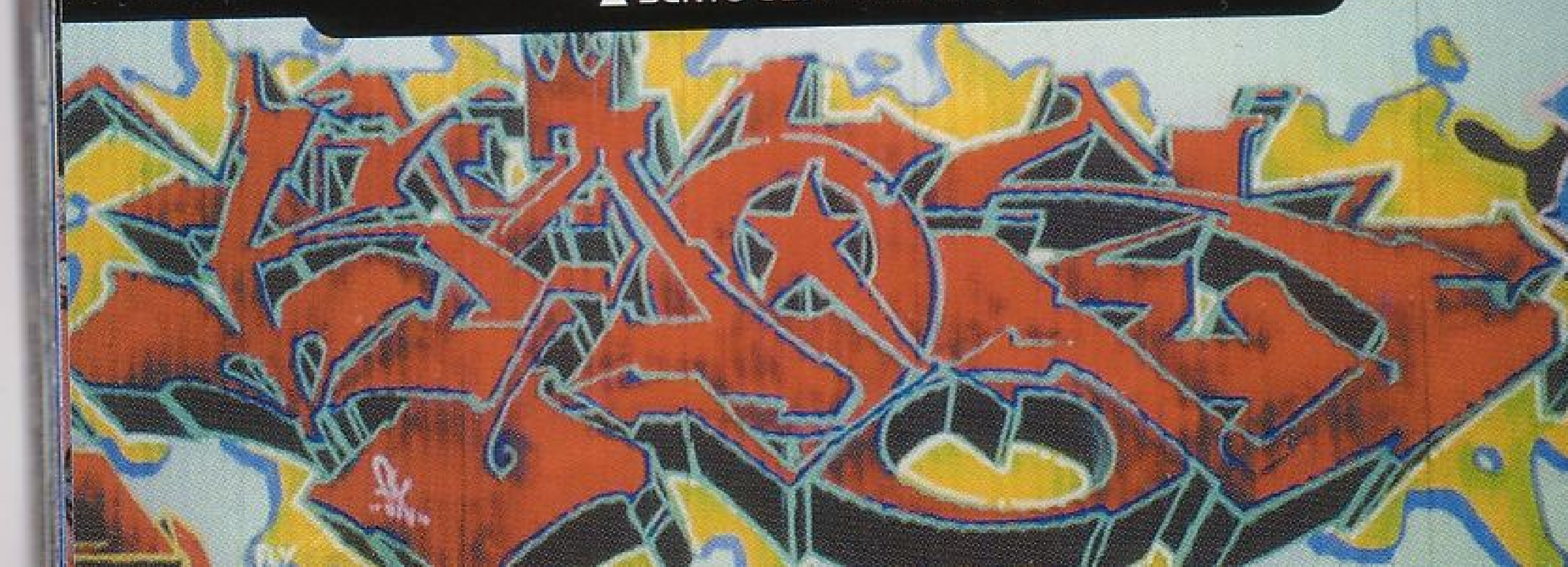


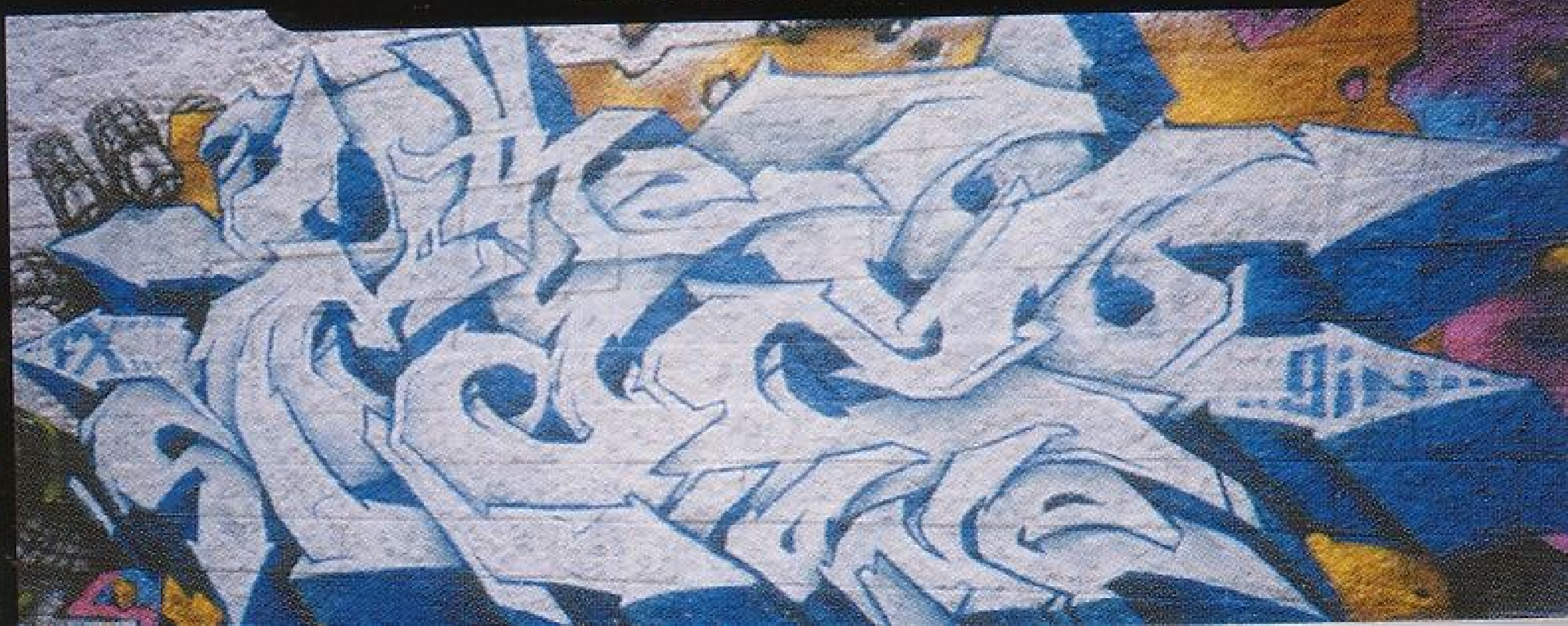


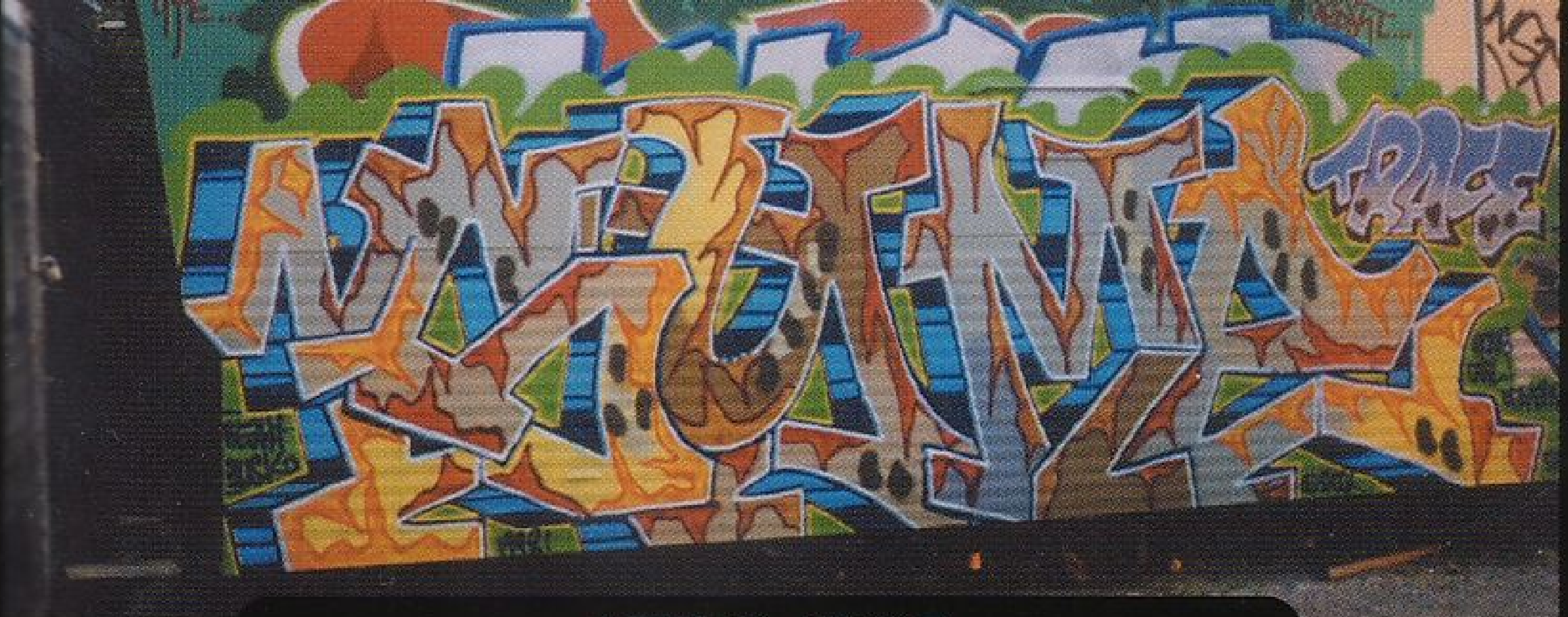


▲ SENTO USA · YES2 USA ▼

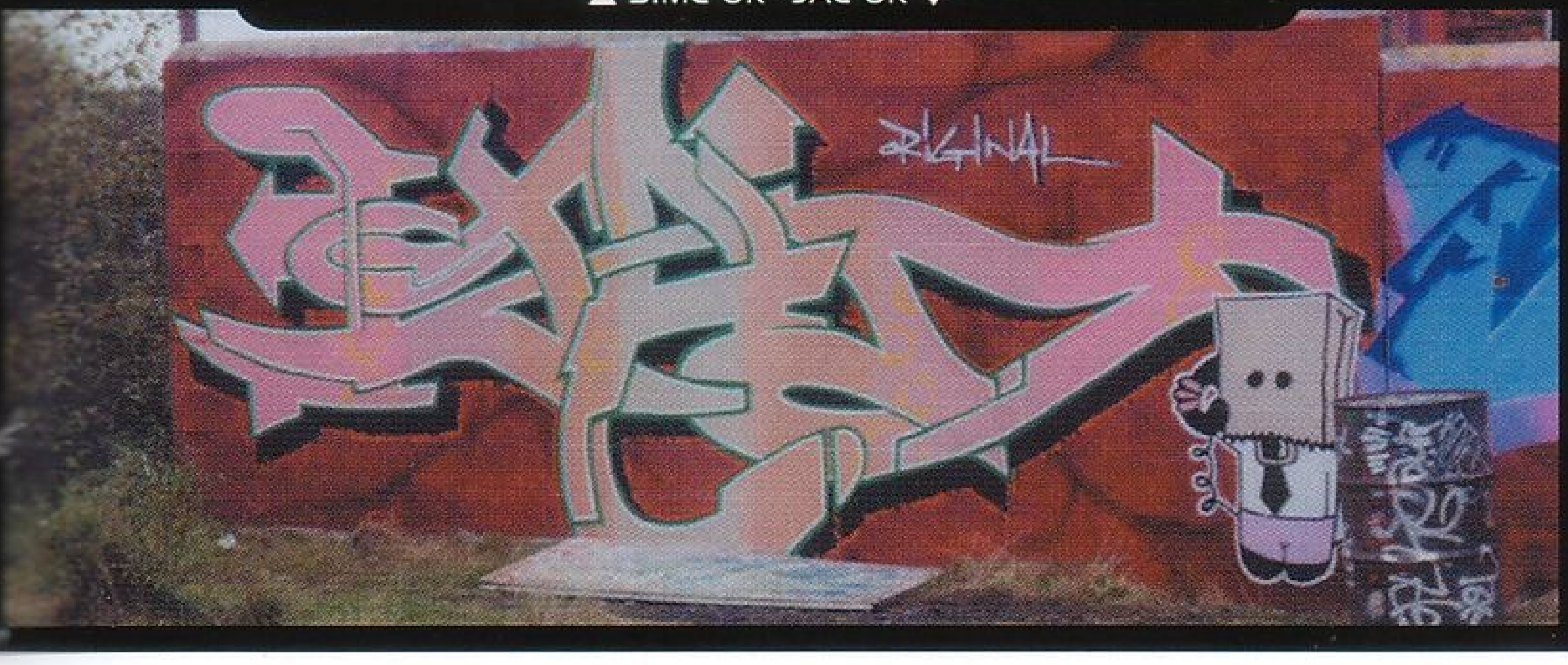
▲ CYCLE USA · EASE USA ▼

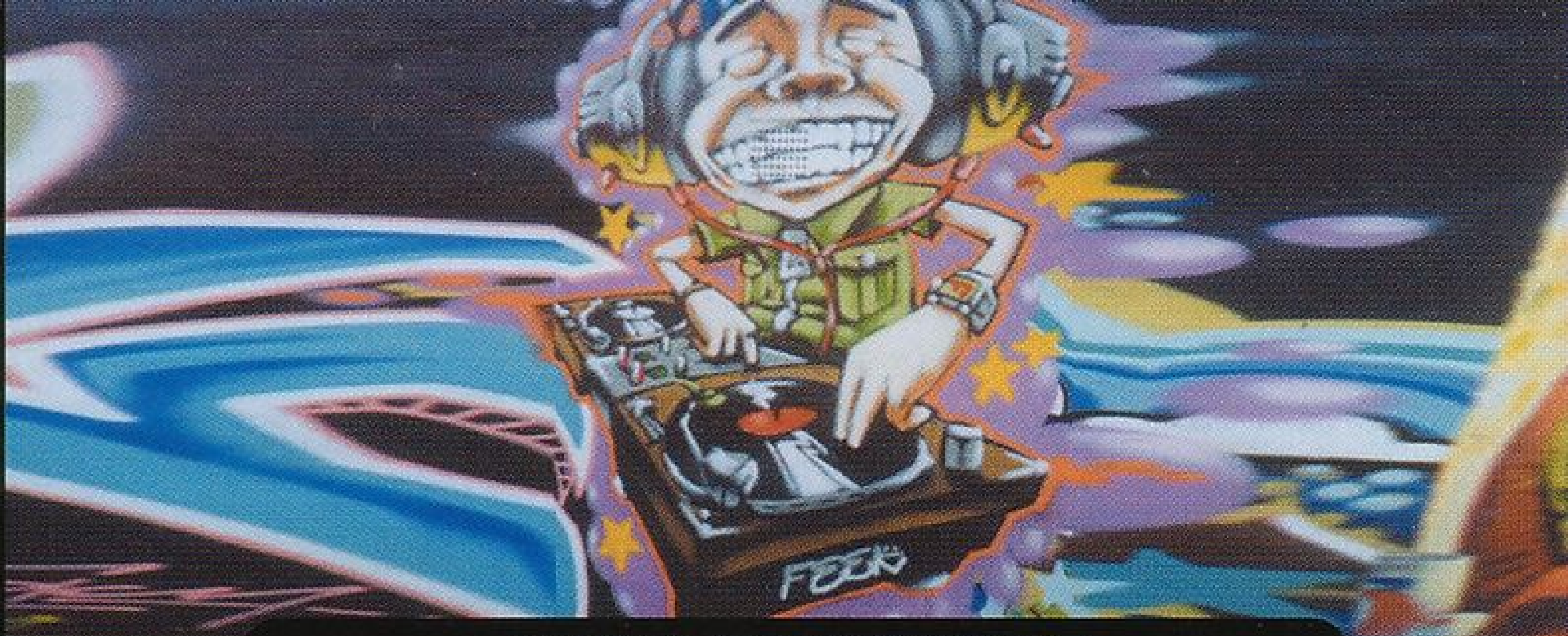




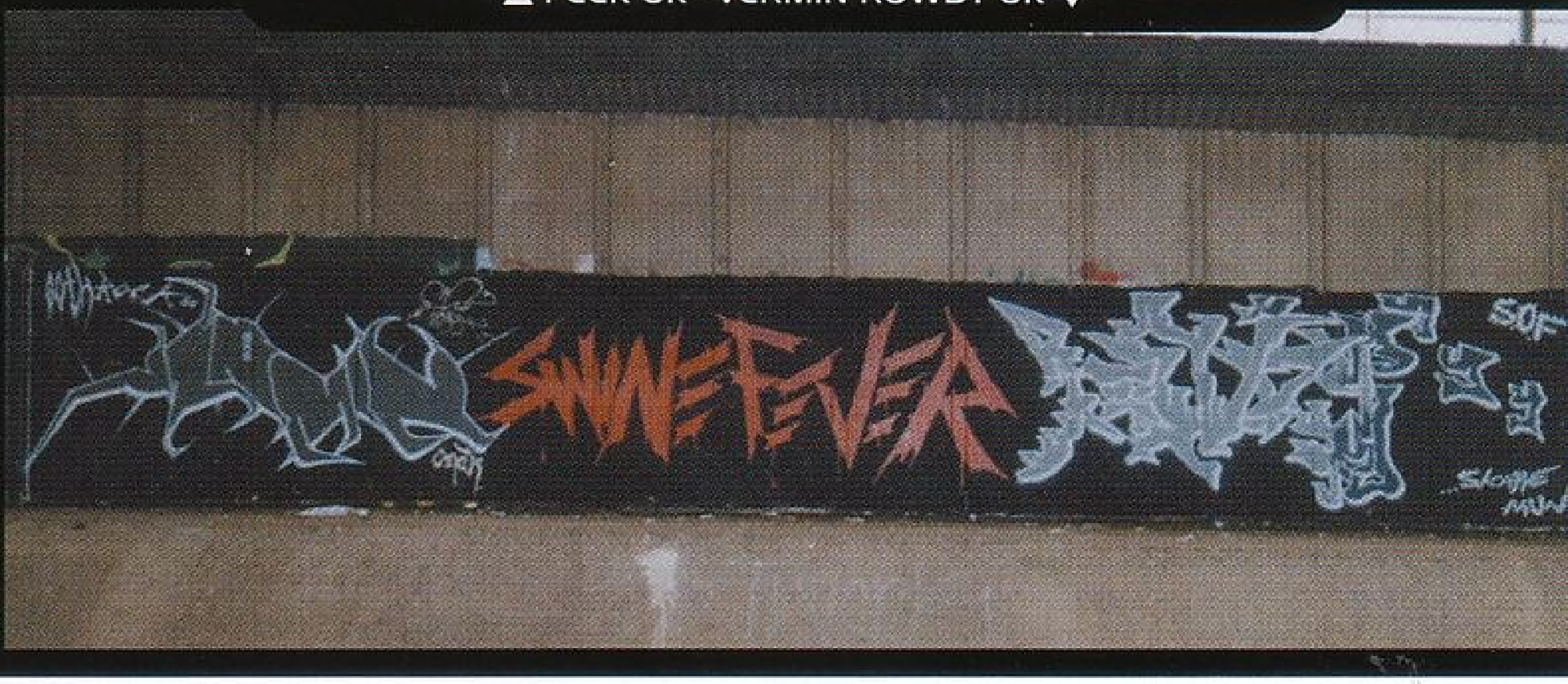


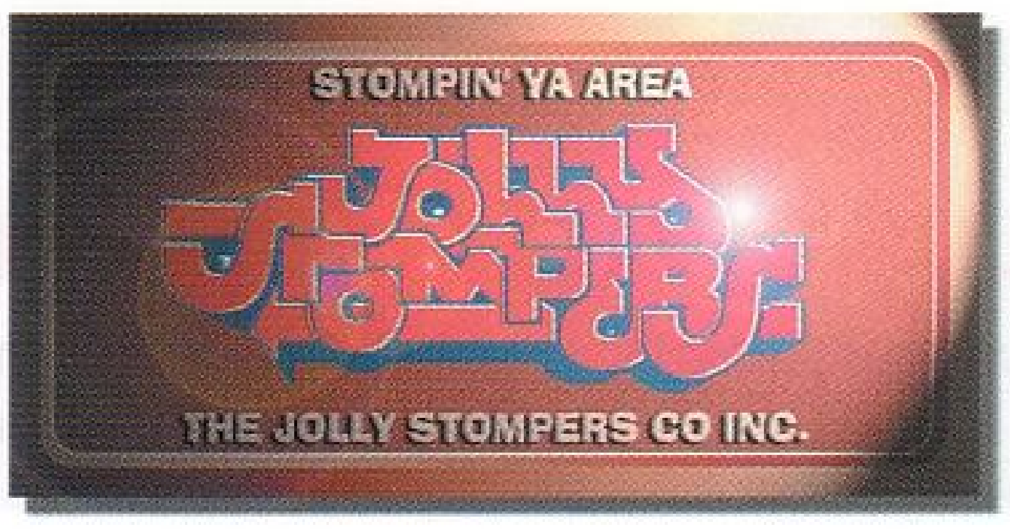
▲ SIME UK · JAE UK ▼





▲ FEEK UK · VERMIN ROWDY UK ▼


SWINE FEVER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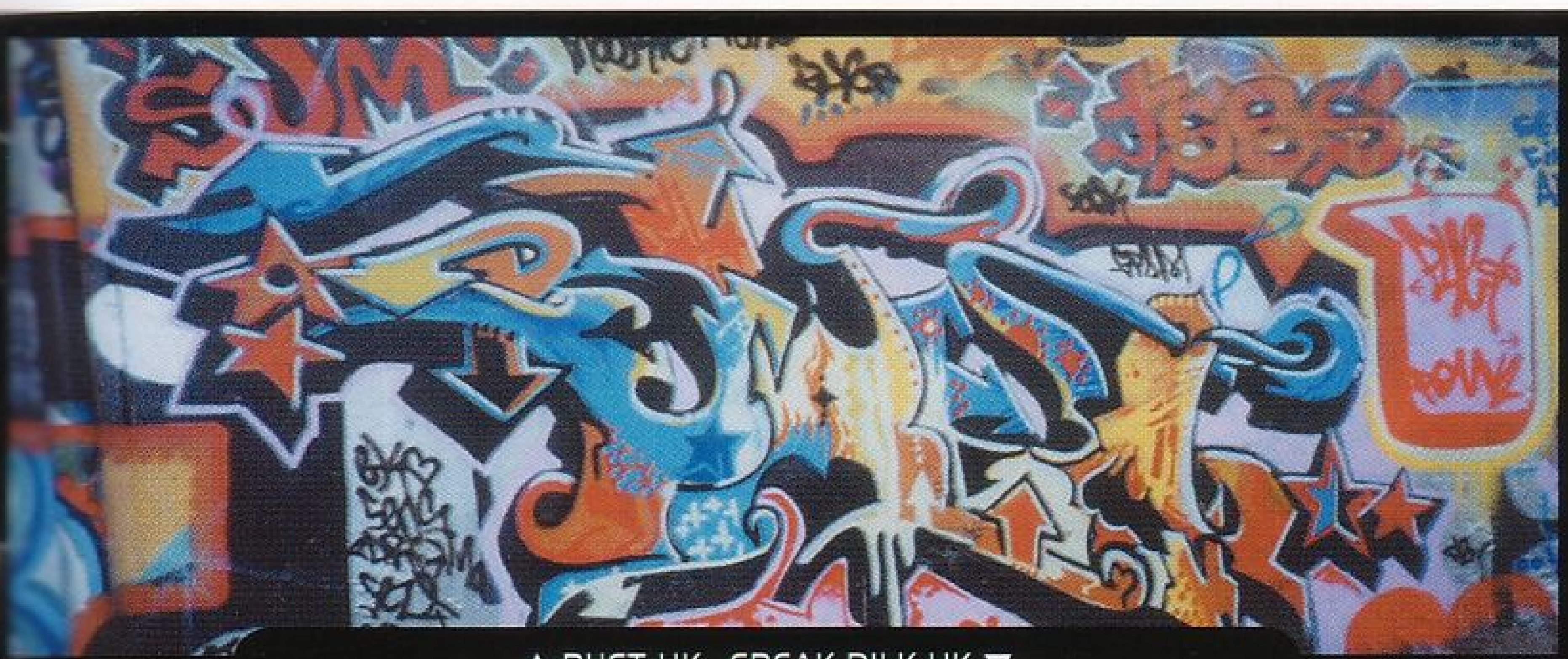
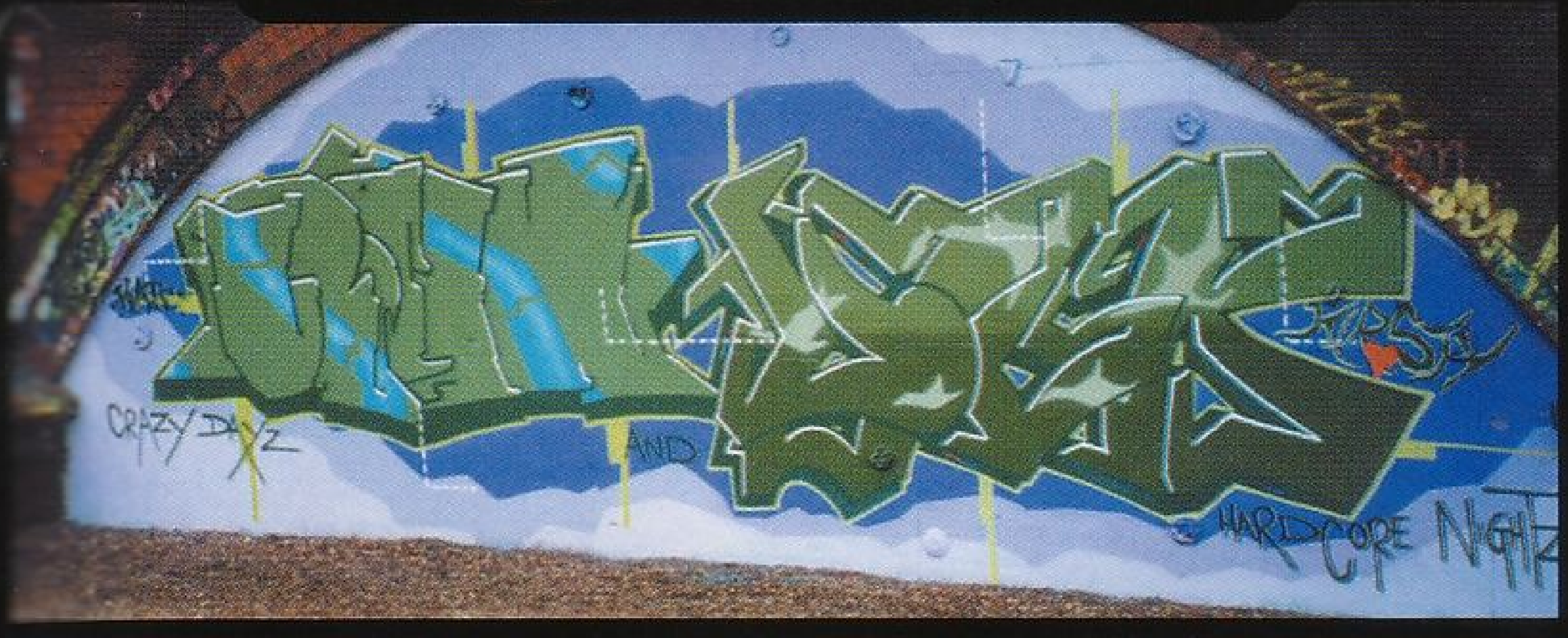
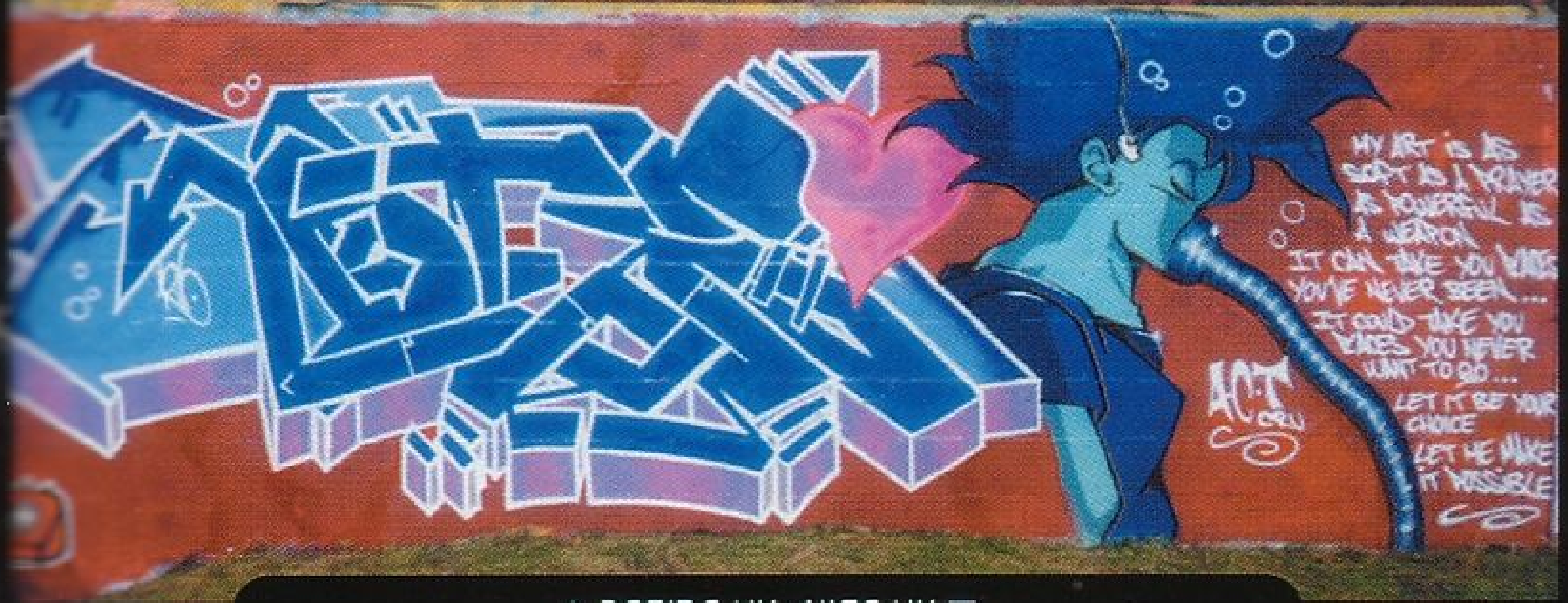
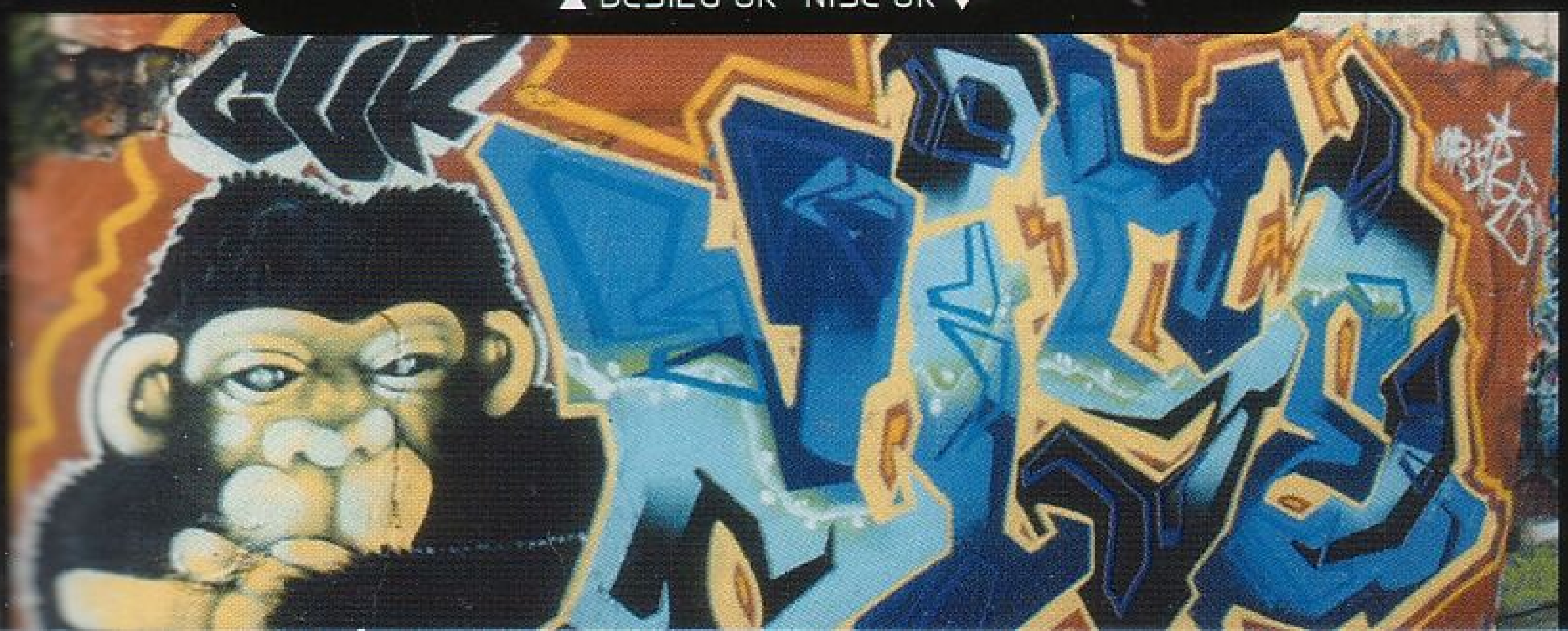


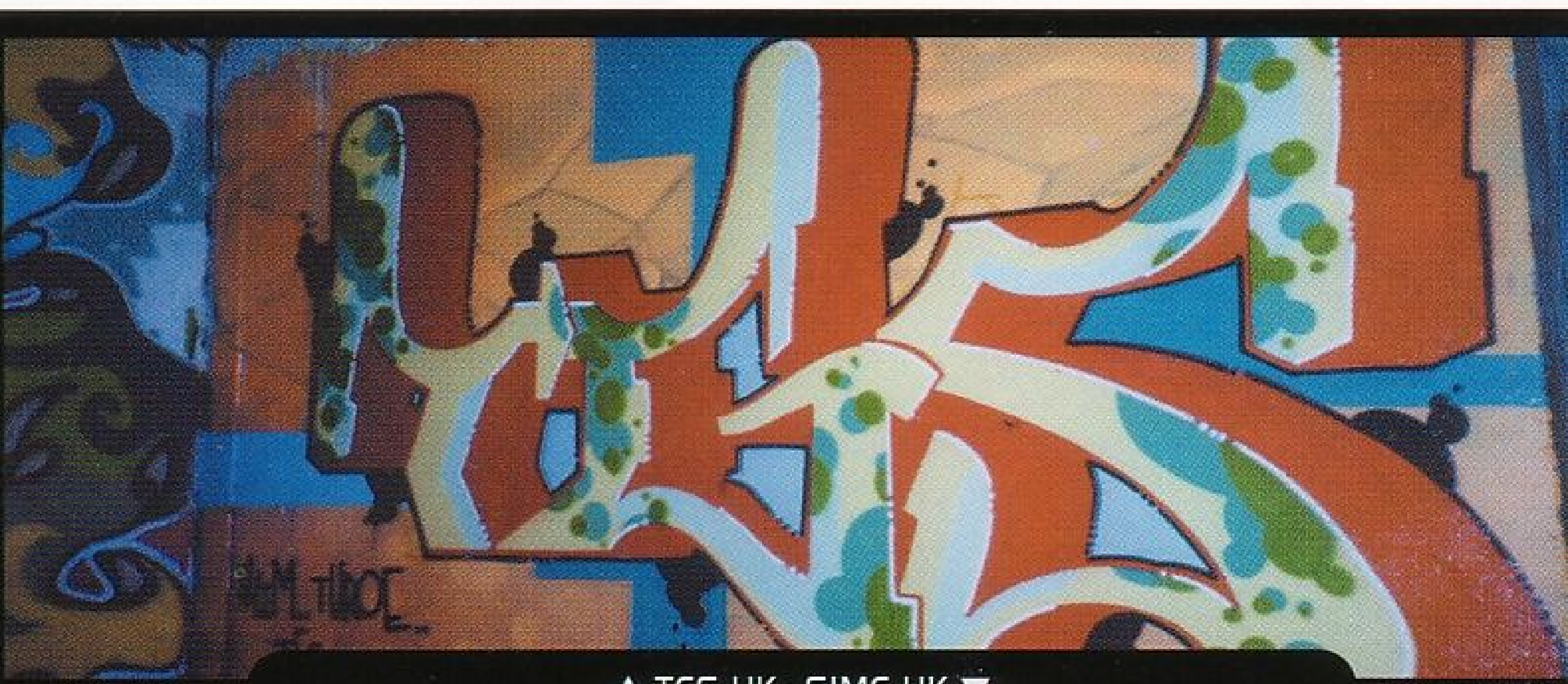
▲ PHET UK · CREAK DILK UK ▼


CRAZY DAYZ
HARDCORE NIGHTZ

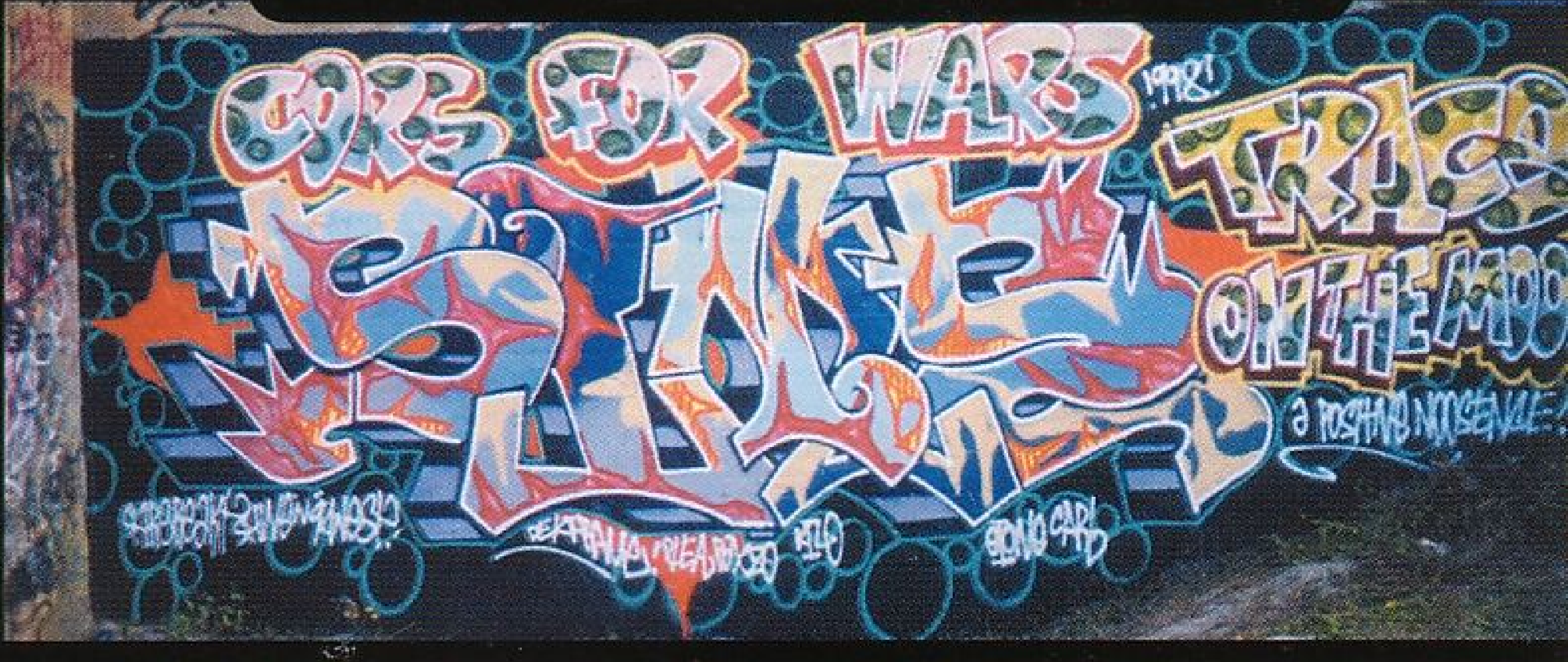


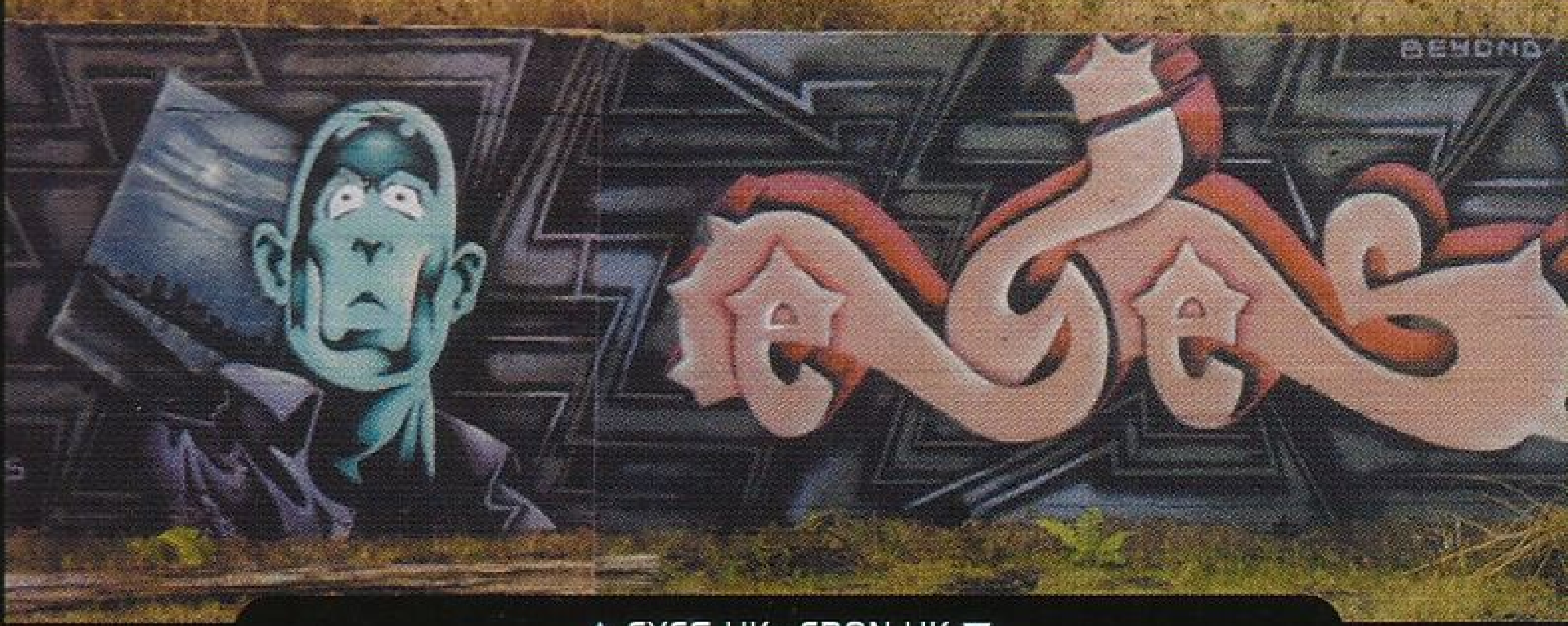
▲ DESI26 UK · NISE UK ▼



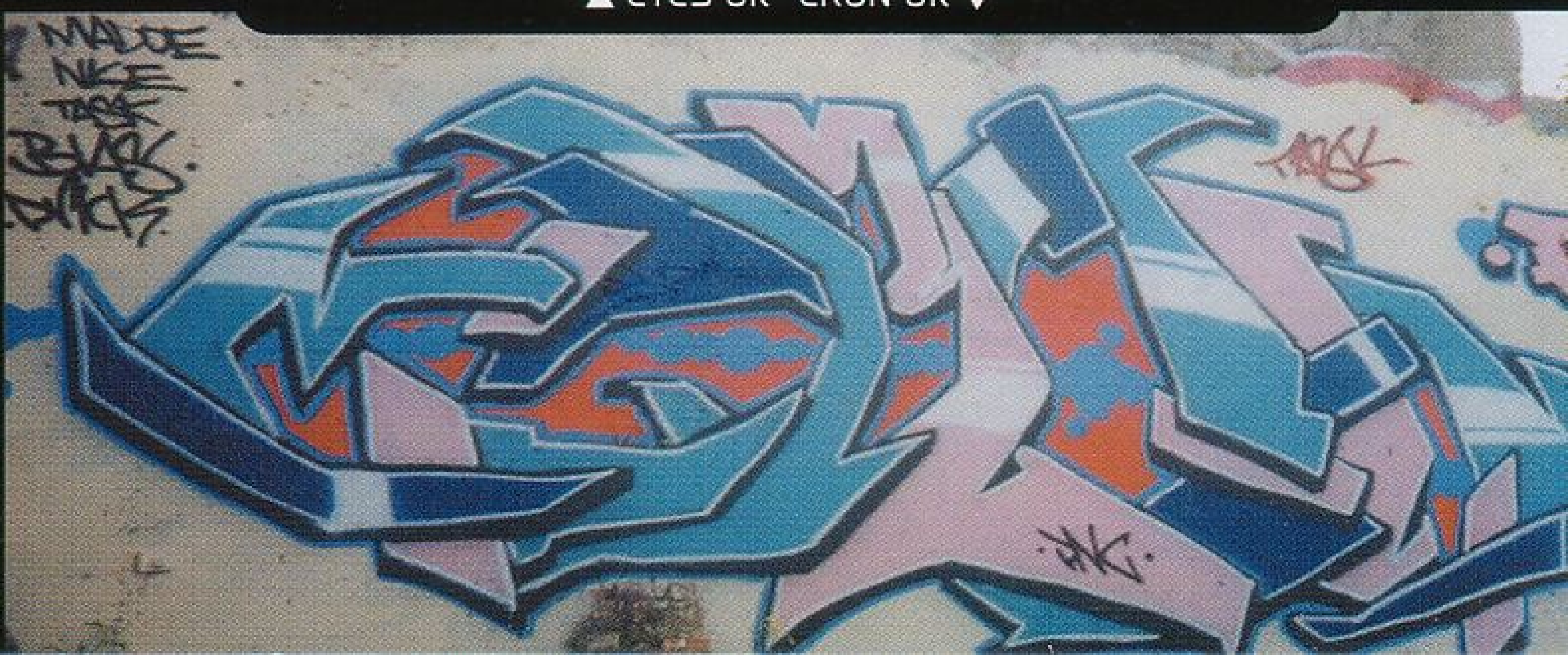


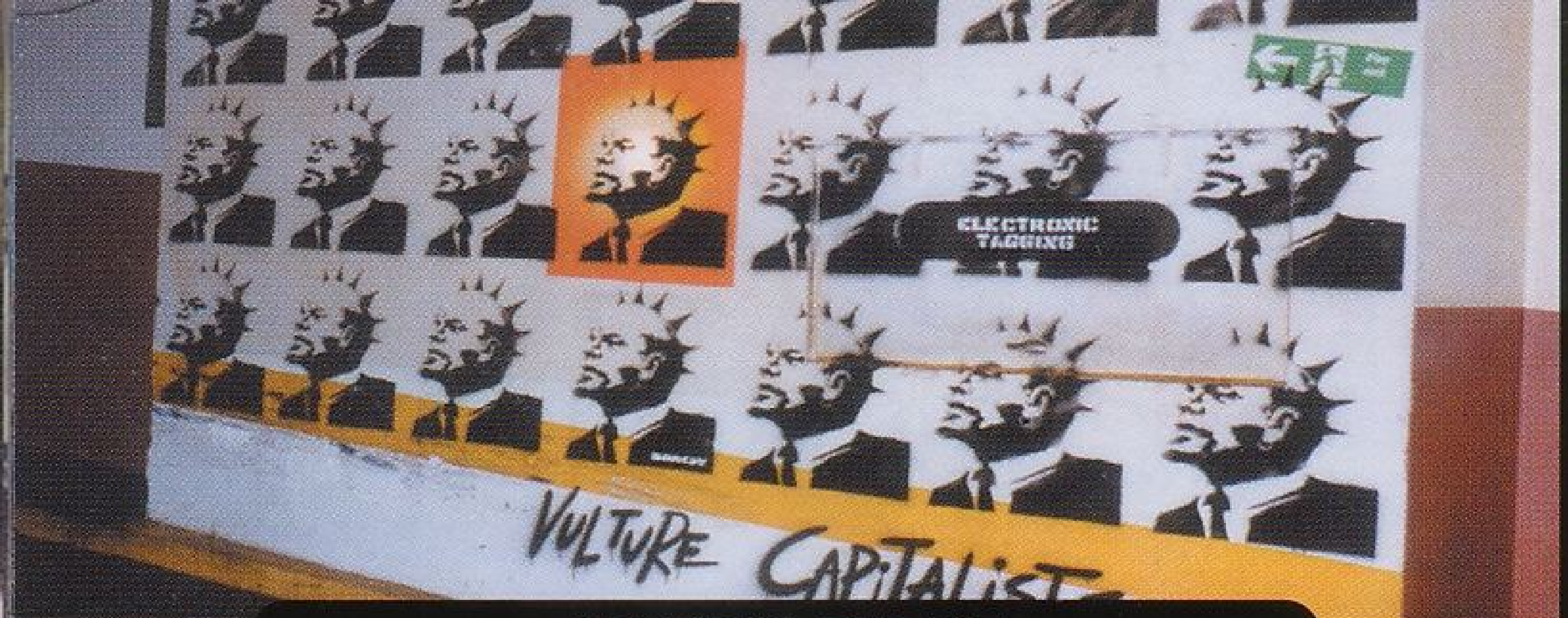
▲ TES UK · SIME UK ▼


CORS FOR WARS
TRACE
ON THE MOO

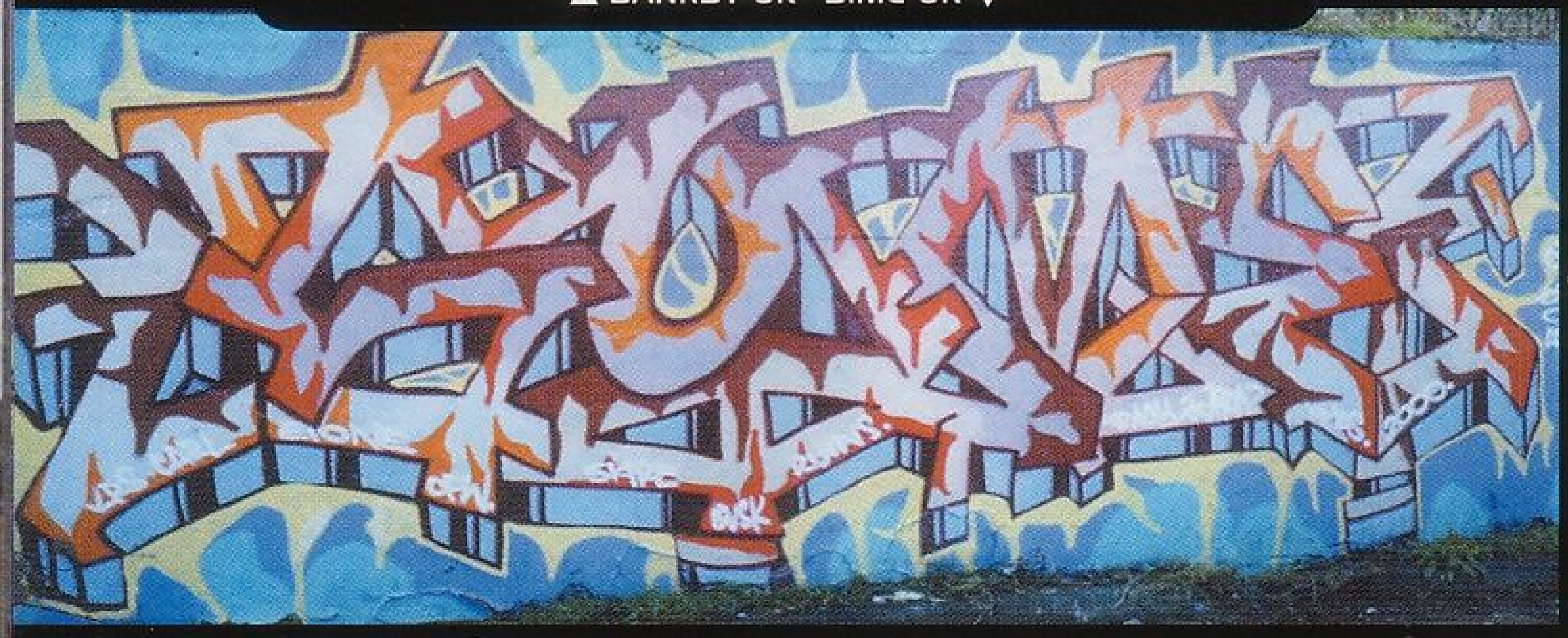


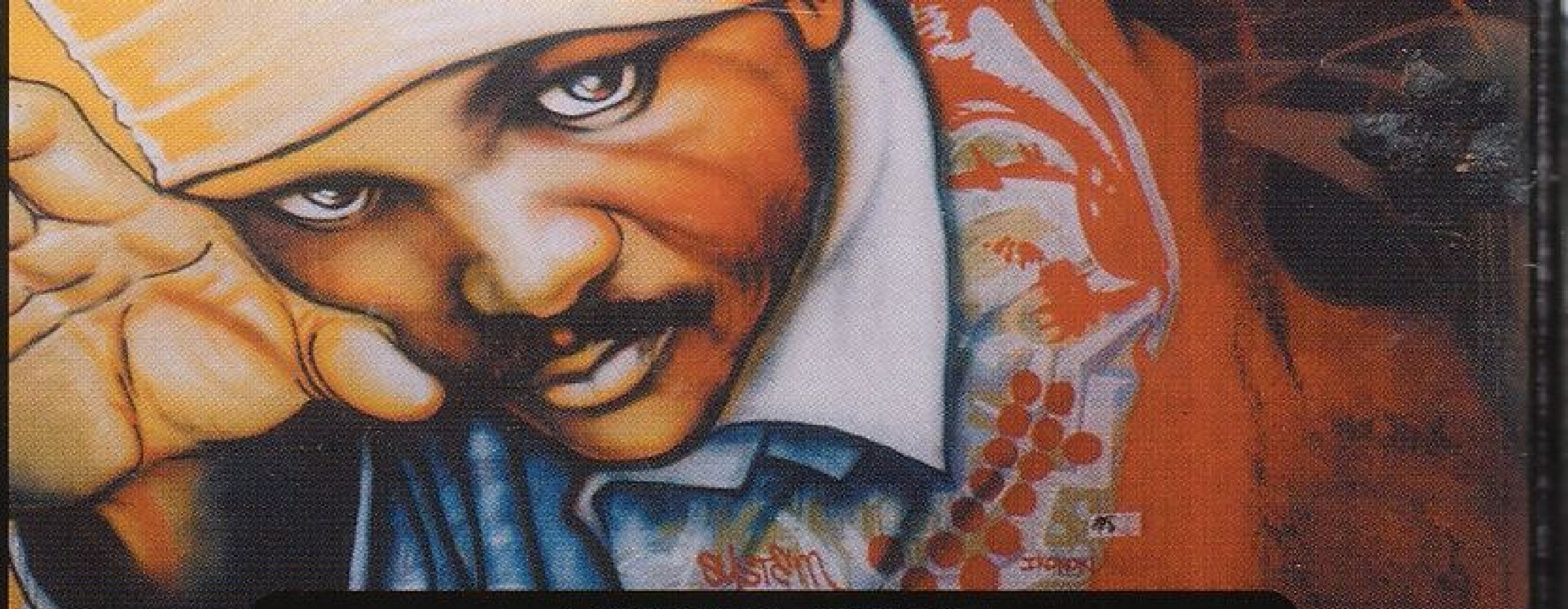
▲ EYES UK · CRON UK ▼



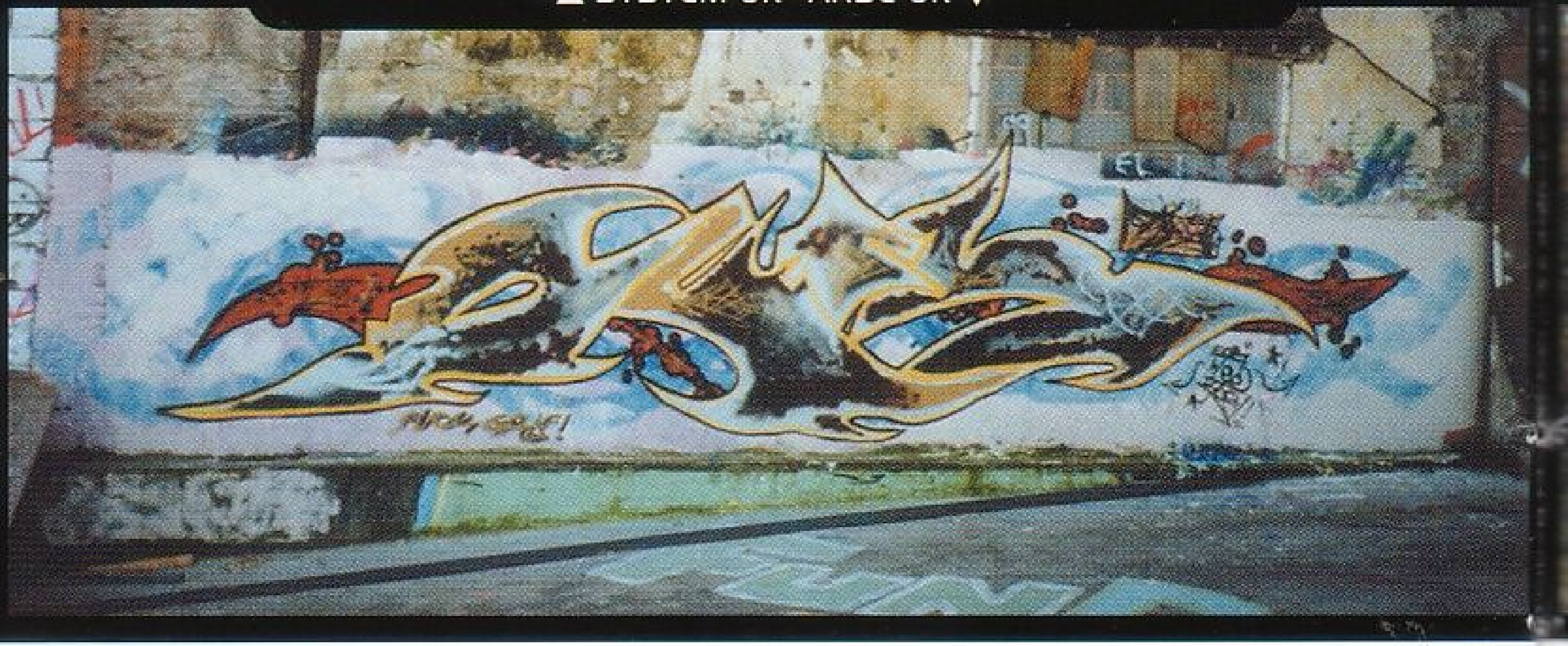

ELECTRONIC TAGGING
VULTURE CAPITALIST

▲ BANKSY UK · SIME UK ▼





▲ SYSTEM UK · ARSE UK ▼



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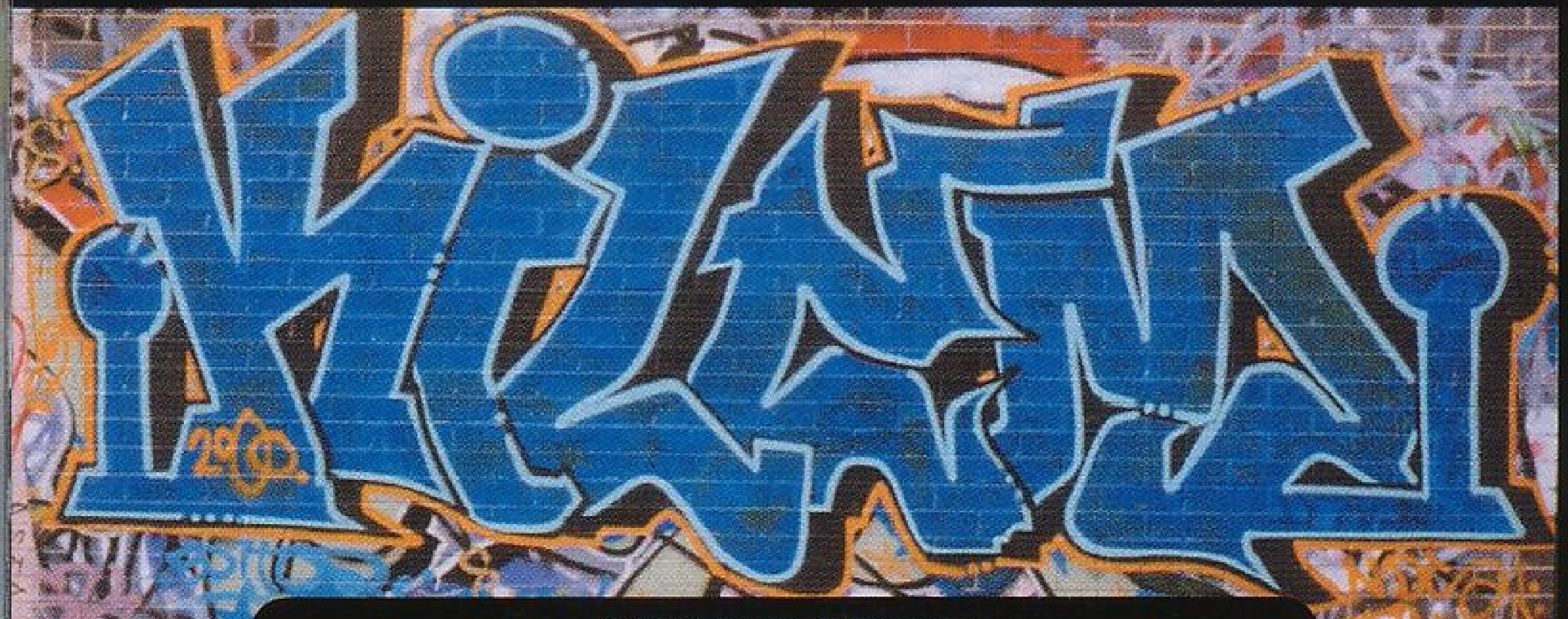
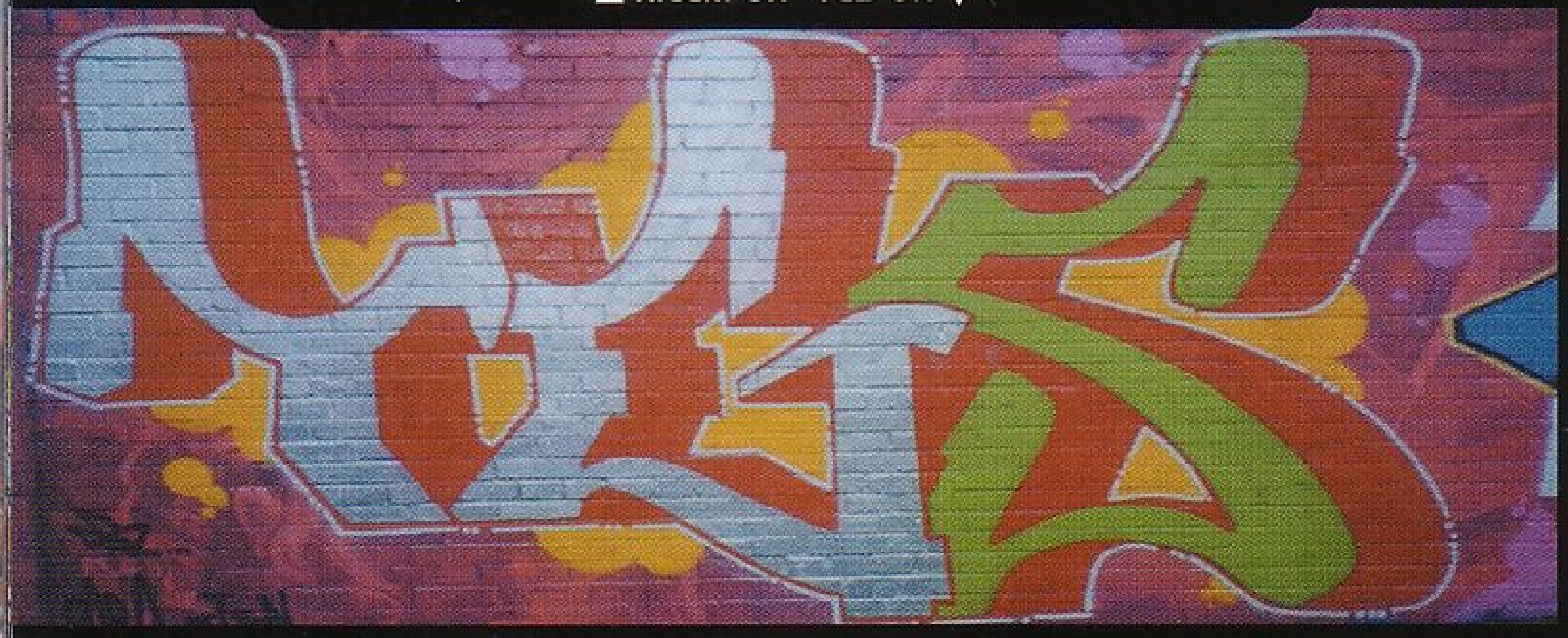
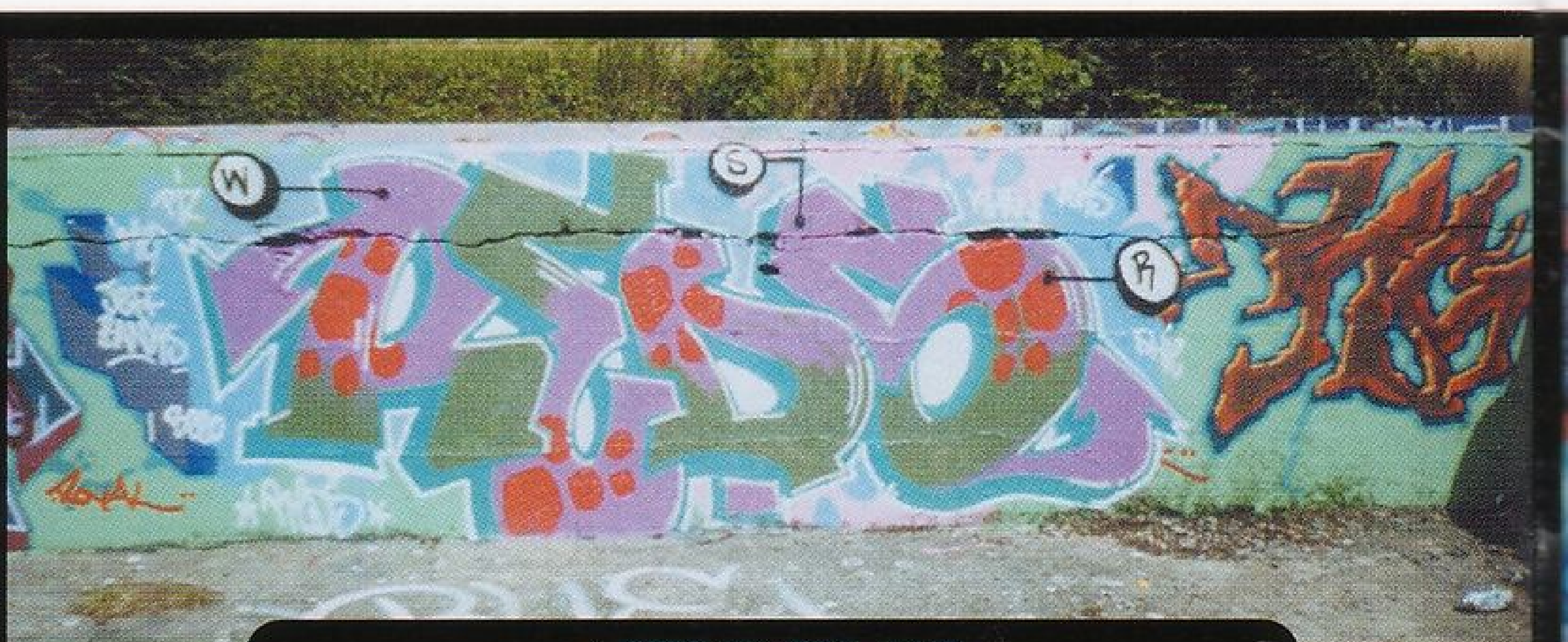
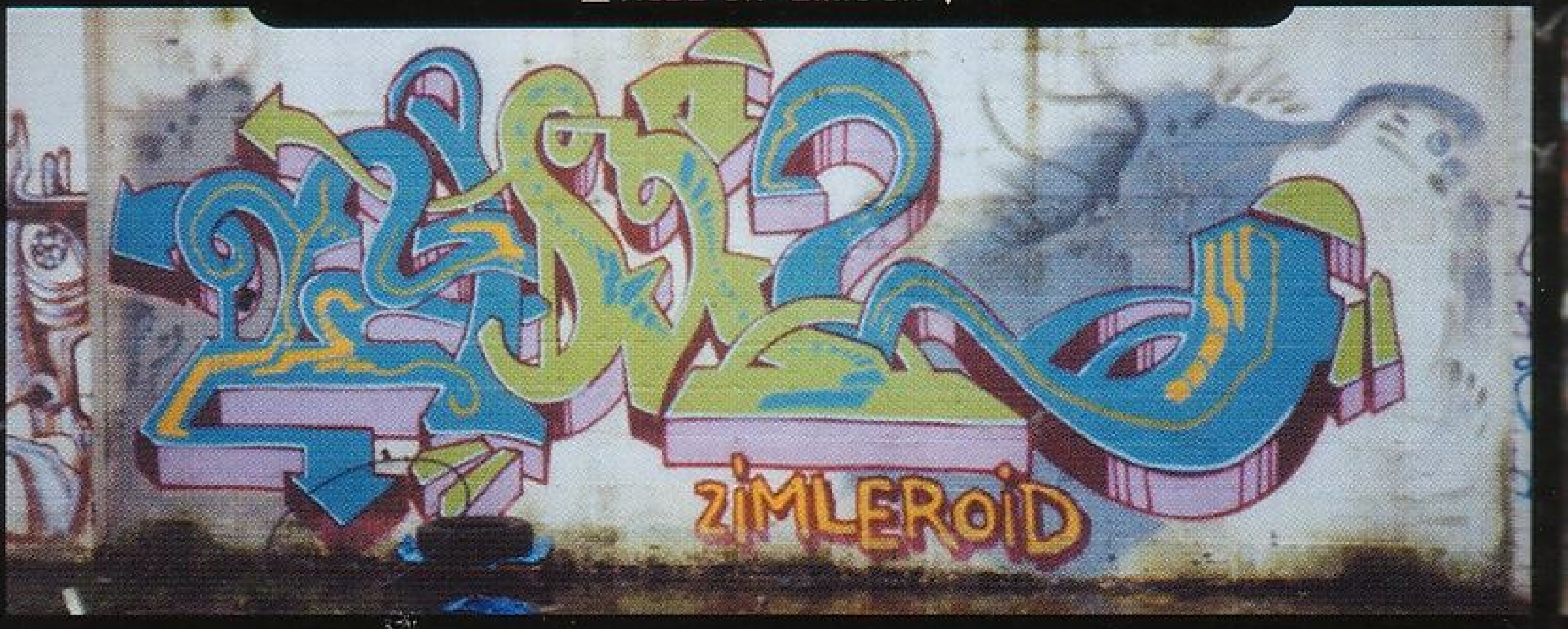


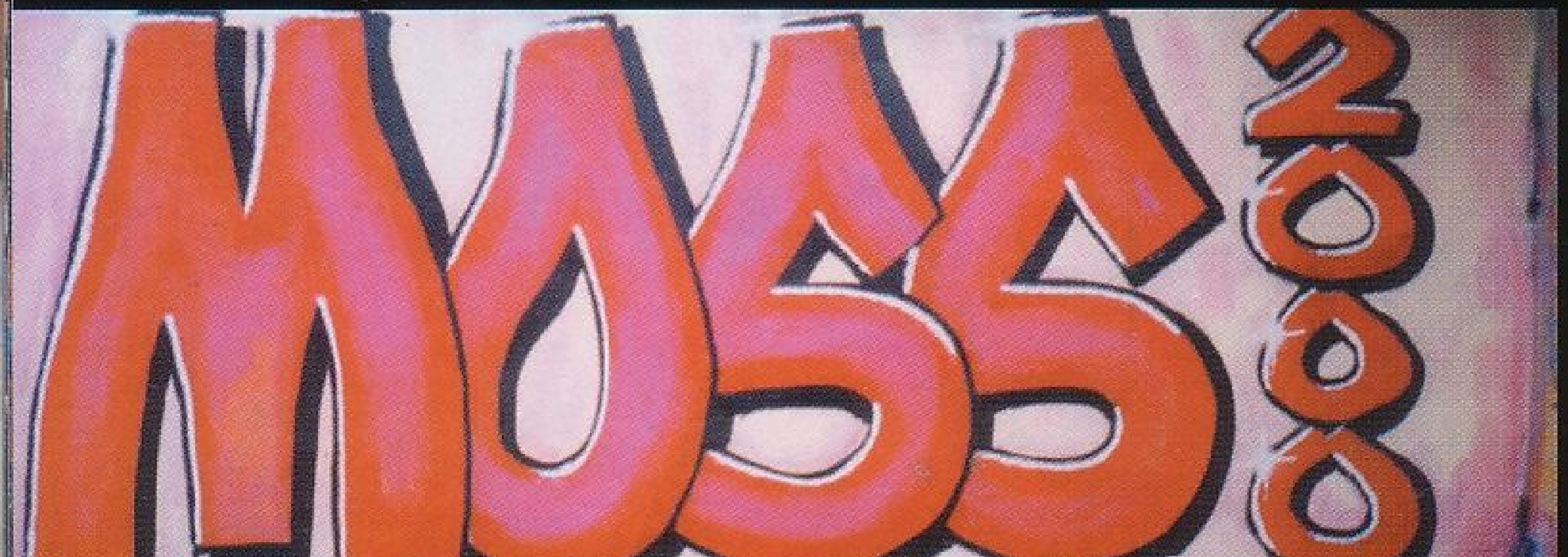
▲ KILEM UK · TES UK ▼



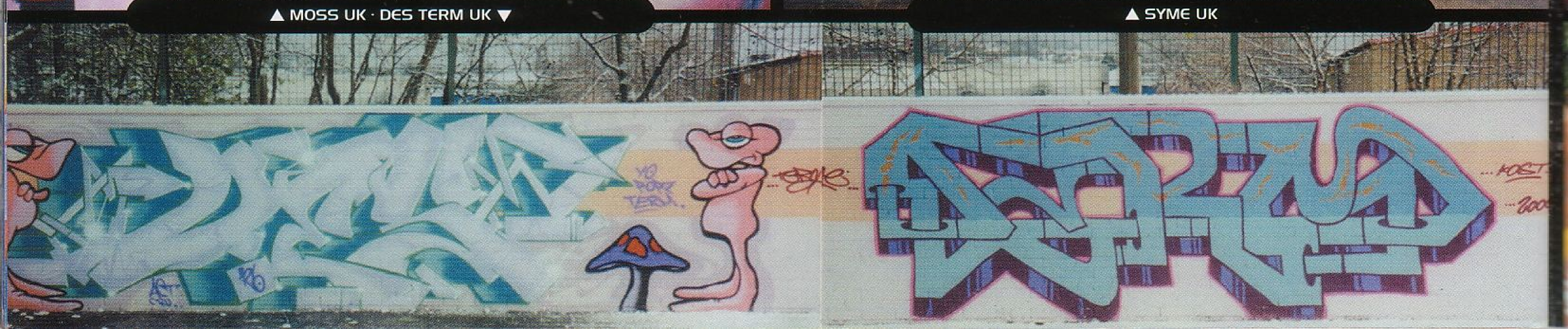


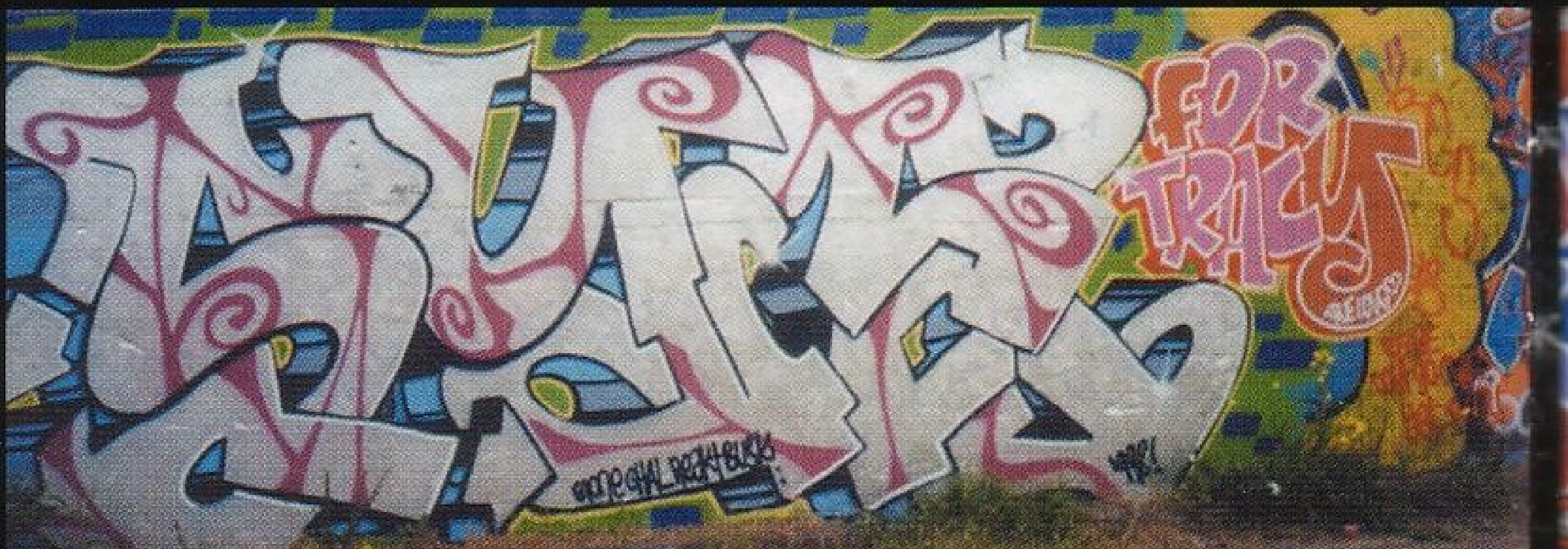
▲ REDS UK · ZIML UK ▼



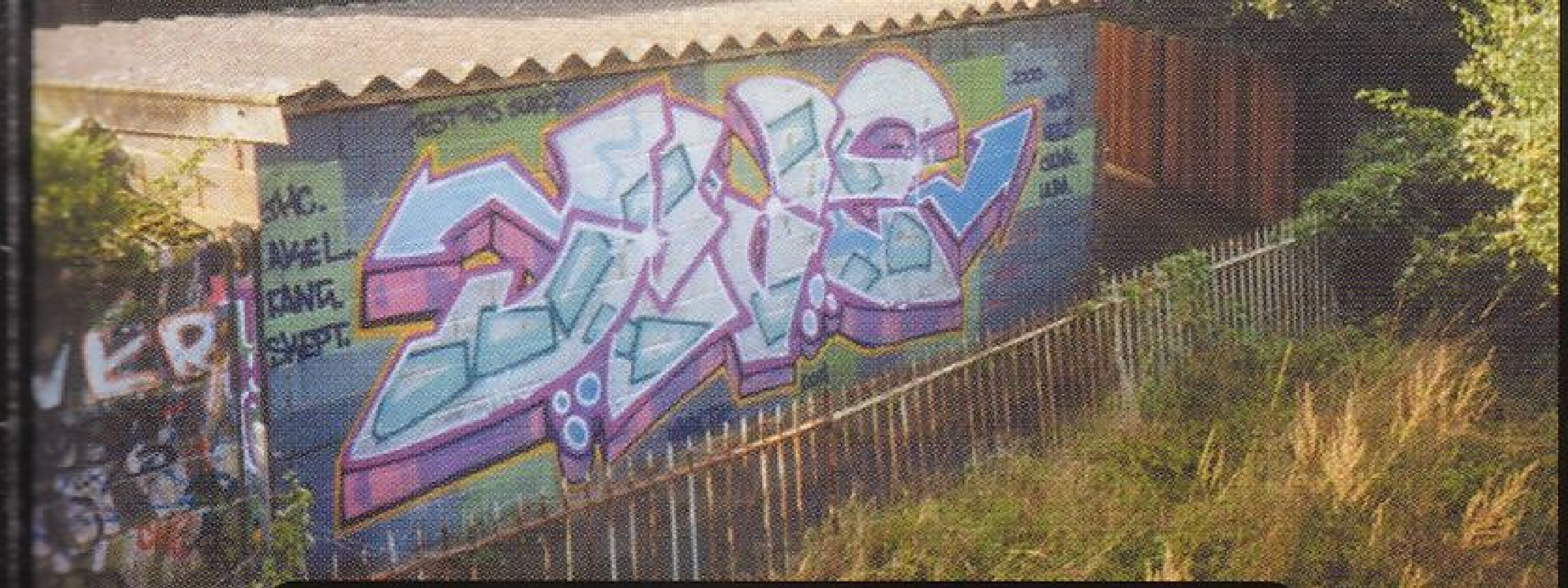


▲ MOSS UK · DES TERM UK ▼

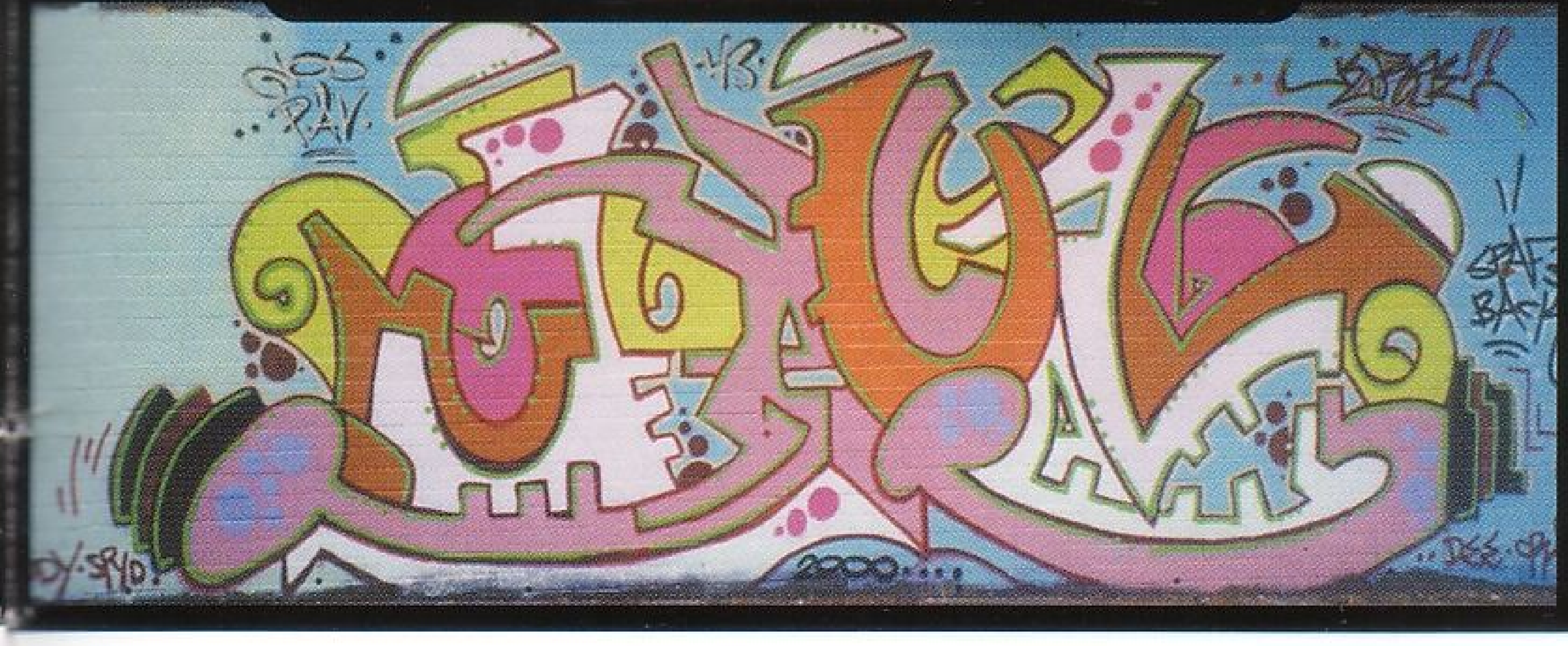


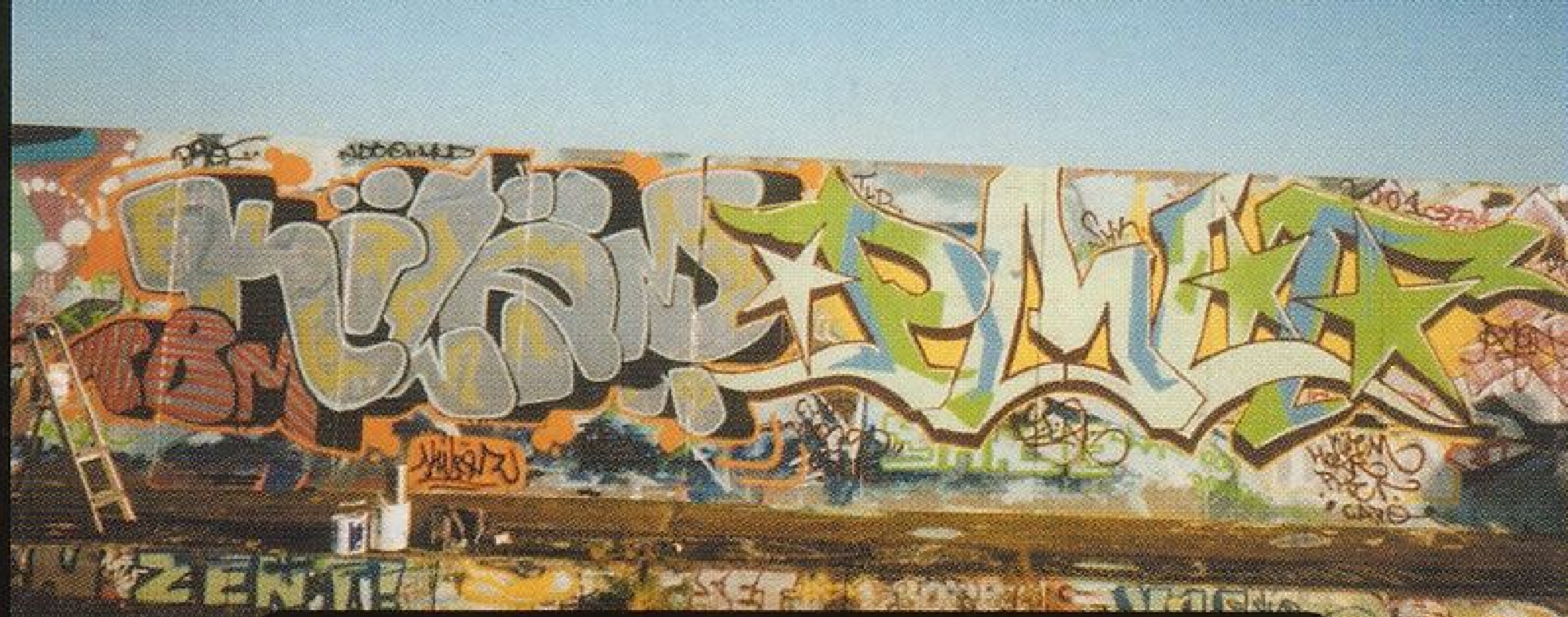


▲ SYME UK

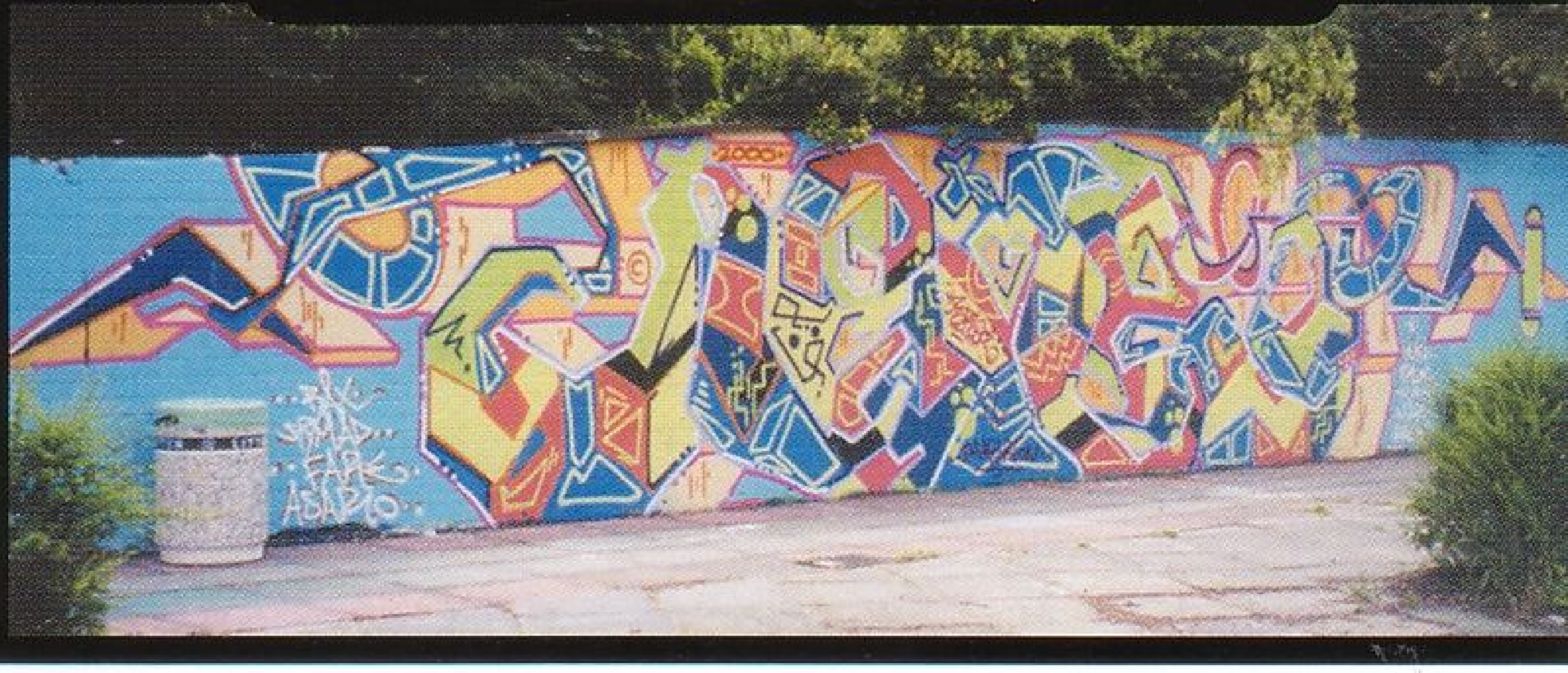


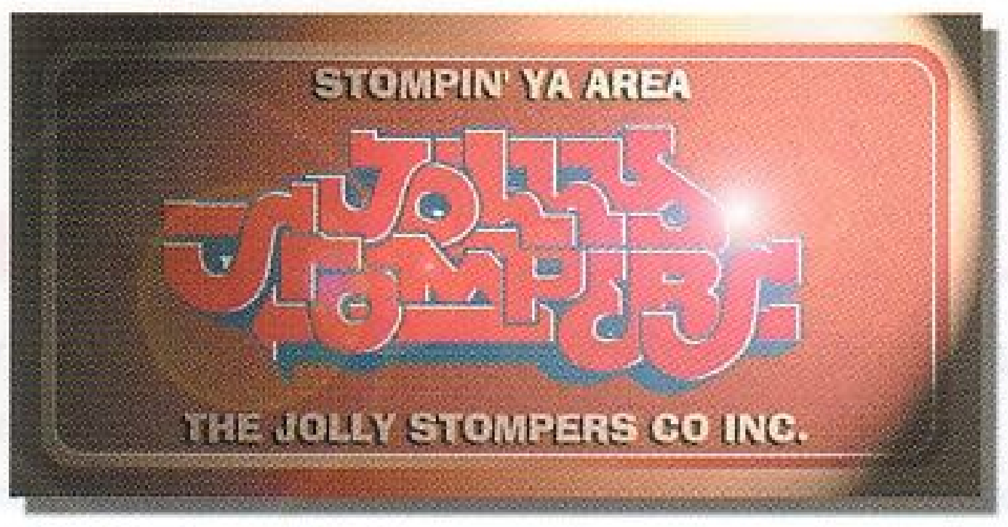
▲ JIVE UK · JERO UK ▼





▲ KILEM PREF UK · JERO UK ▼

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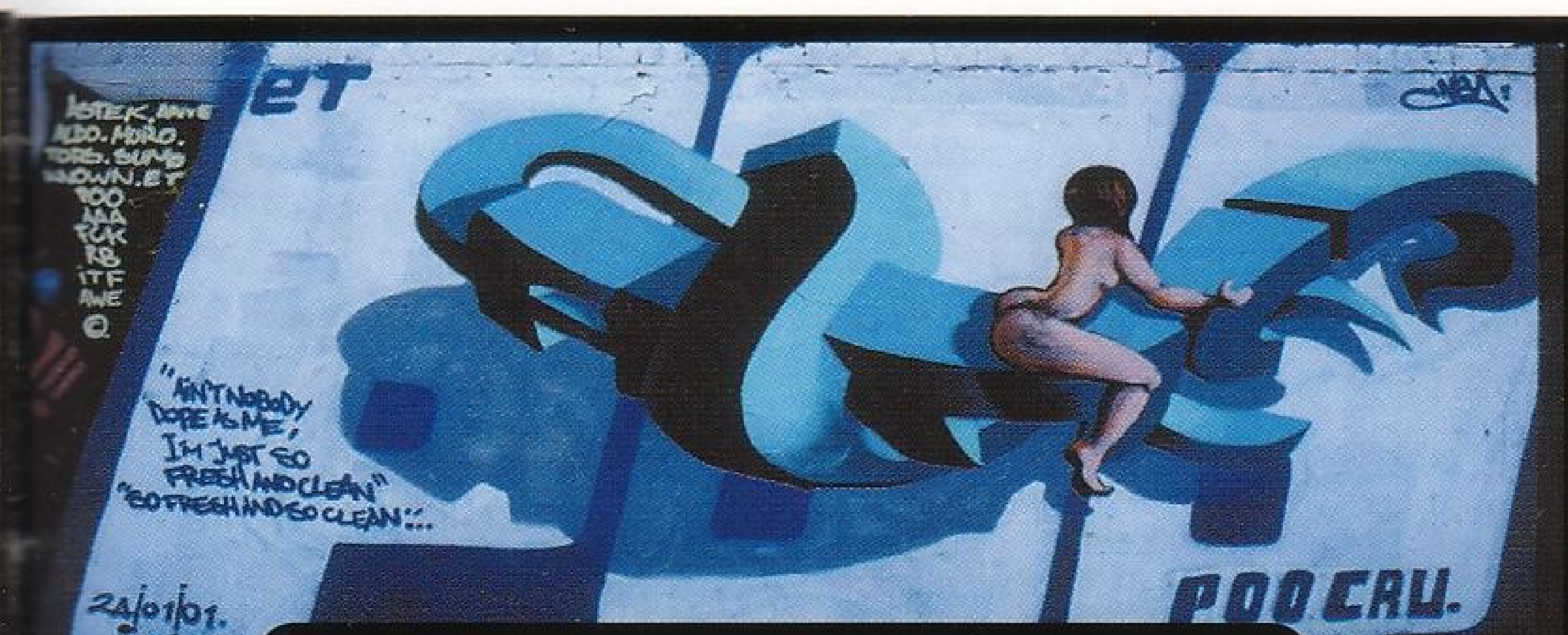
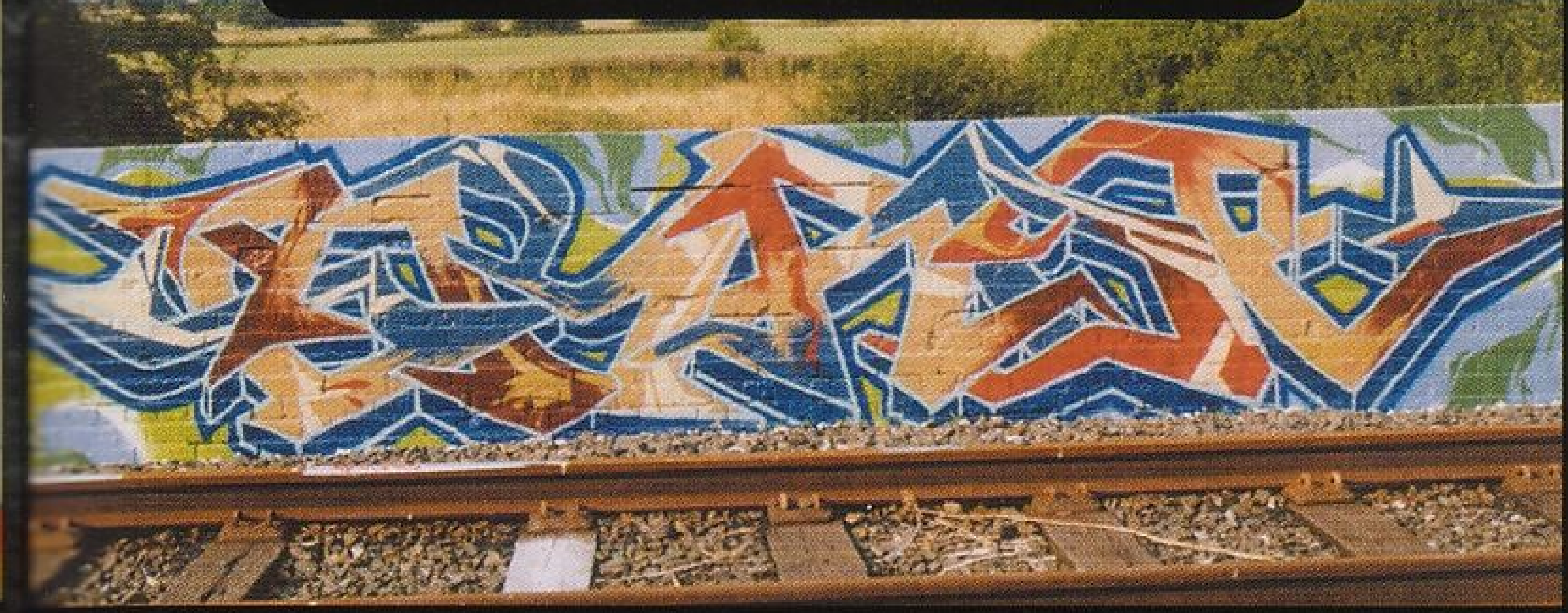
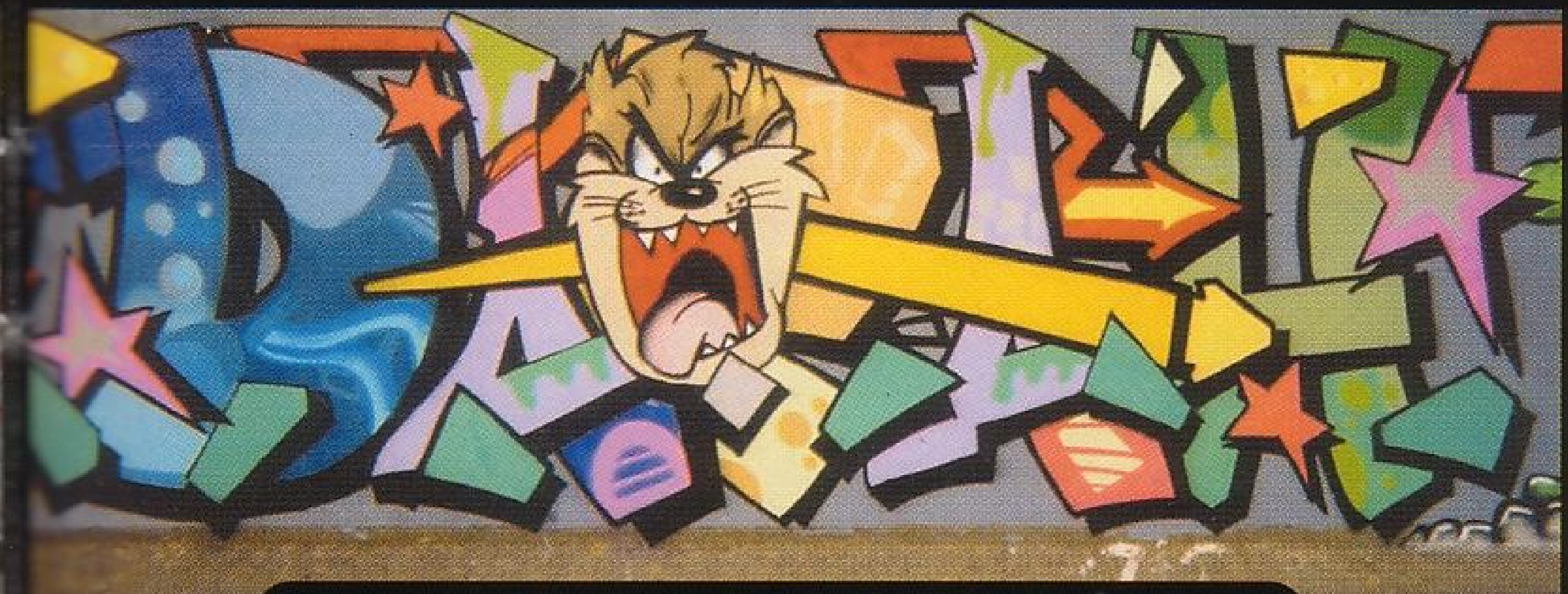
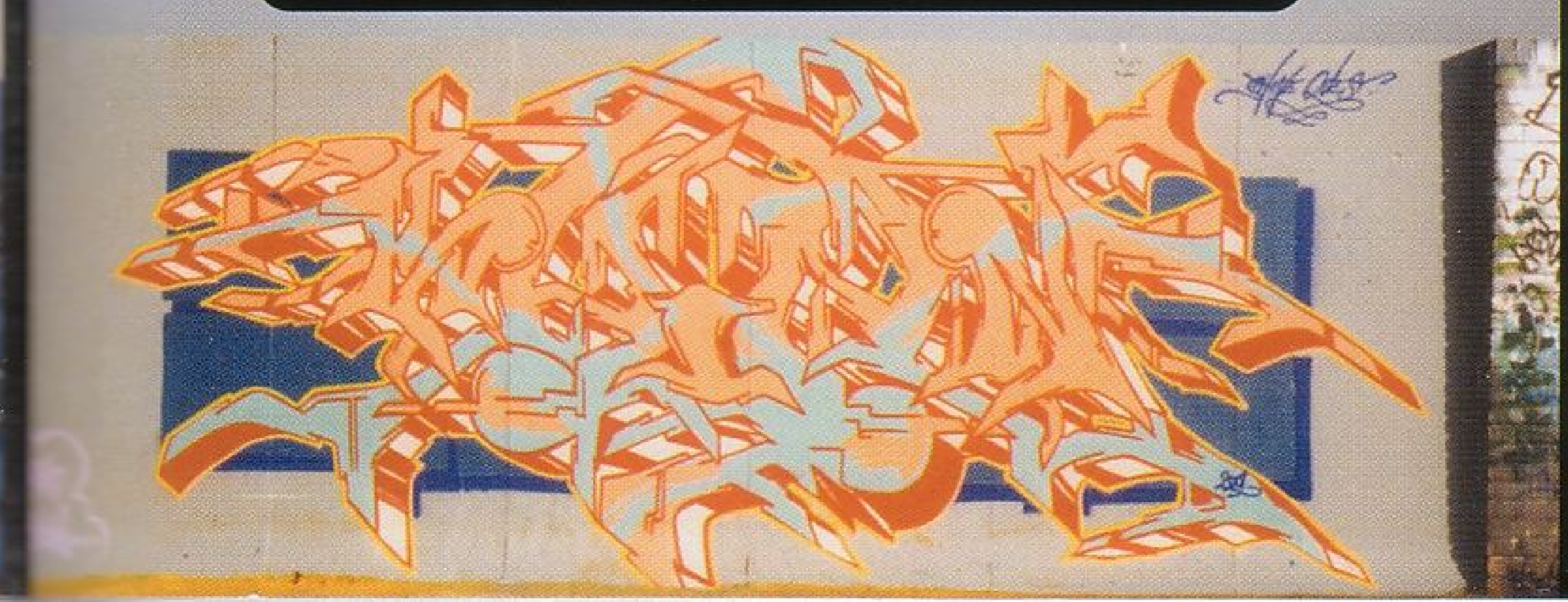

"AIN'T NOBODY DOPE AS ME, I'M JUST SO FRESH AND CLEAN"
"SO FRESH AND SO CLEAN"
24/01/01.
P00 CRU.

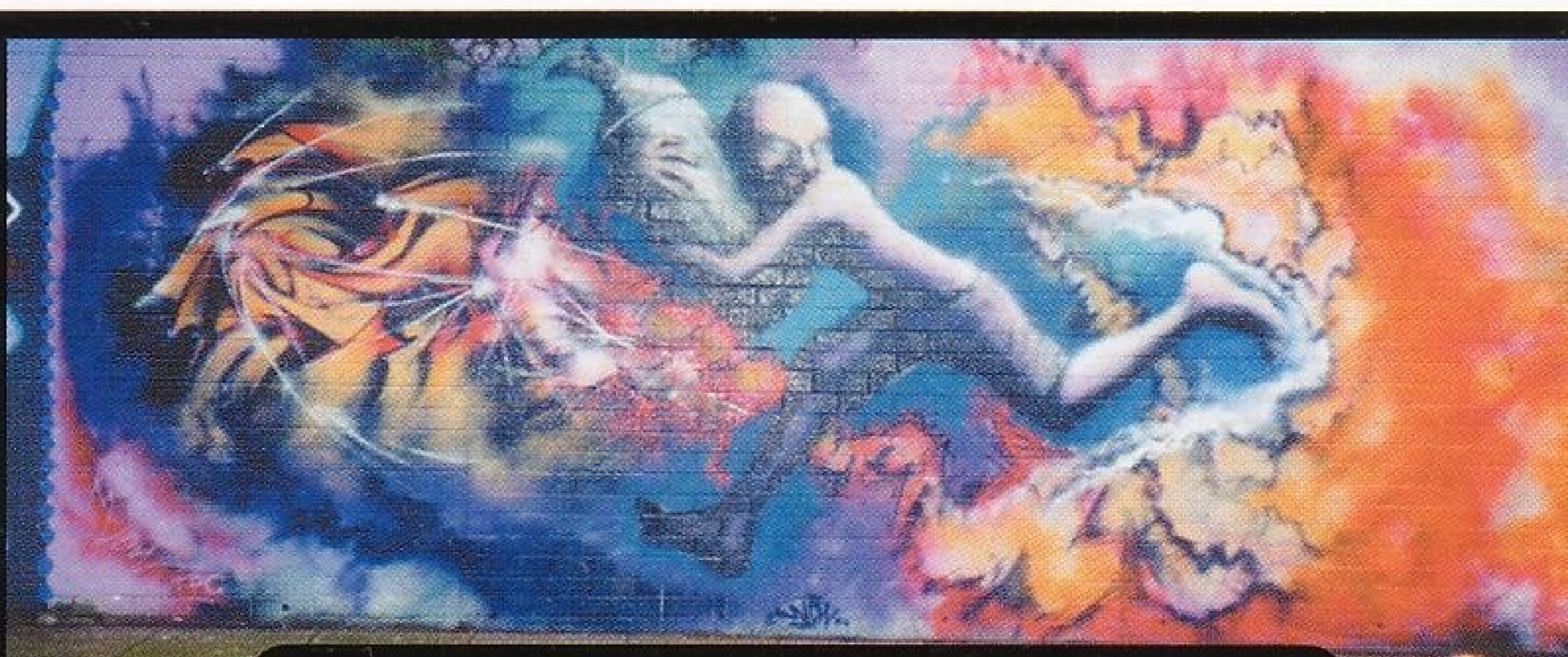
▲ INSA UK · GRADE UK ▼



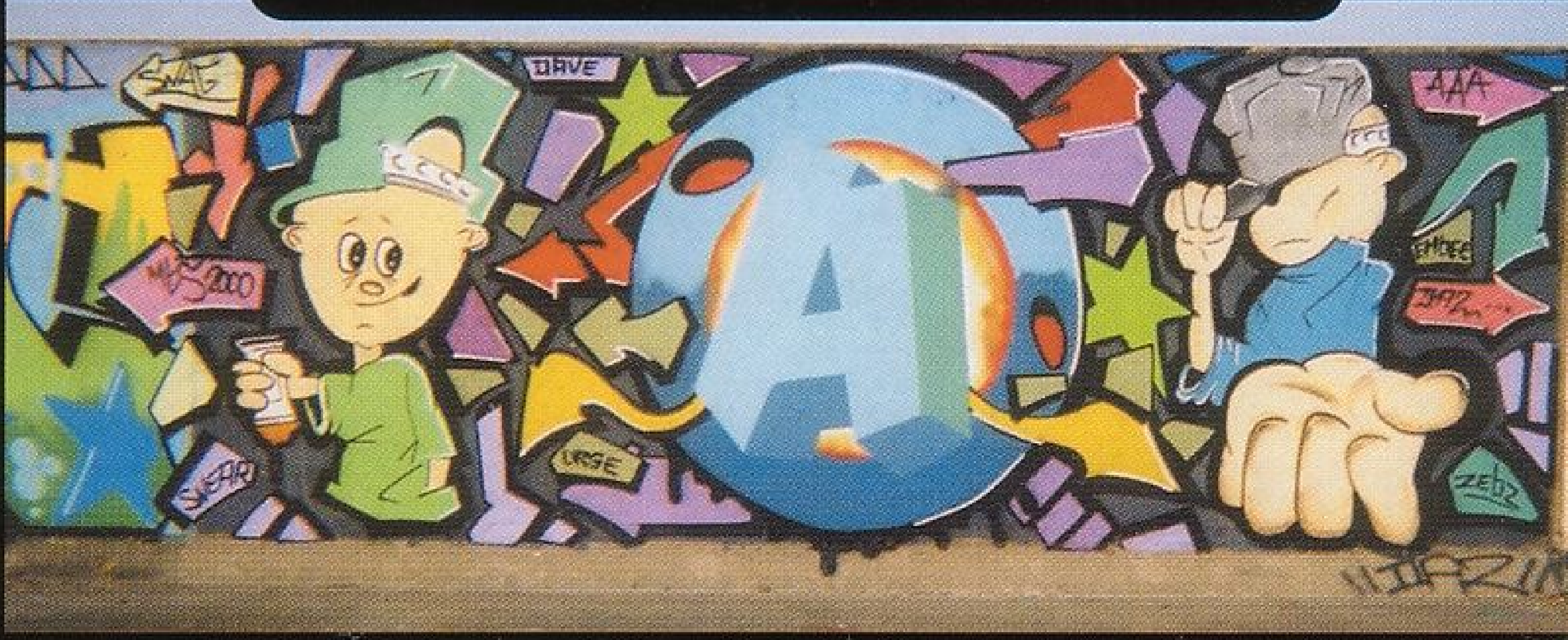


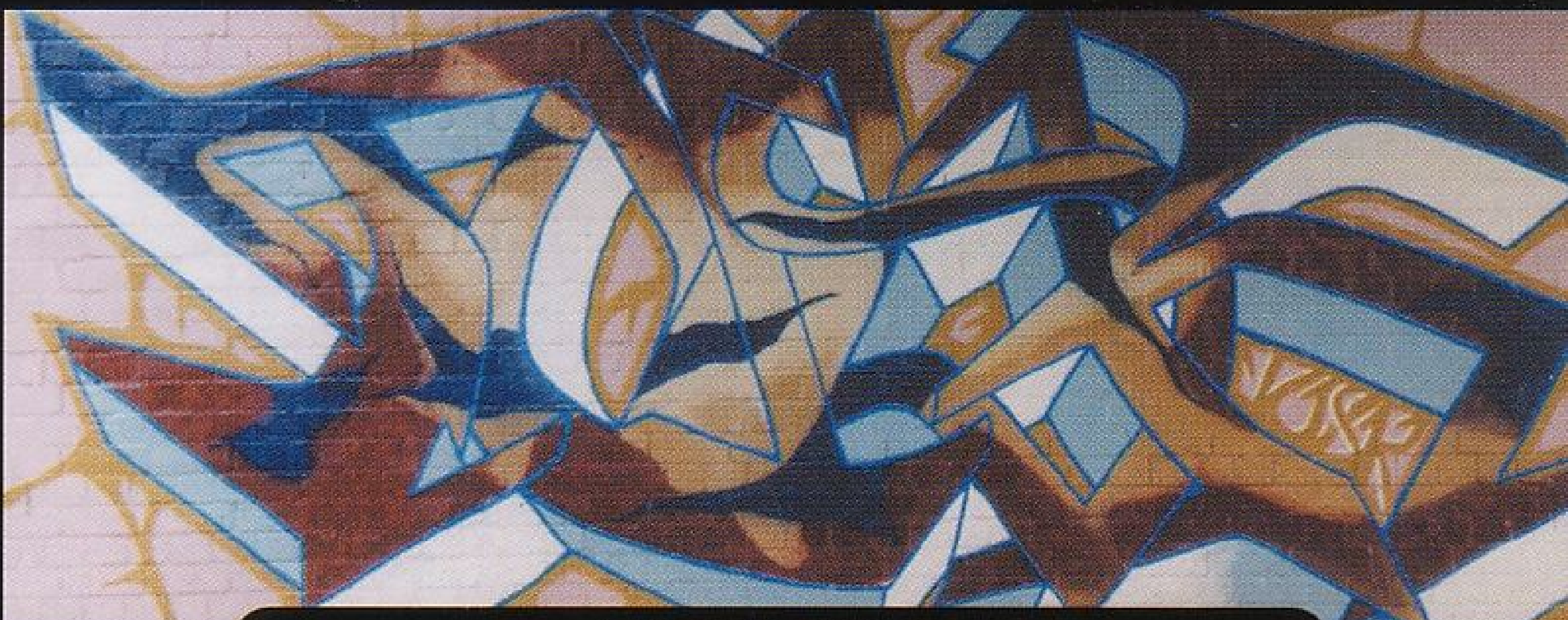
▲ DAZAH UK · SHINE & QUEST UK ▼



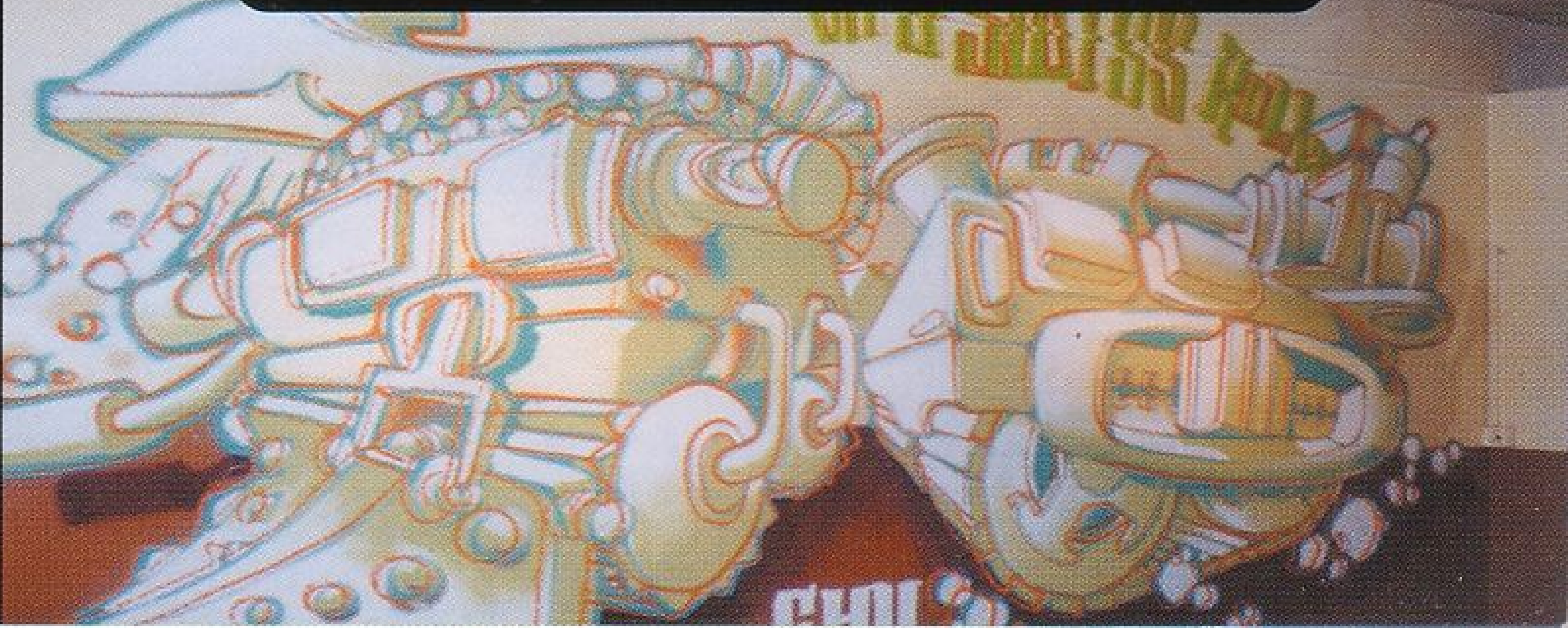


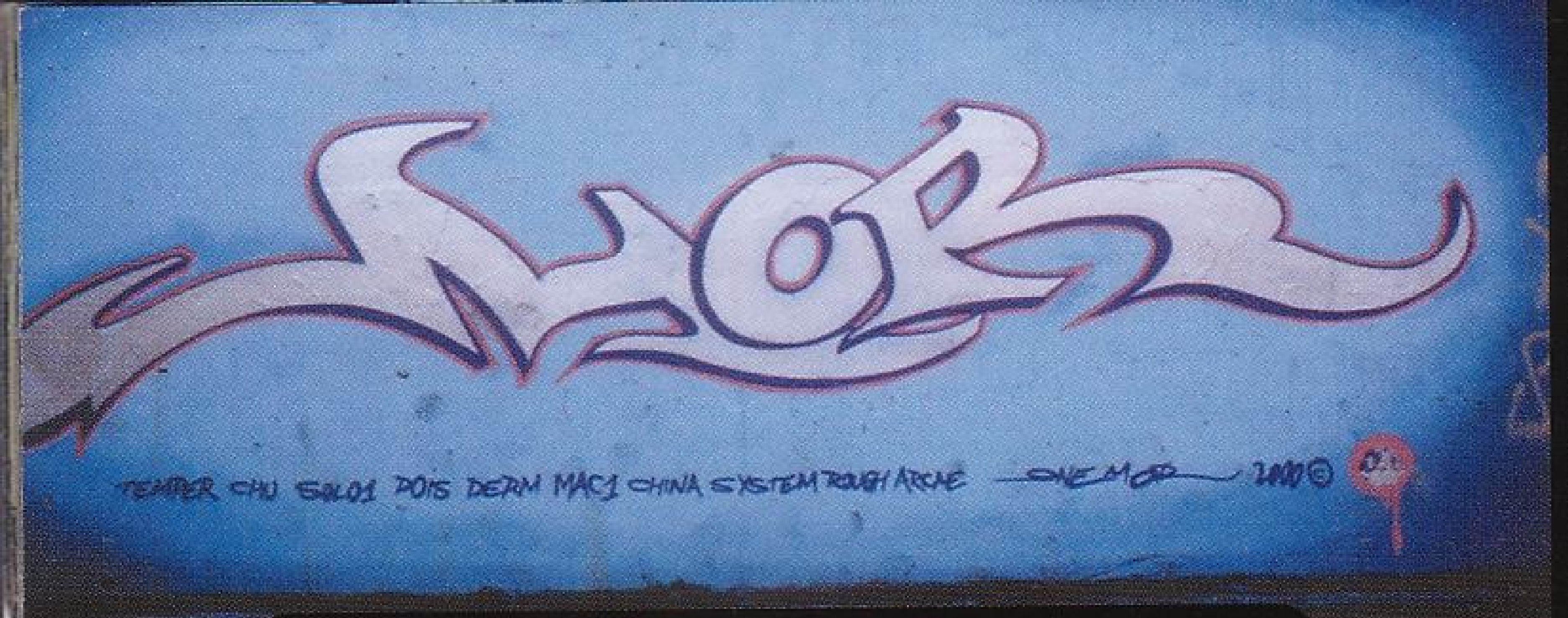
▲ KNOW UK · DAZ UK ▼





▲ TUSK UK · CHU UK ▼

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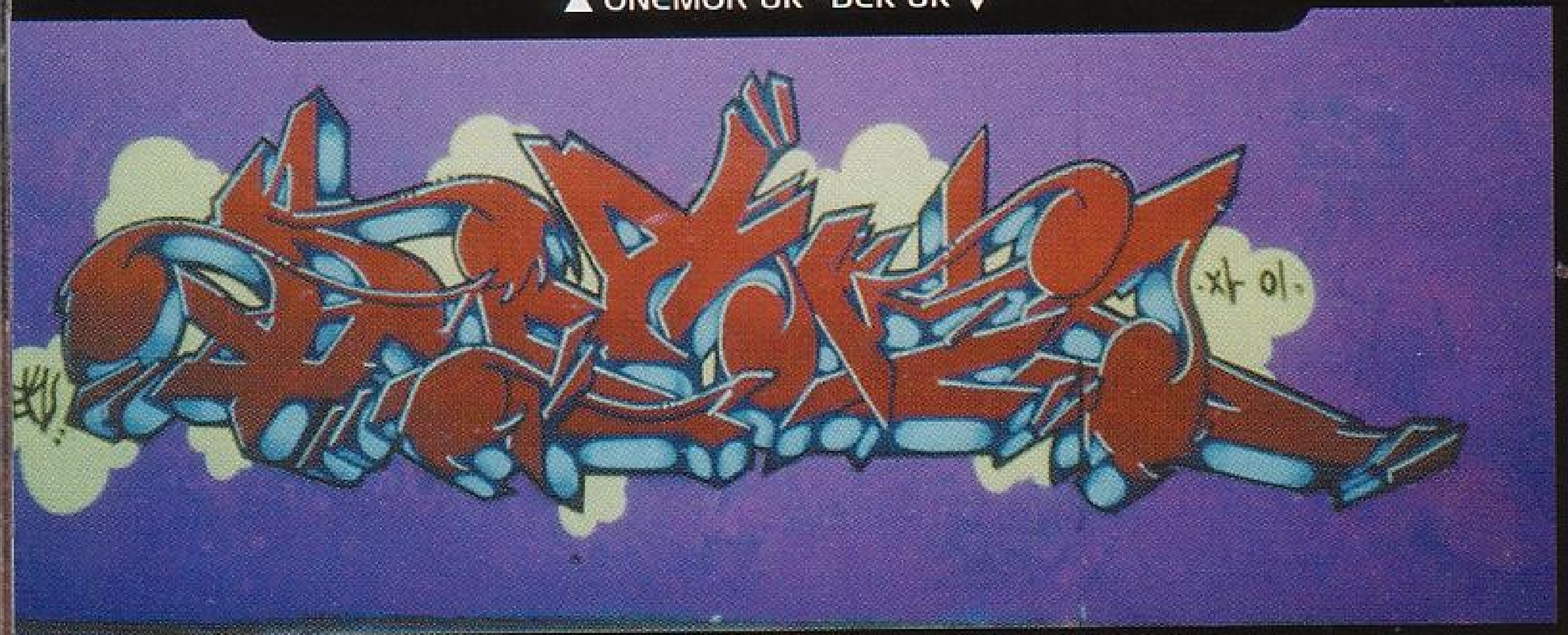
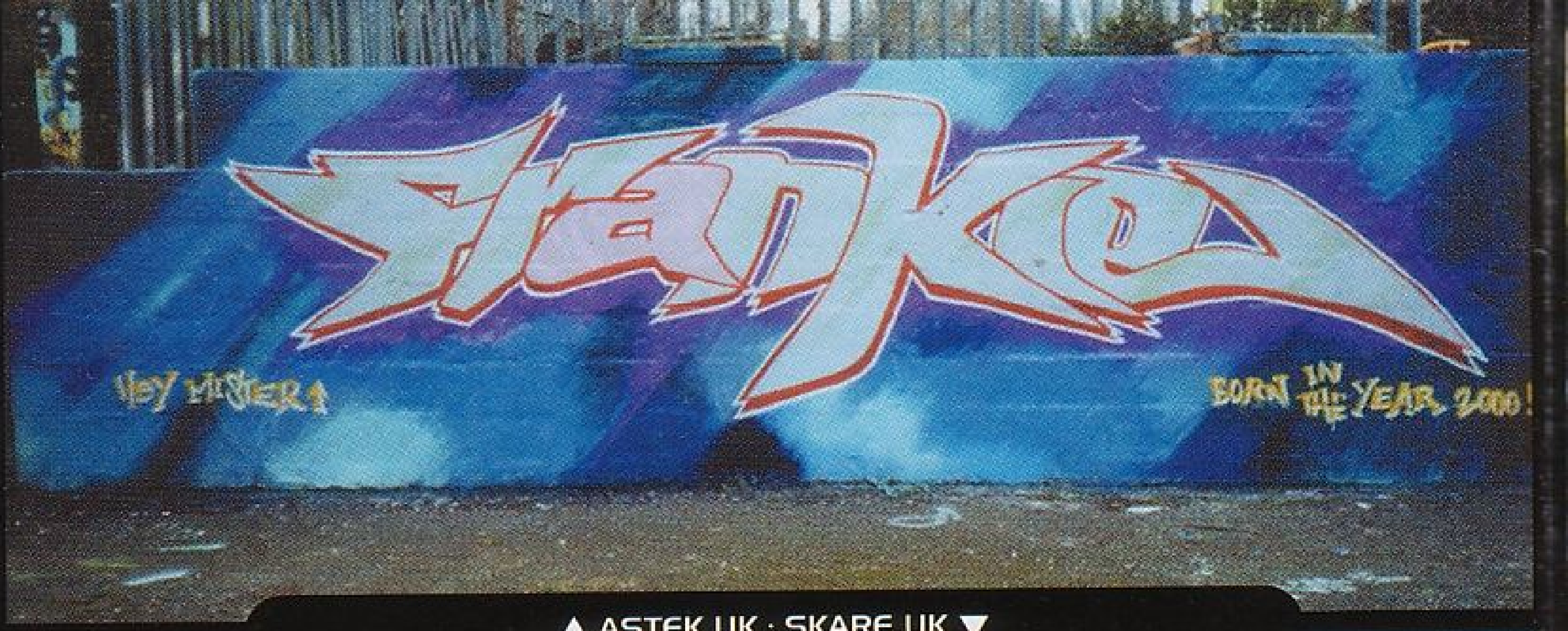
▲ ONEMOR UK · DEK UK ▼

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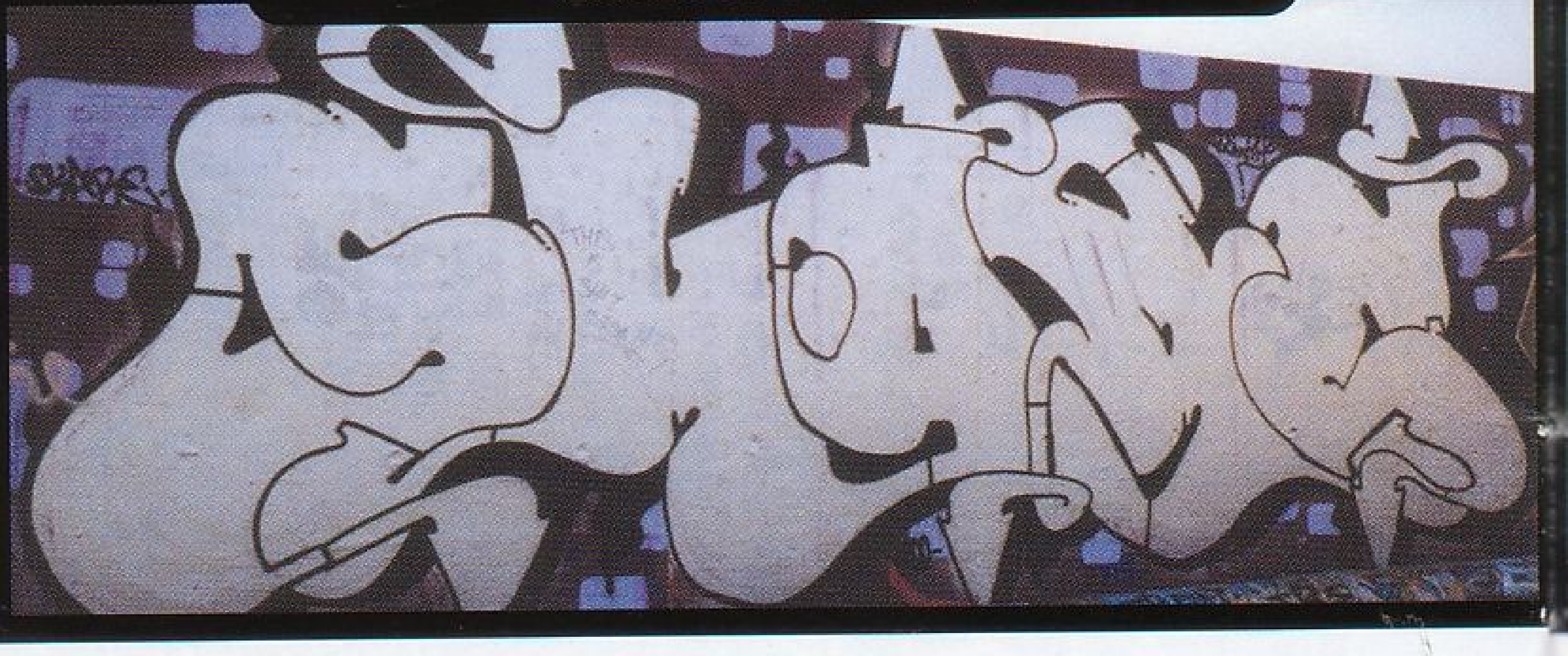
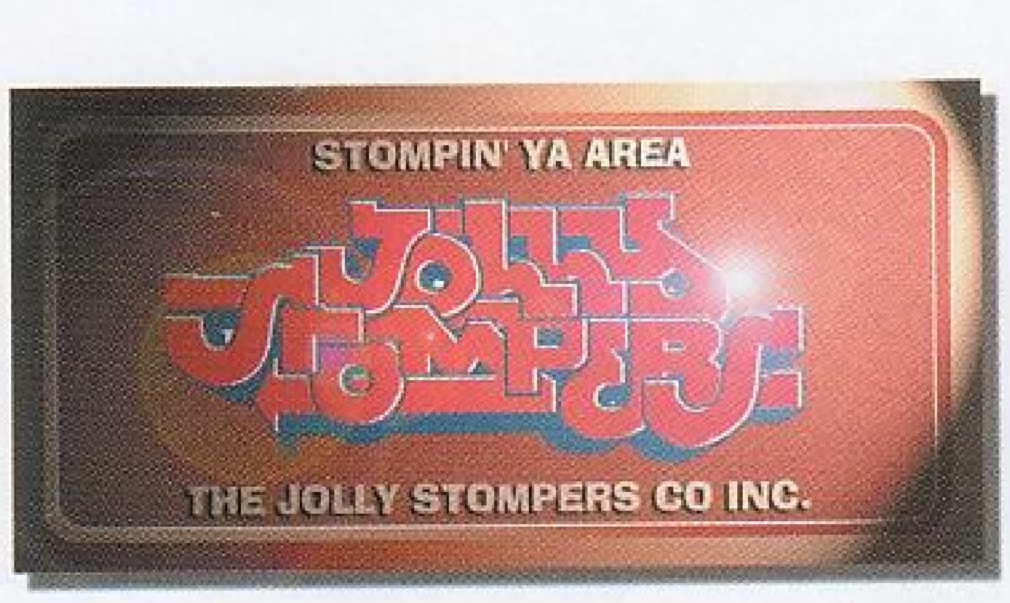
▲ ASTEK UK · SKARE UK ▼

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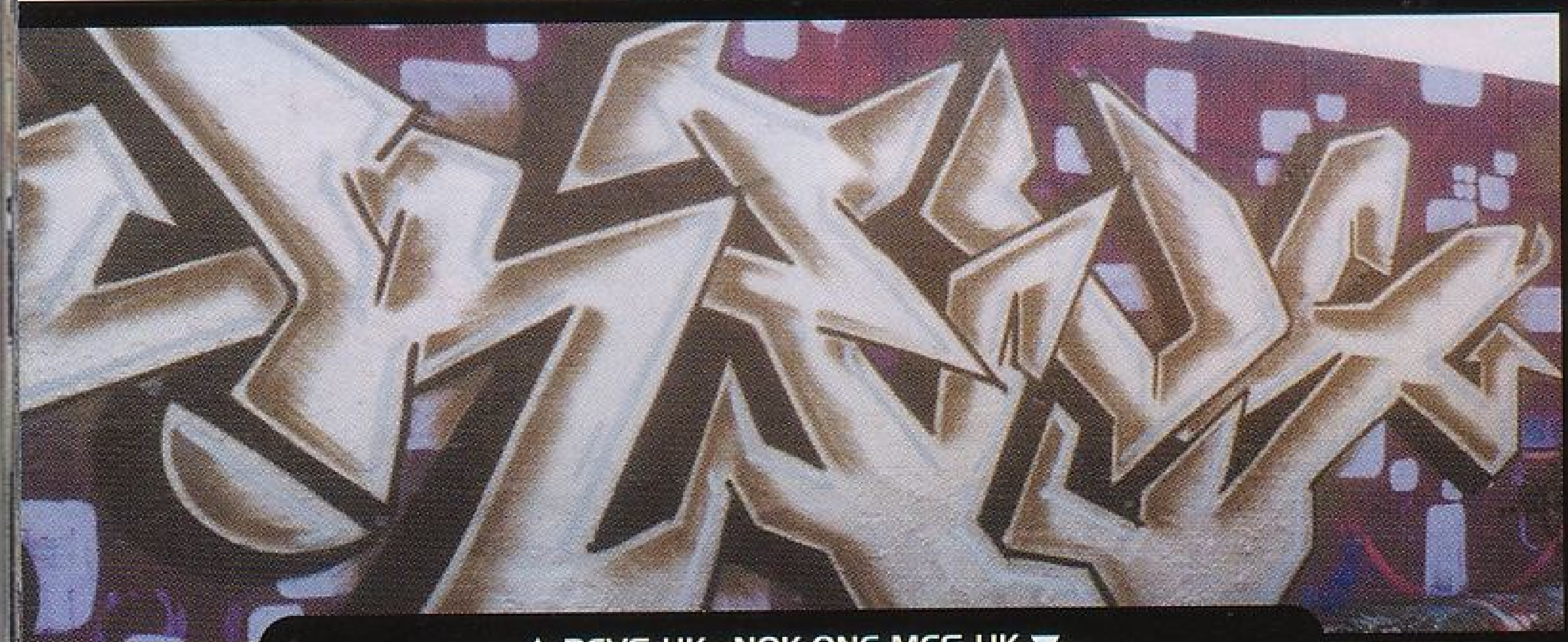
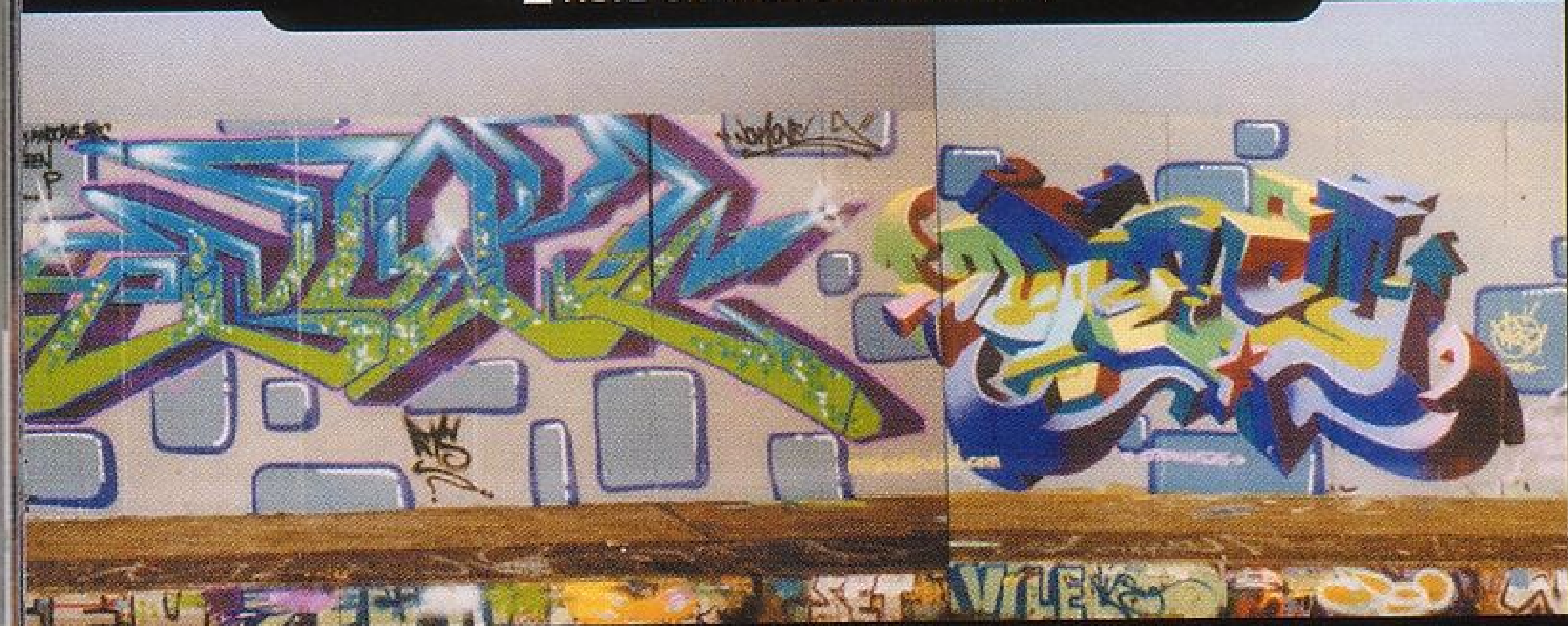
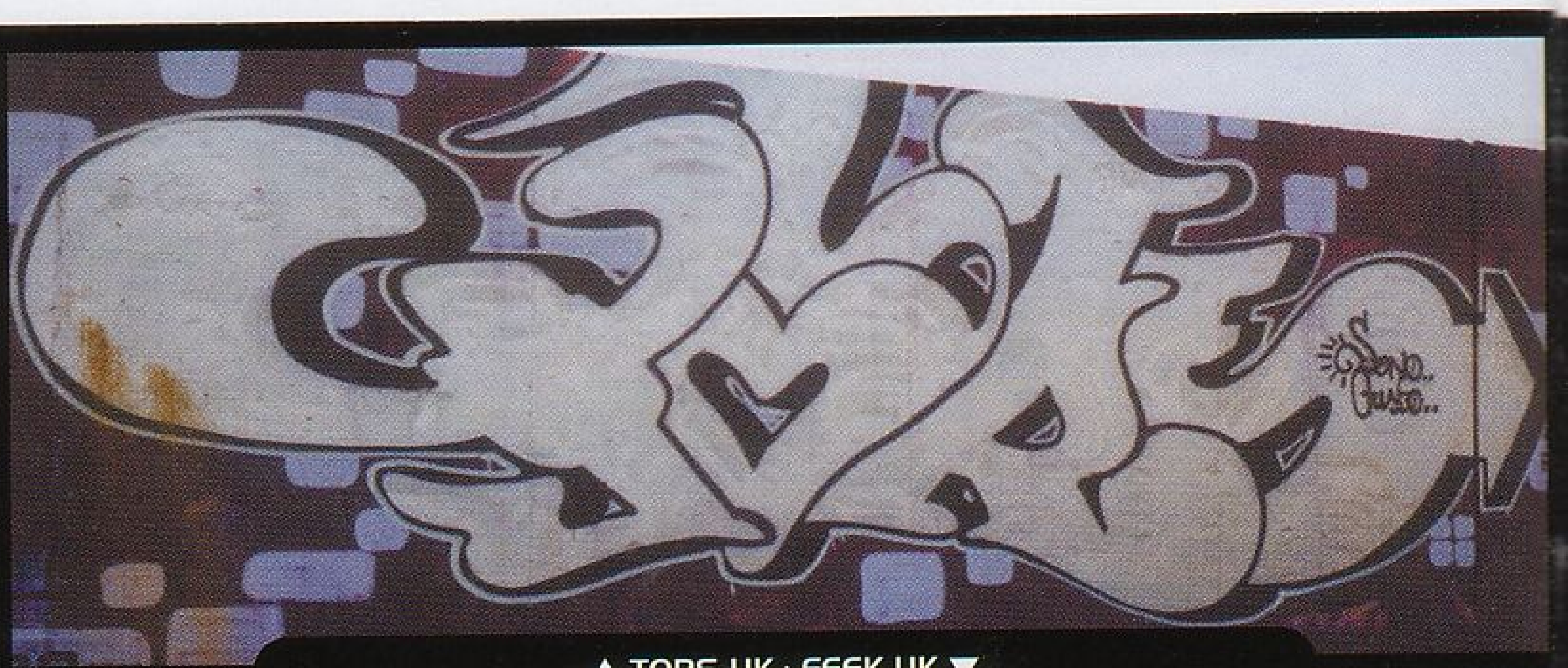
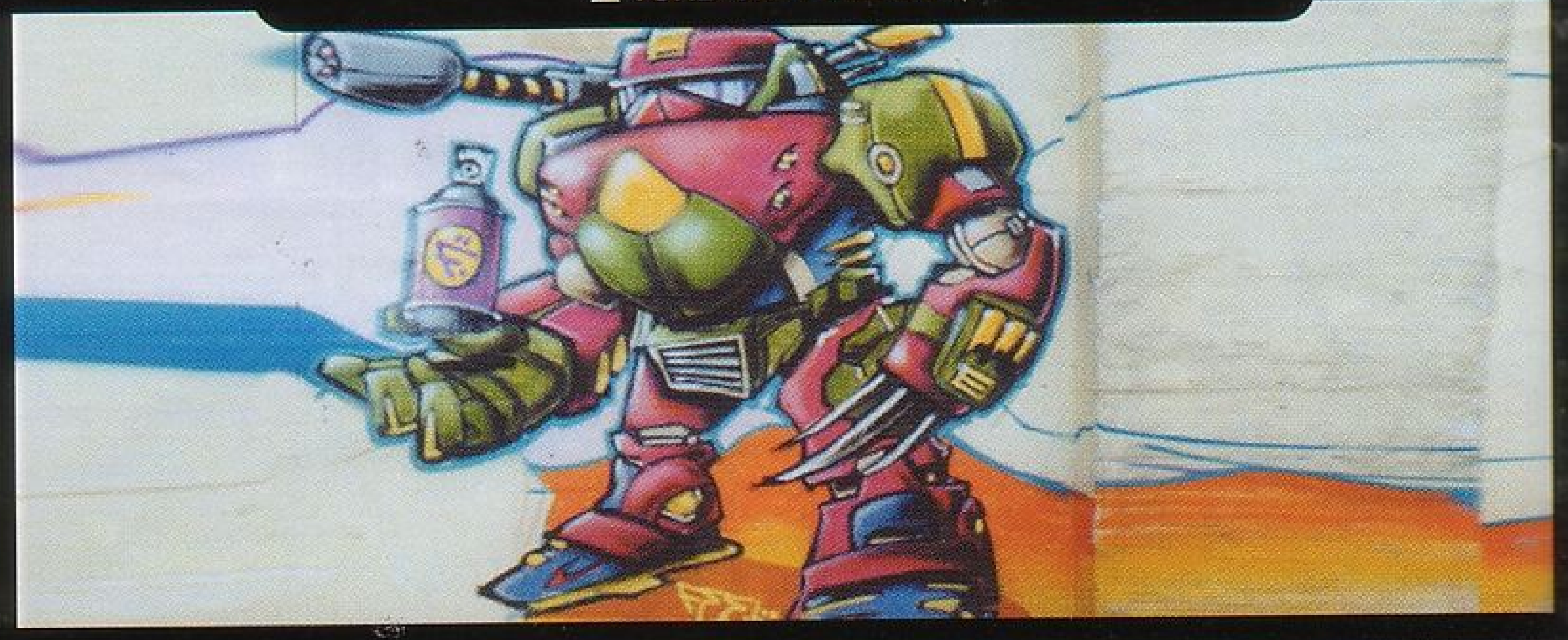


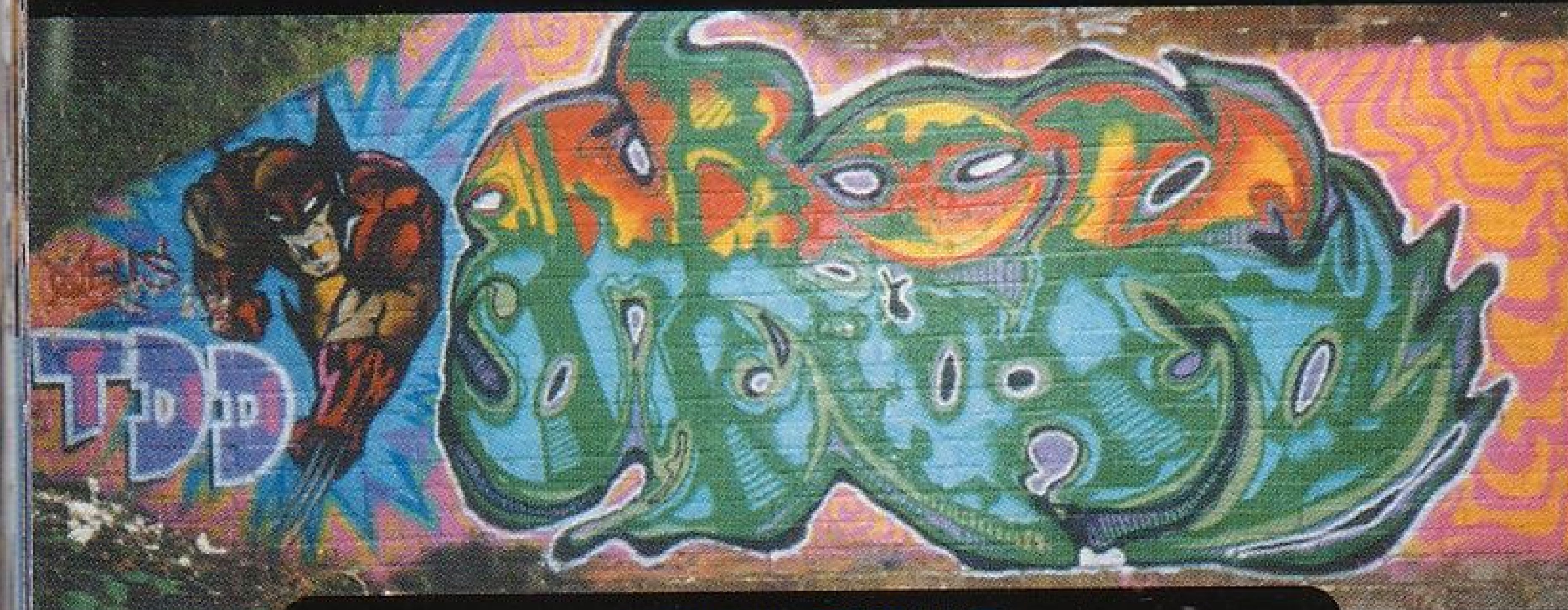
▲ REVS UK · NOK ONE MES UK ▼



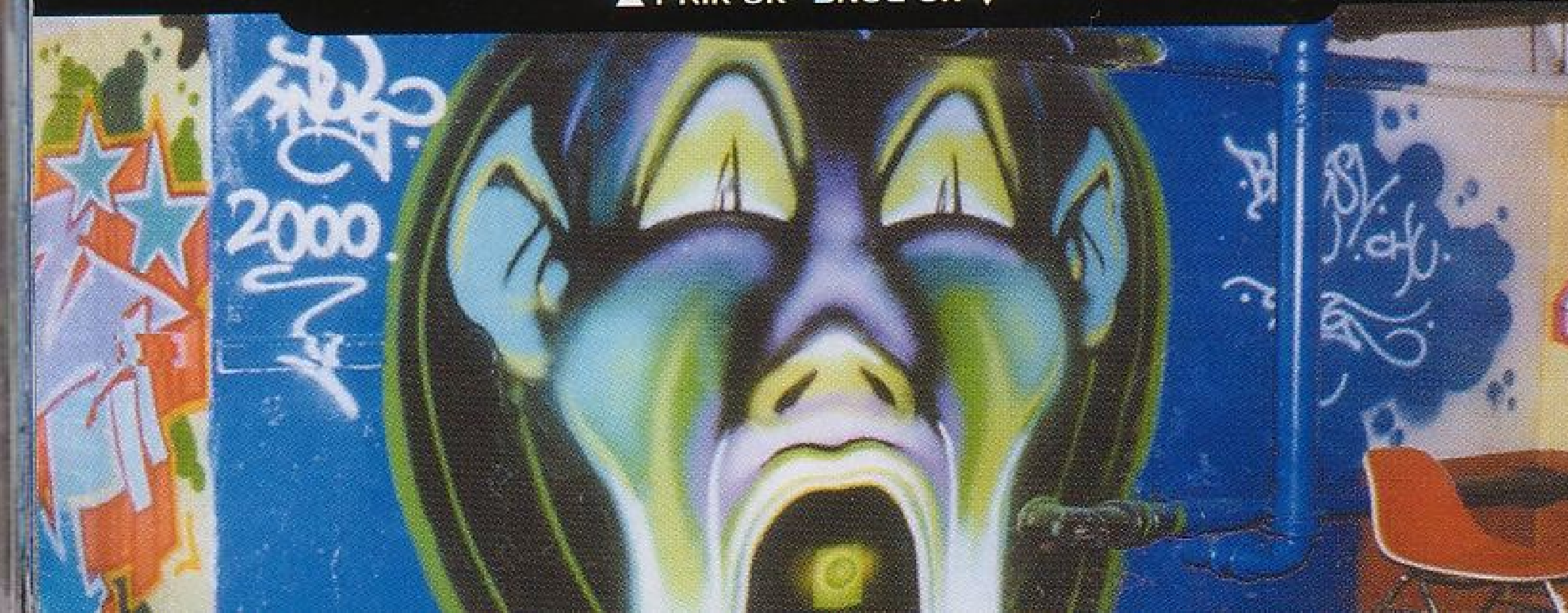


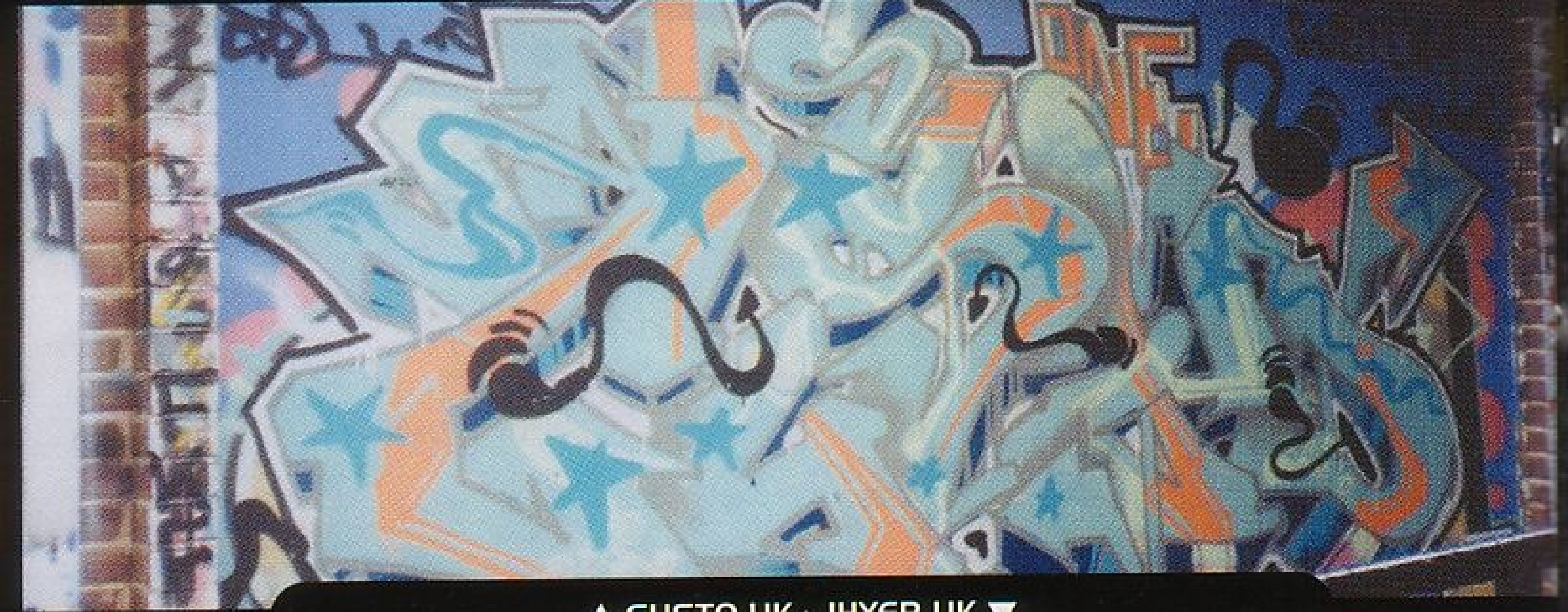
▲ TORS UK · FEEK UK ▼



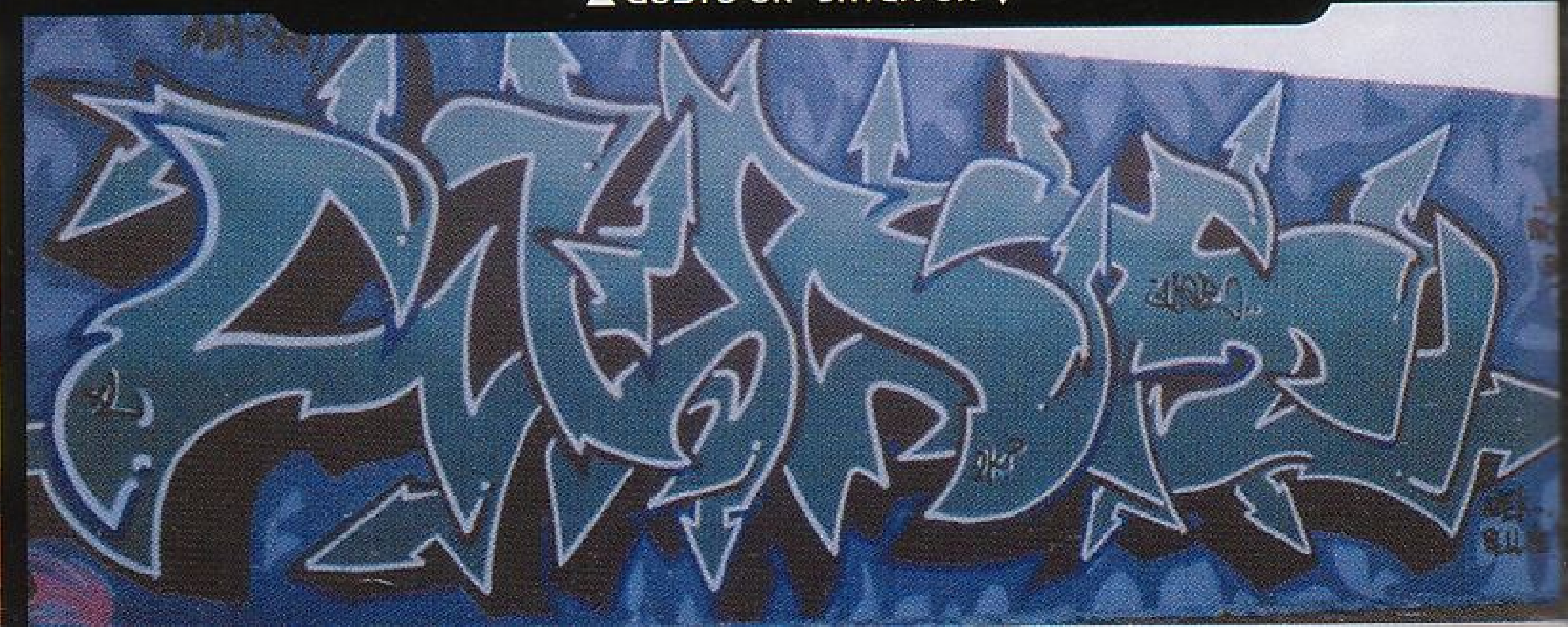


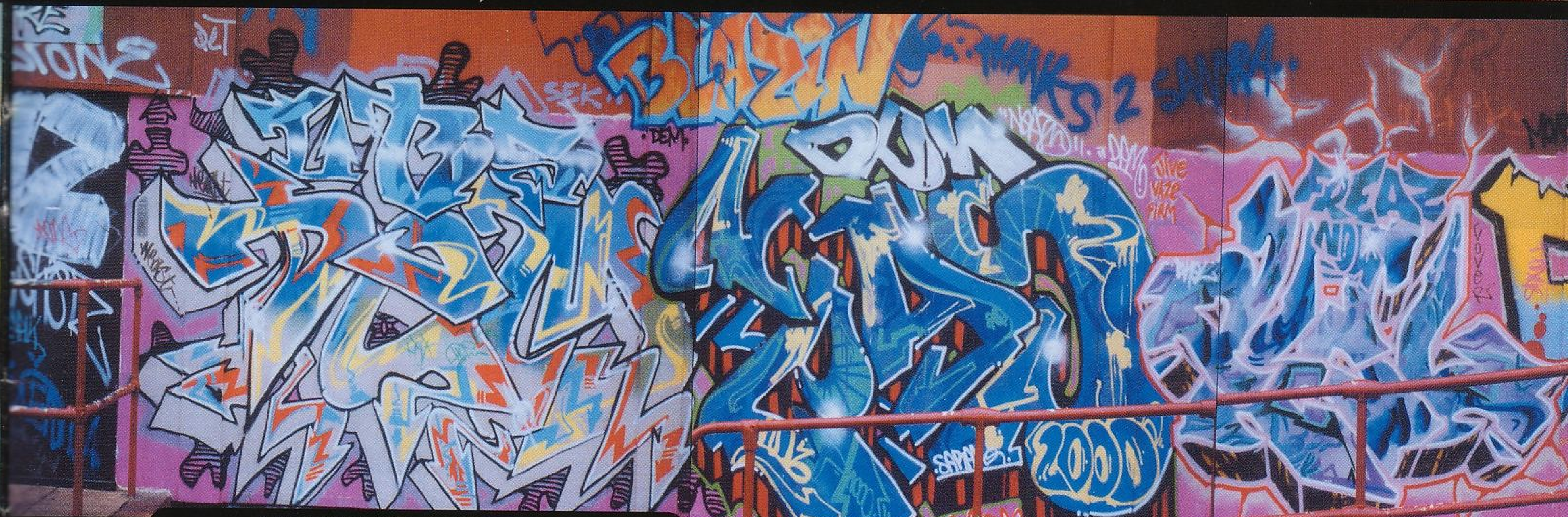
▲ PRIK UK · SNUG UK ▼





▲ GUSTO UK · JHYER UK ▼

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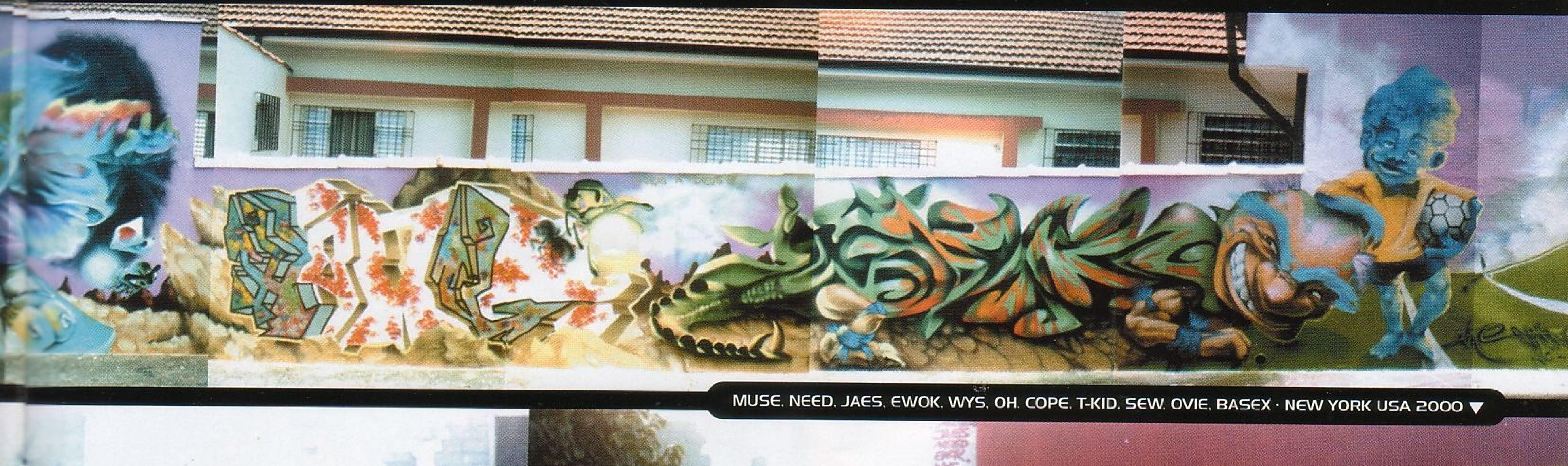
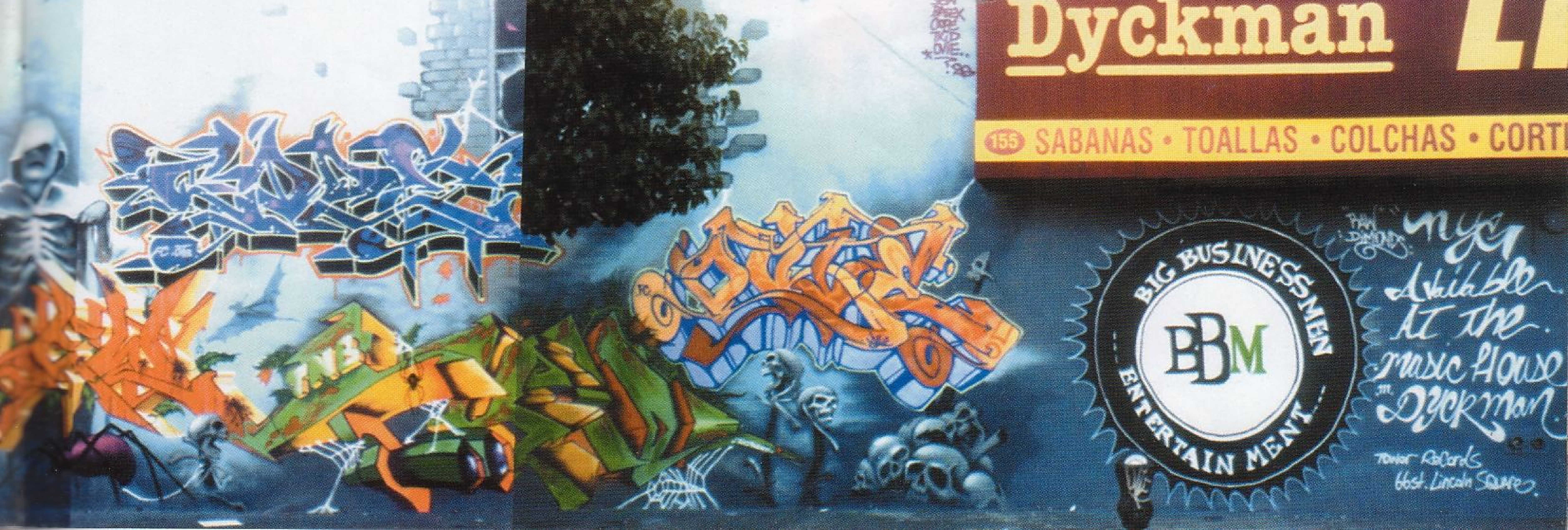
▲ DEM, NEAS, AKEL · BALHAM UK 2000



MUSE, NEED, JAES, EWOK, WYS, OH, COPE, T-KID, SEW, OVIE, BASEX · NEW YORK USA 2000 ▼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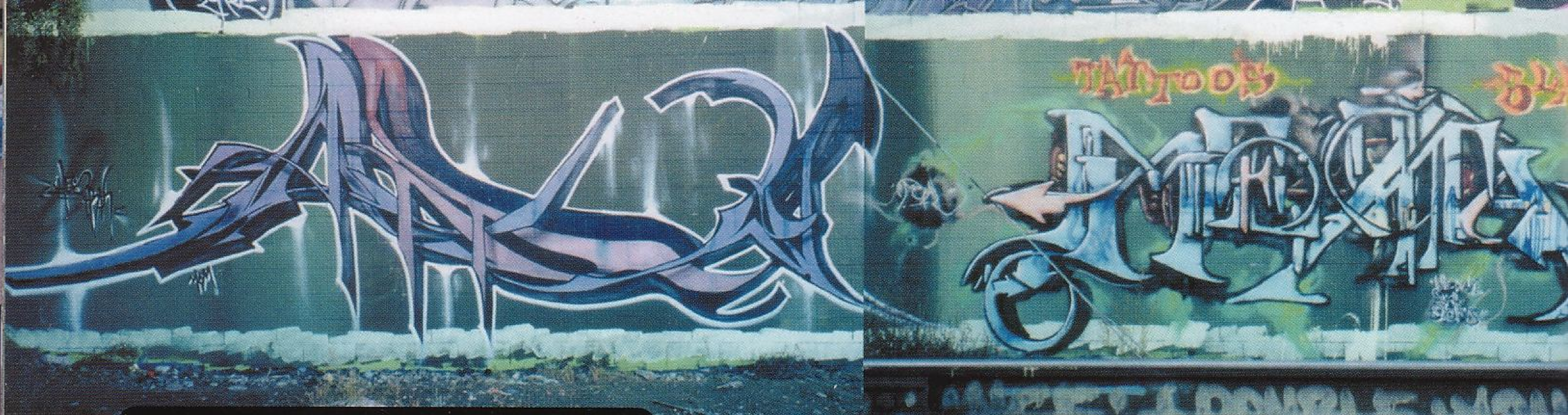
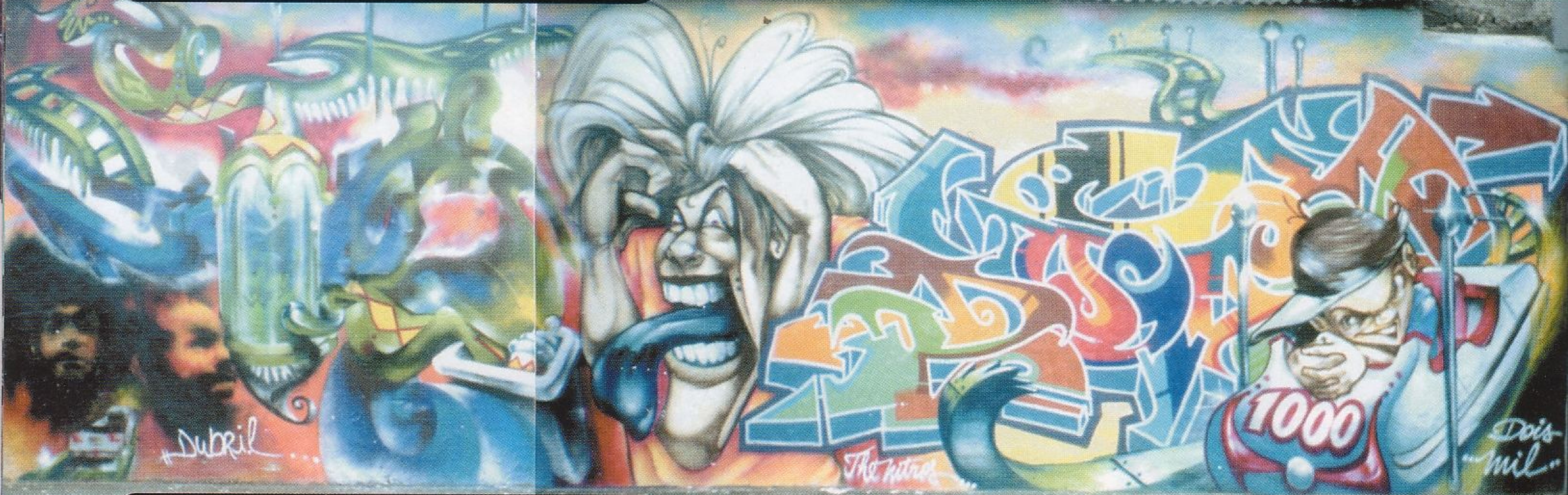


▲ COHE, METAL, BLAME · USA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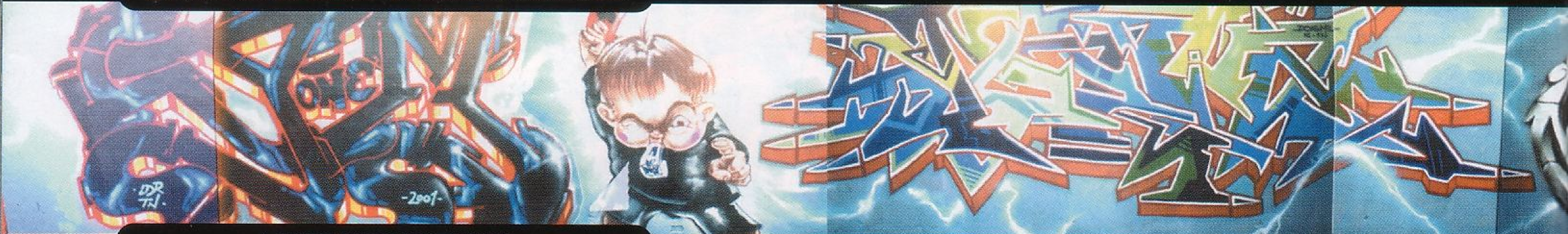
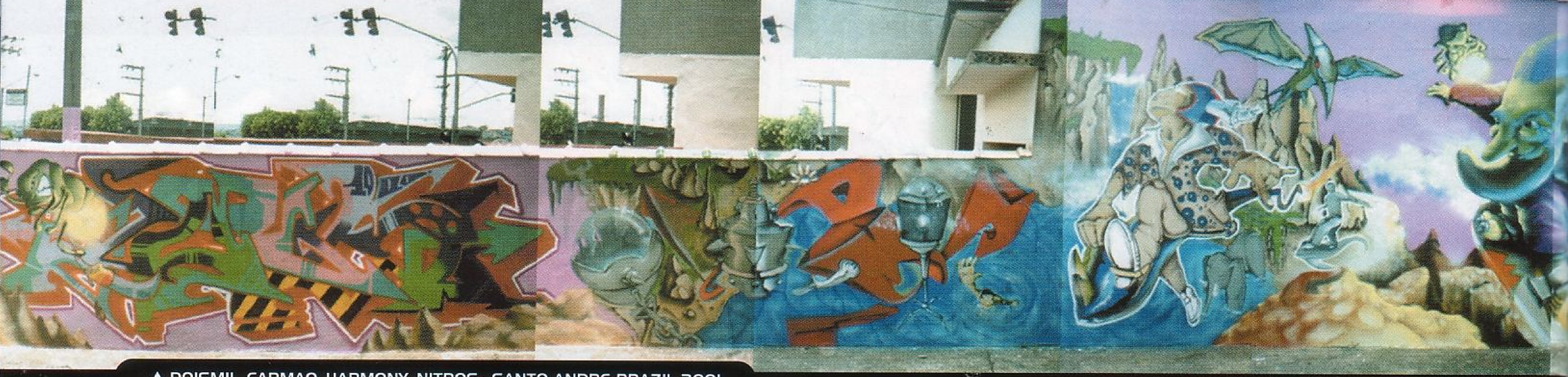
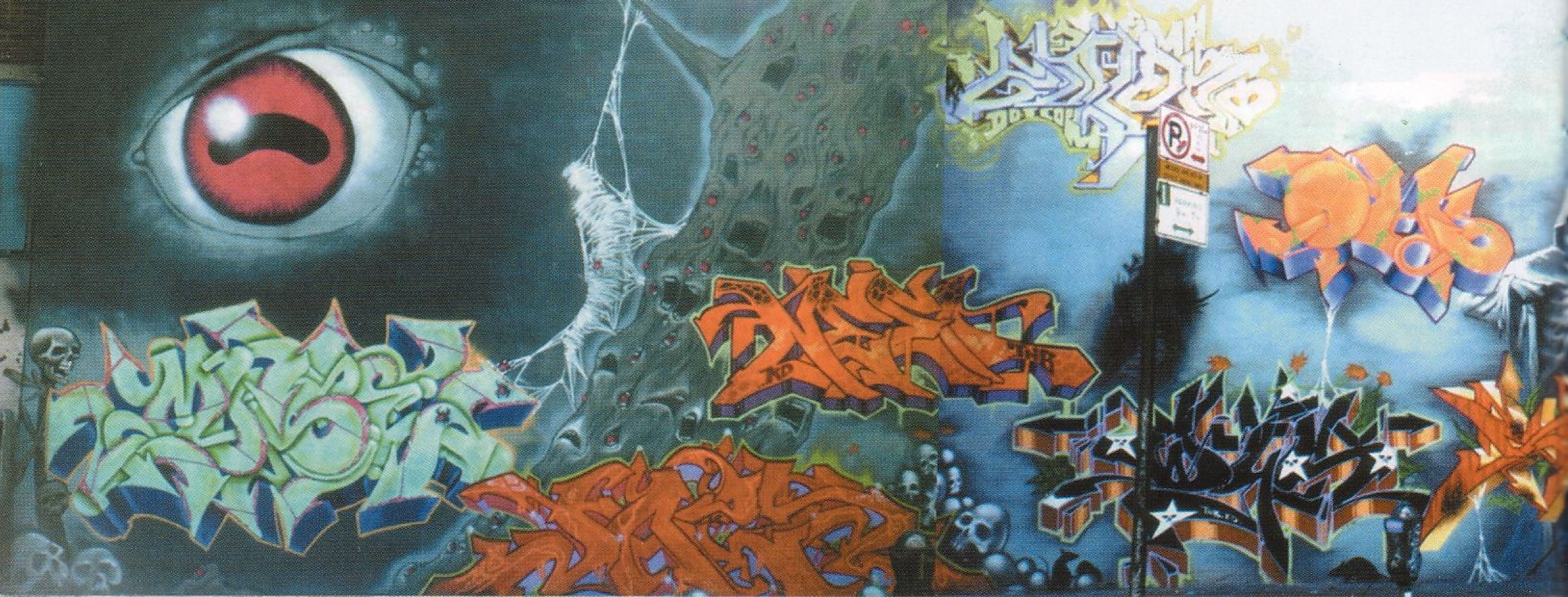
▲ DUBRIL, NITROS, DOISMIL · SANTO ANDRE BRAZIL 2000



▲ SANTO ANDRE BRAZIL 2000



▲ DOISMIL, CARMAO, HARMONY, NITROS · SANTO ANDRE BRAZIL 2001



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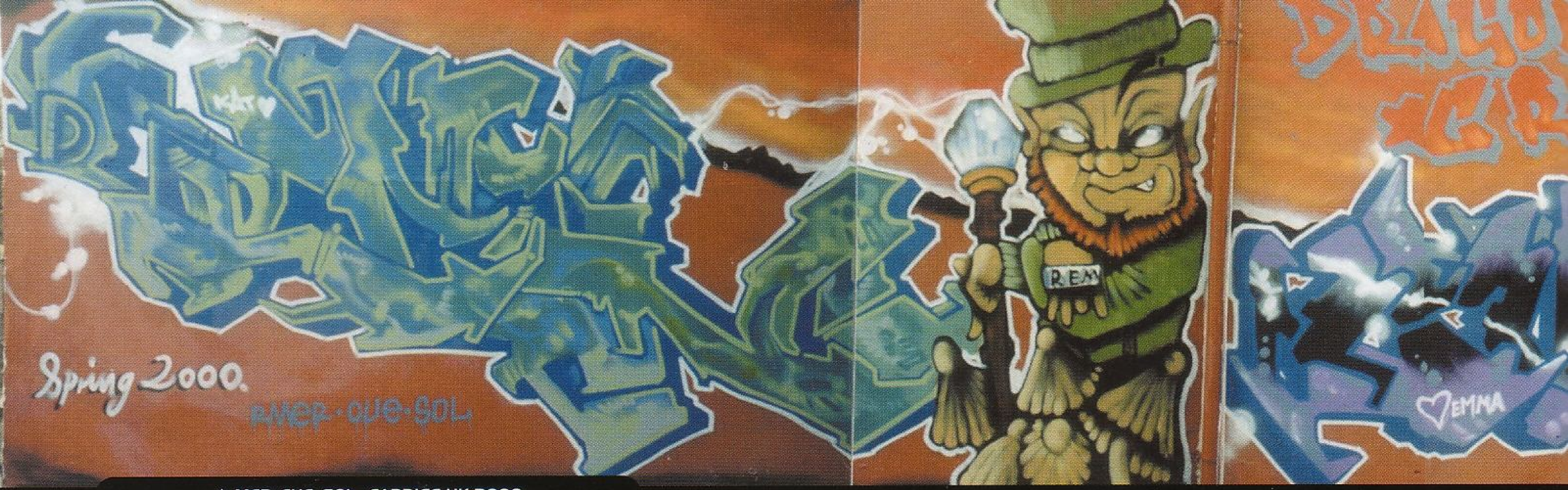
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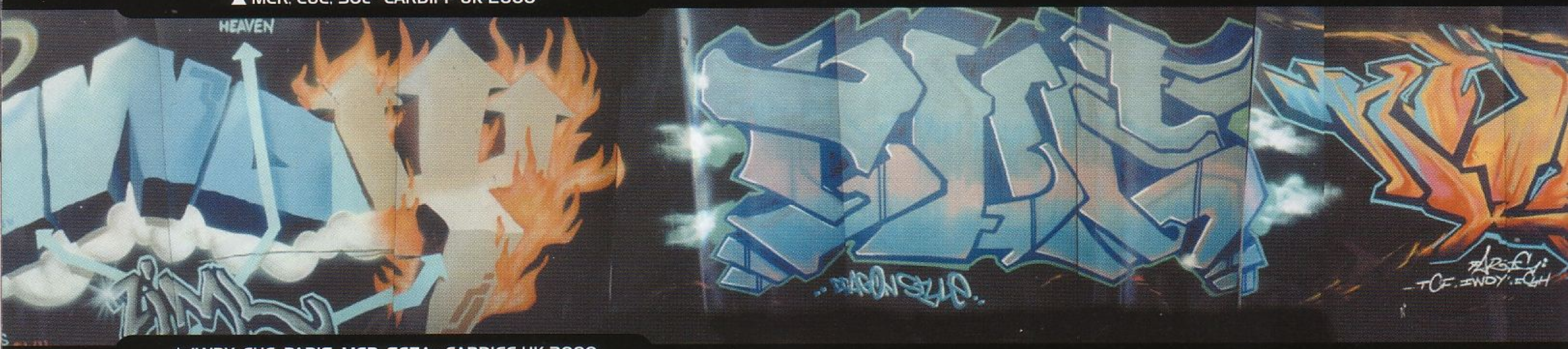
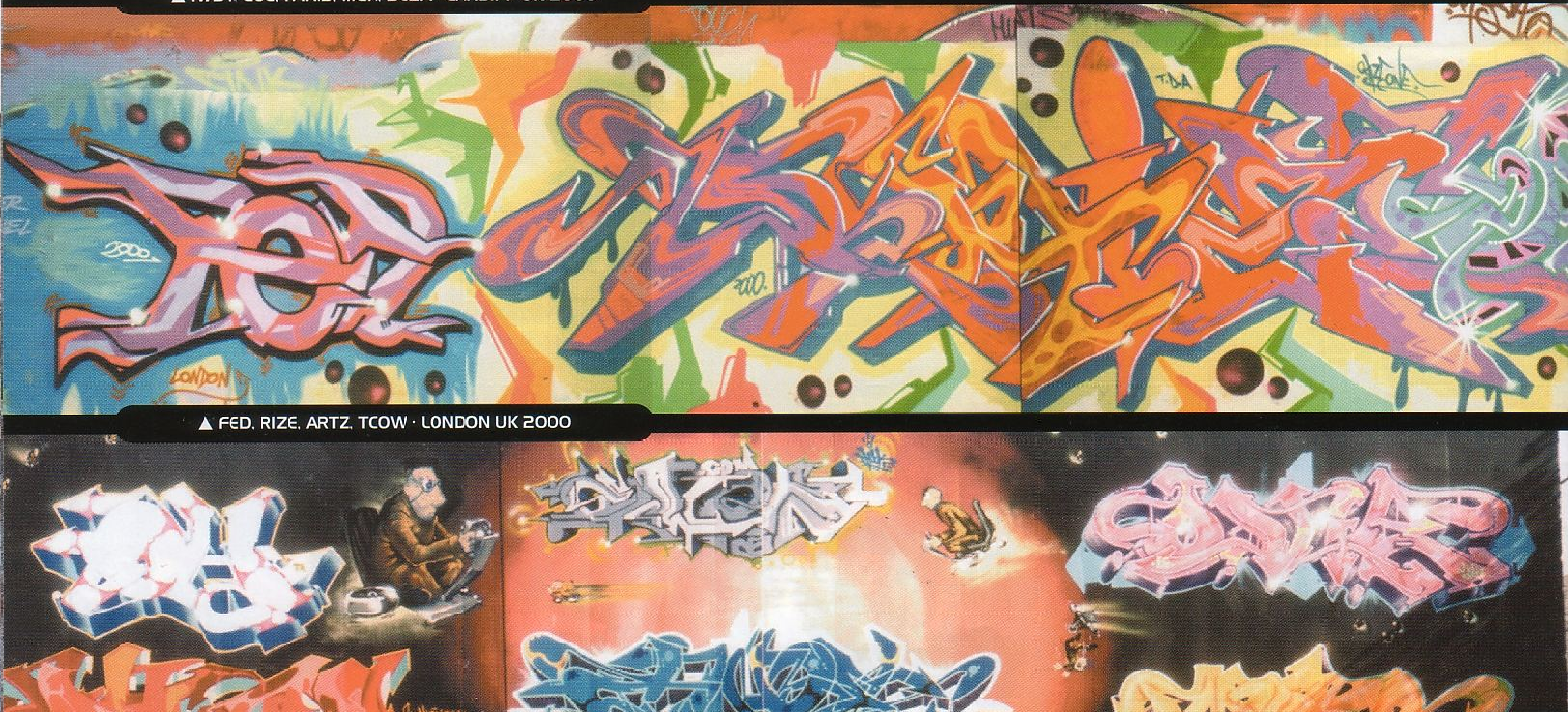
▲ MER, CUE, SOL · CARDIFF UK 2000



▲ IWDY, CUE, PARIS, MER, SEZA · CARDIFF UK 2000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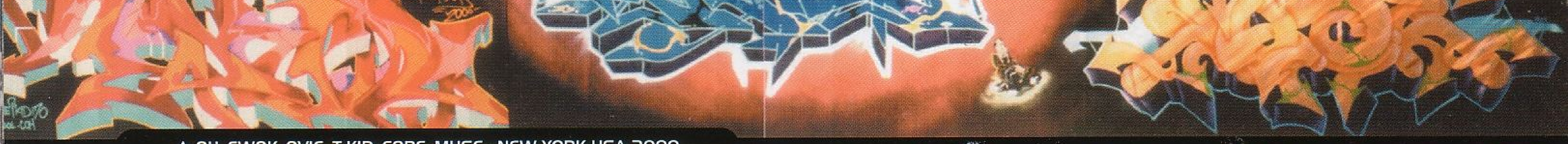
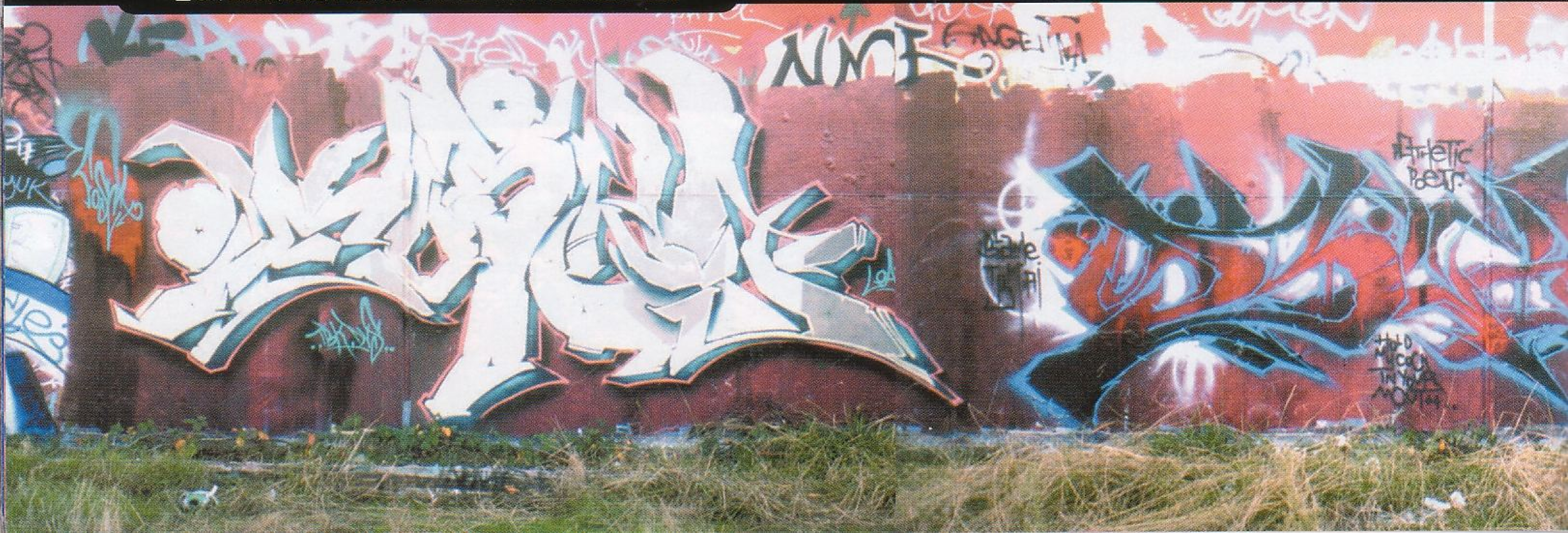
▲ FED, RIZE, ARTZ, TCOW · LONDON UK 2000



▲ OH, EWOK, OVIE, T-KID, COPE, MUSE · NEW YORK USA 2000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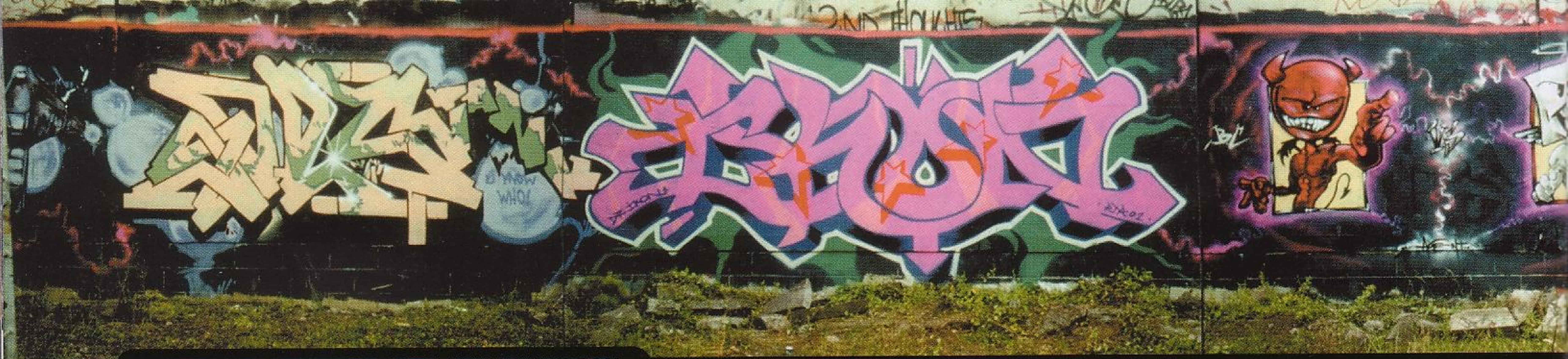
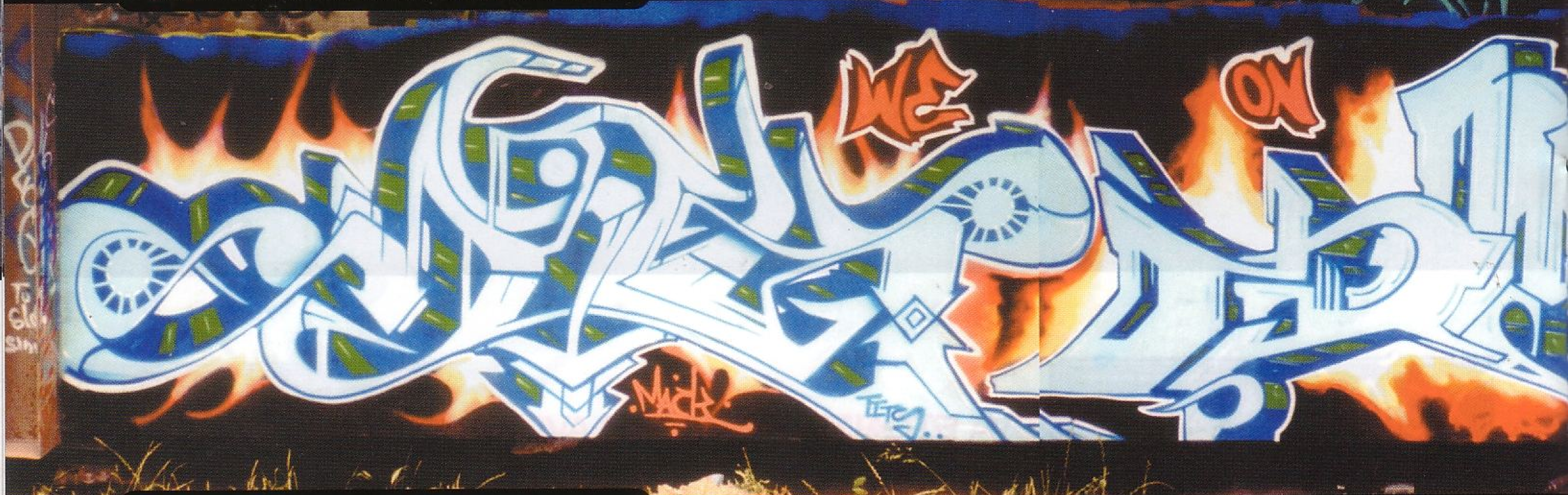
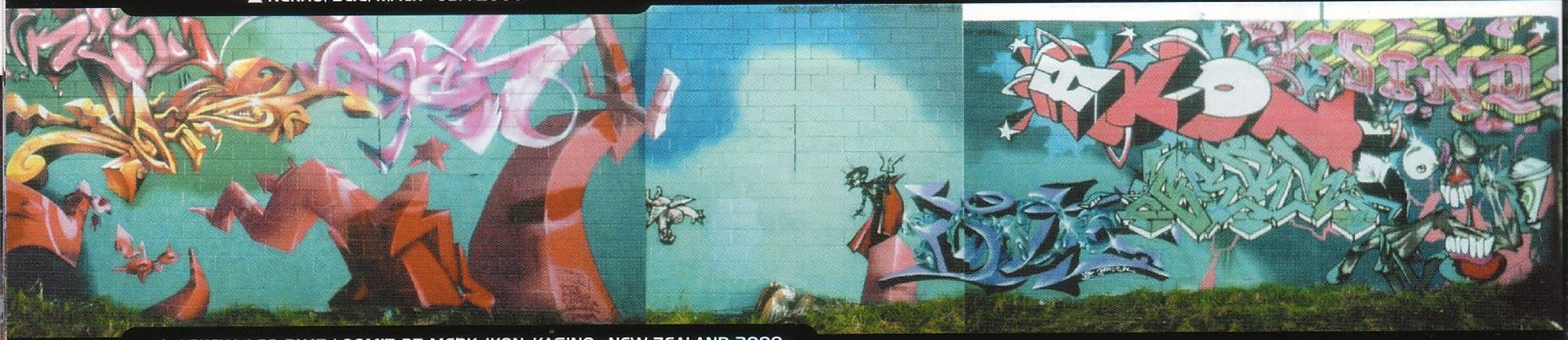


▲ MERK, IKON, AGENT, REPO, WEBS · NEW ZEALAND 2001



▲ NEKRO, SLIE, MACK · USA 2000



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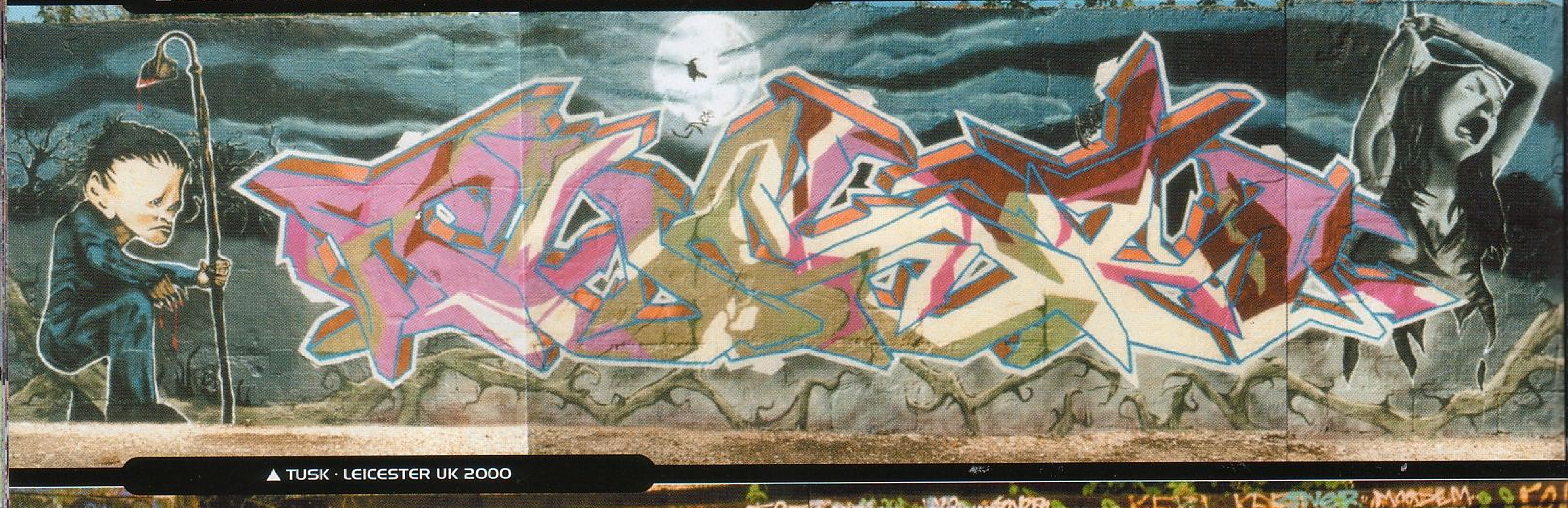
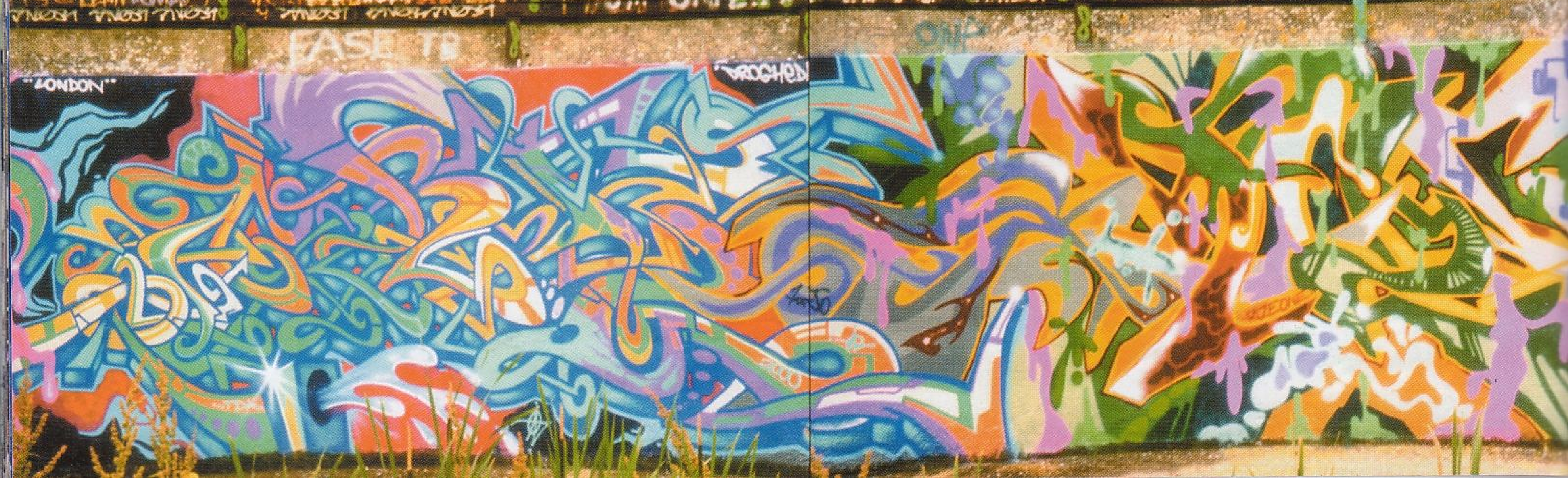


▲ TUSK · LEICESTER UK 2000



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▲ NEBS, FURY, ASKEW, IKON, ACRE · NEWZEALAND 2000

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▲ INSA, ANIE, MURO · BRIGHTON UK 2001

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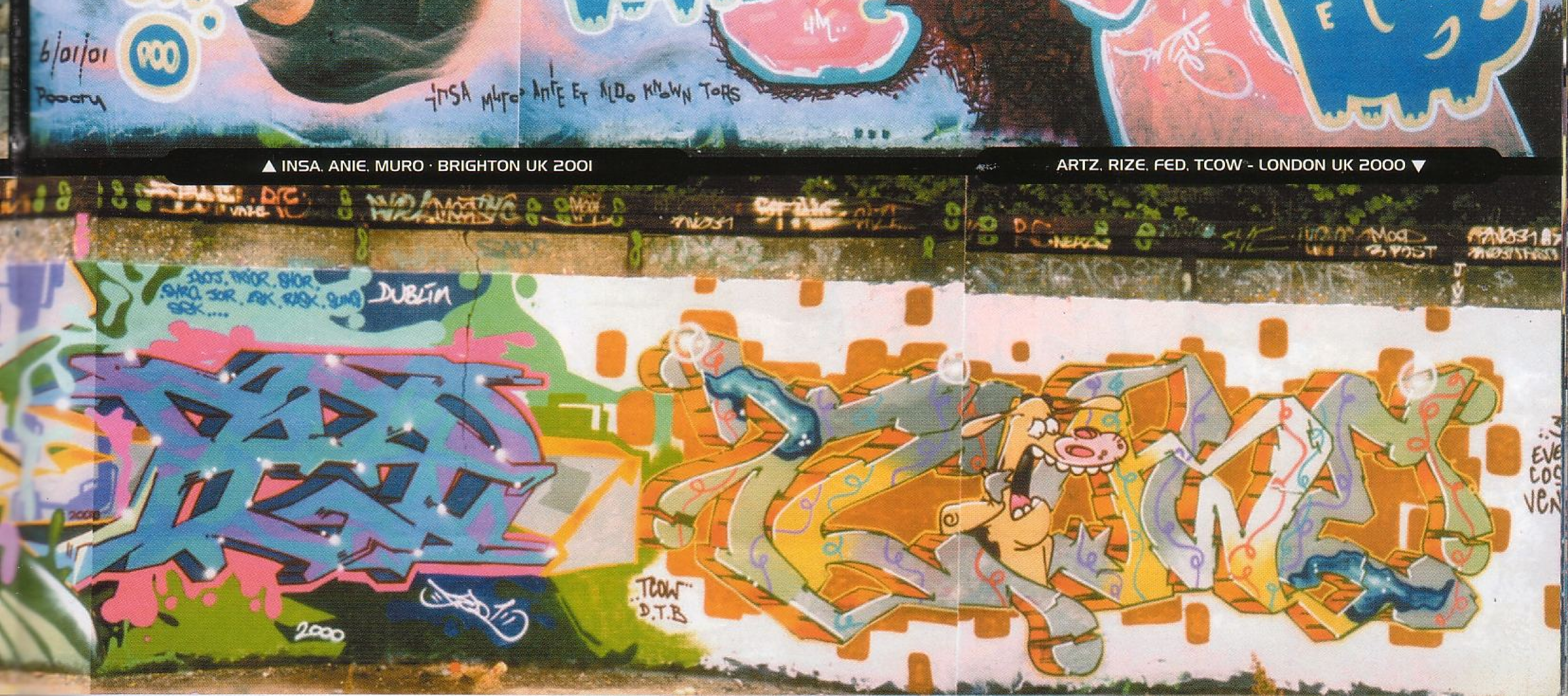
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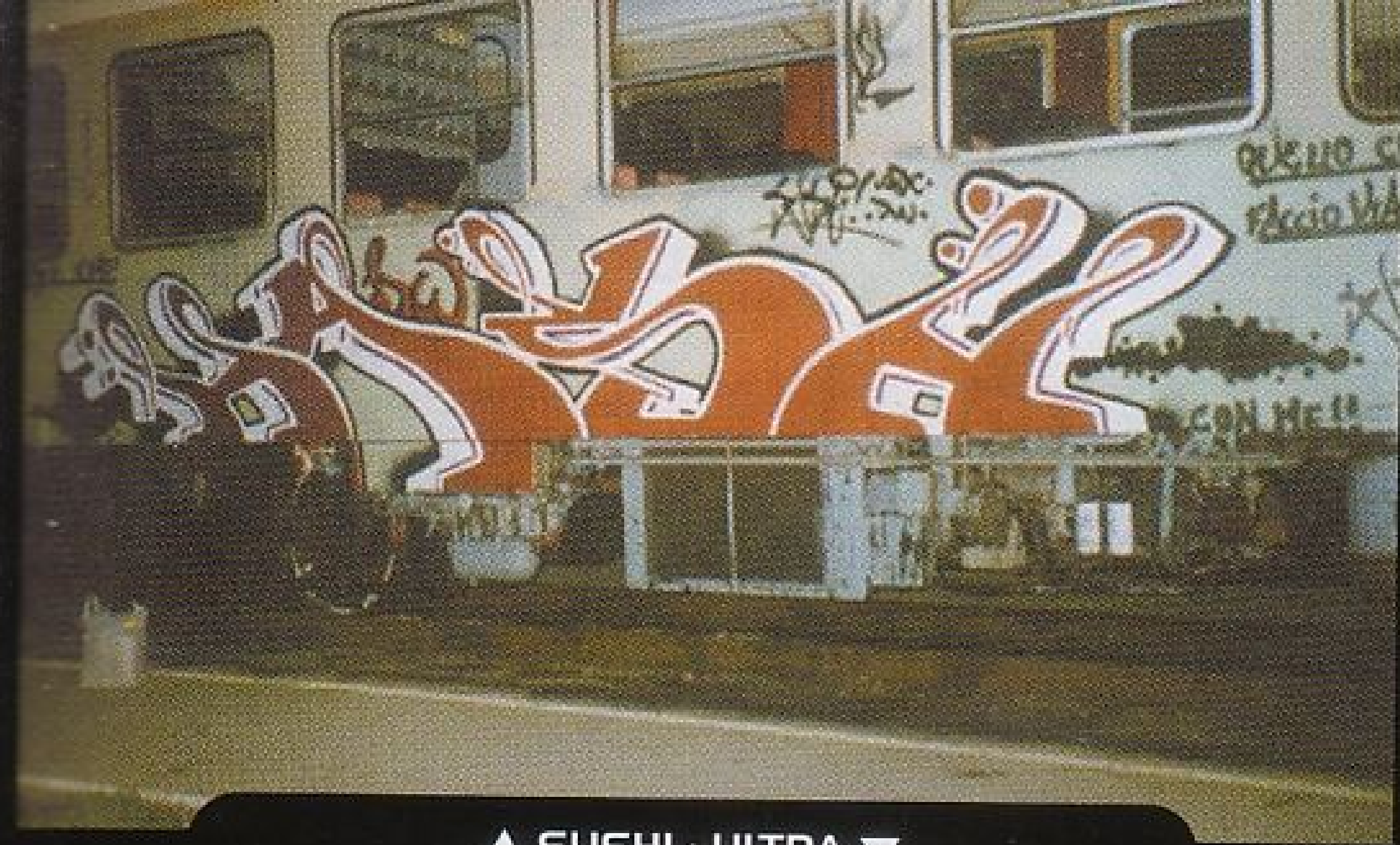

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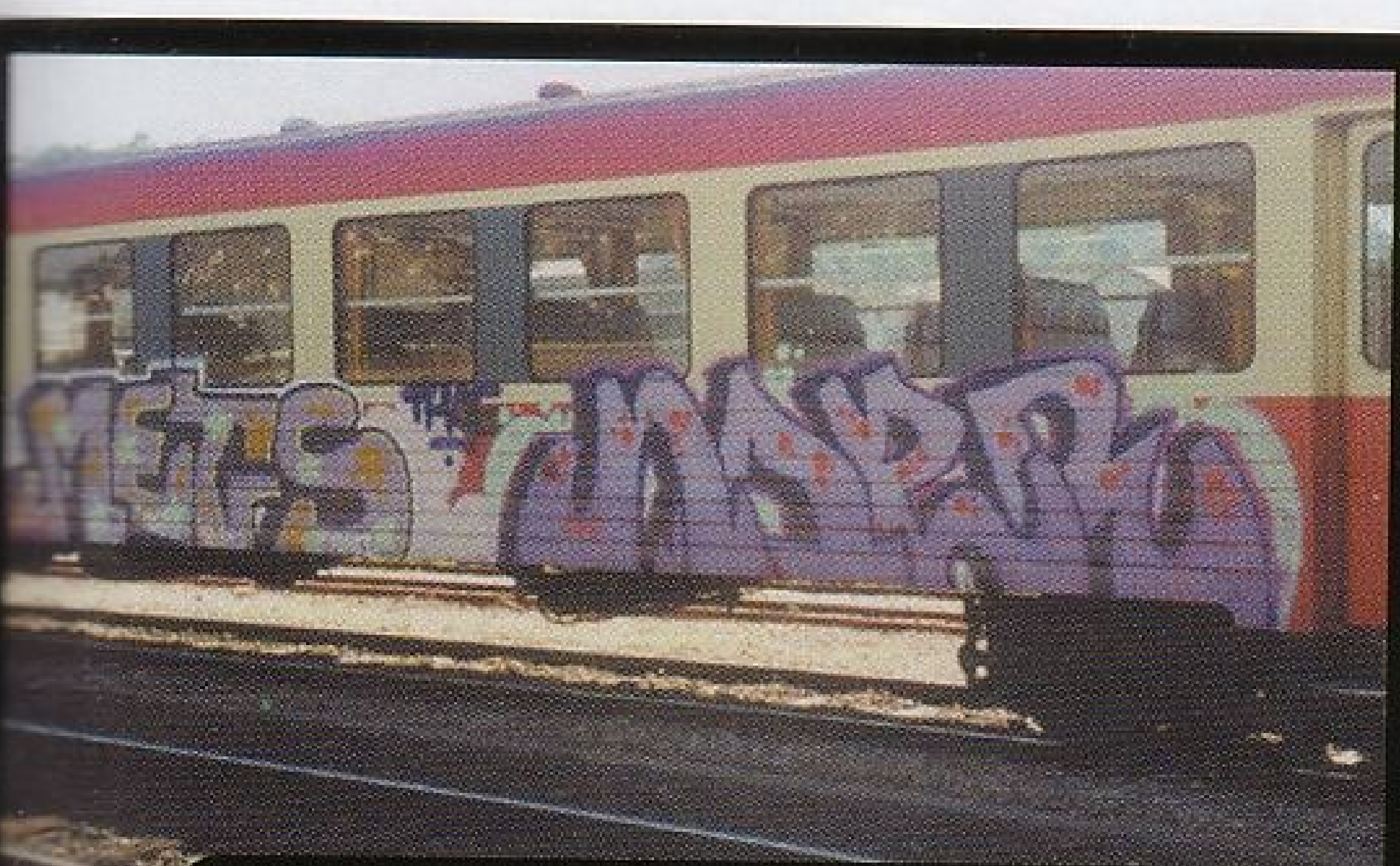

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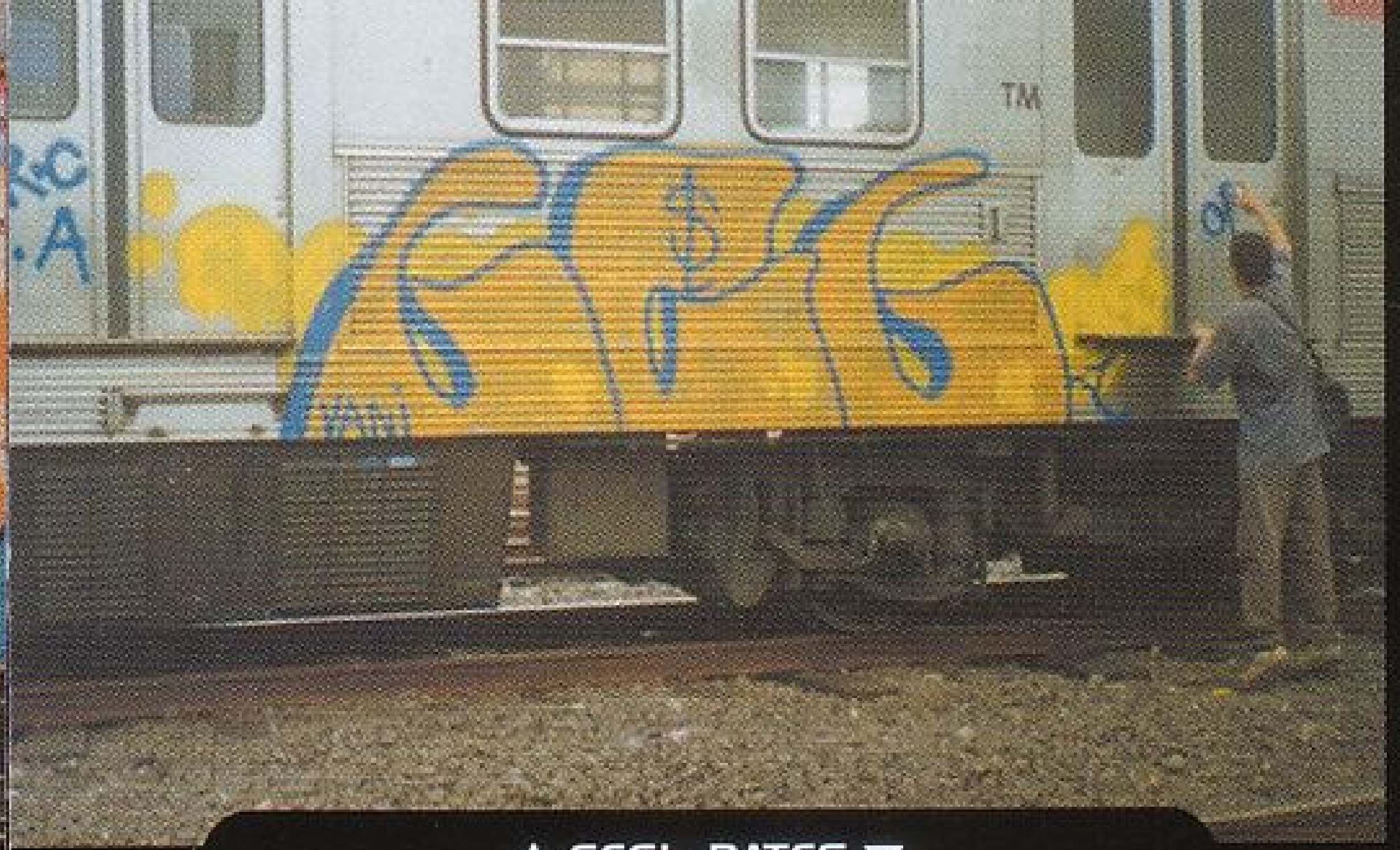

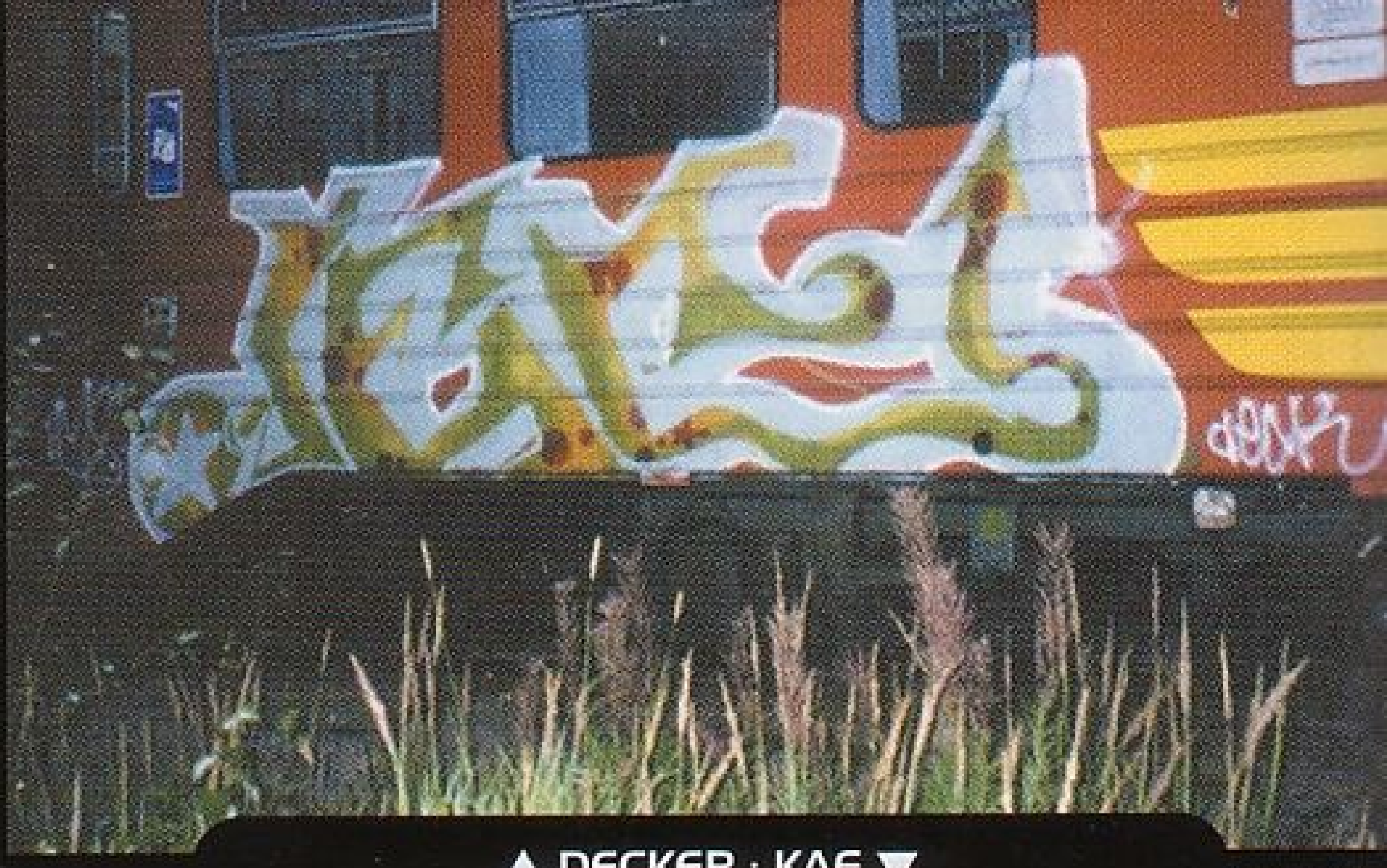

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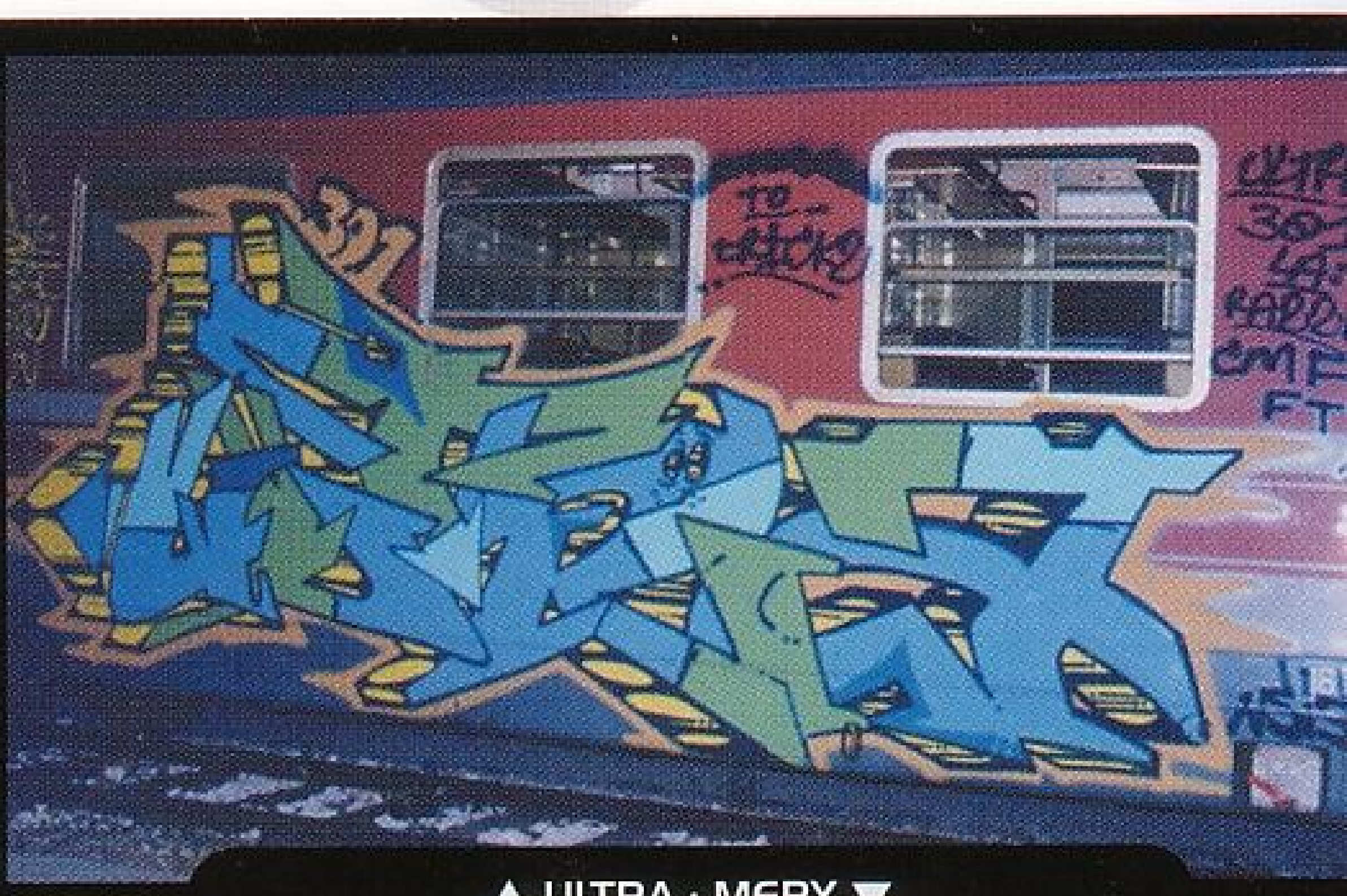

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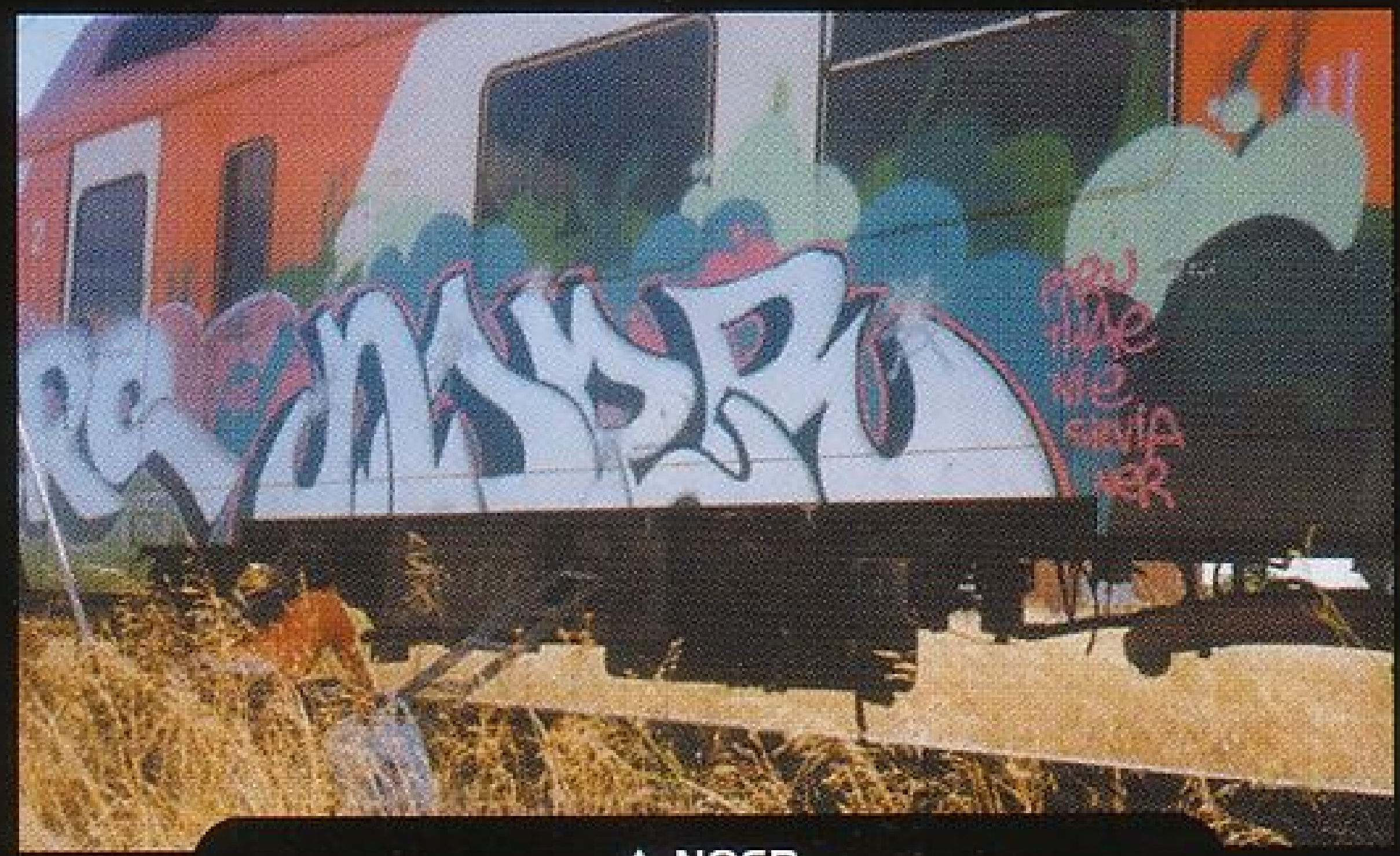
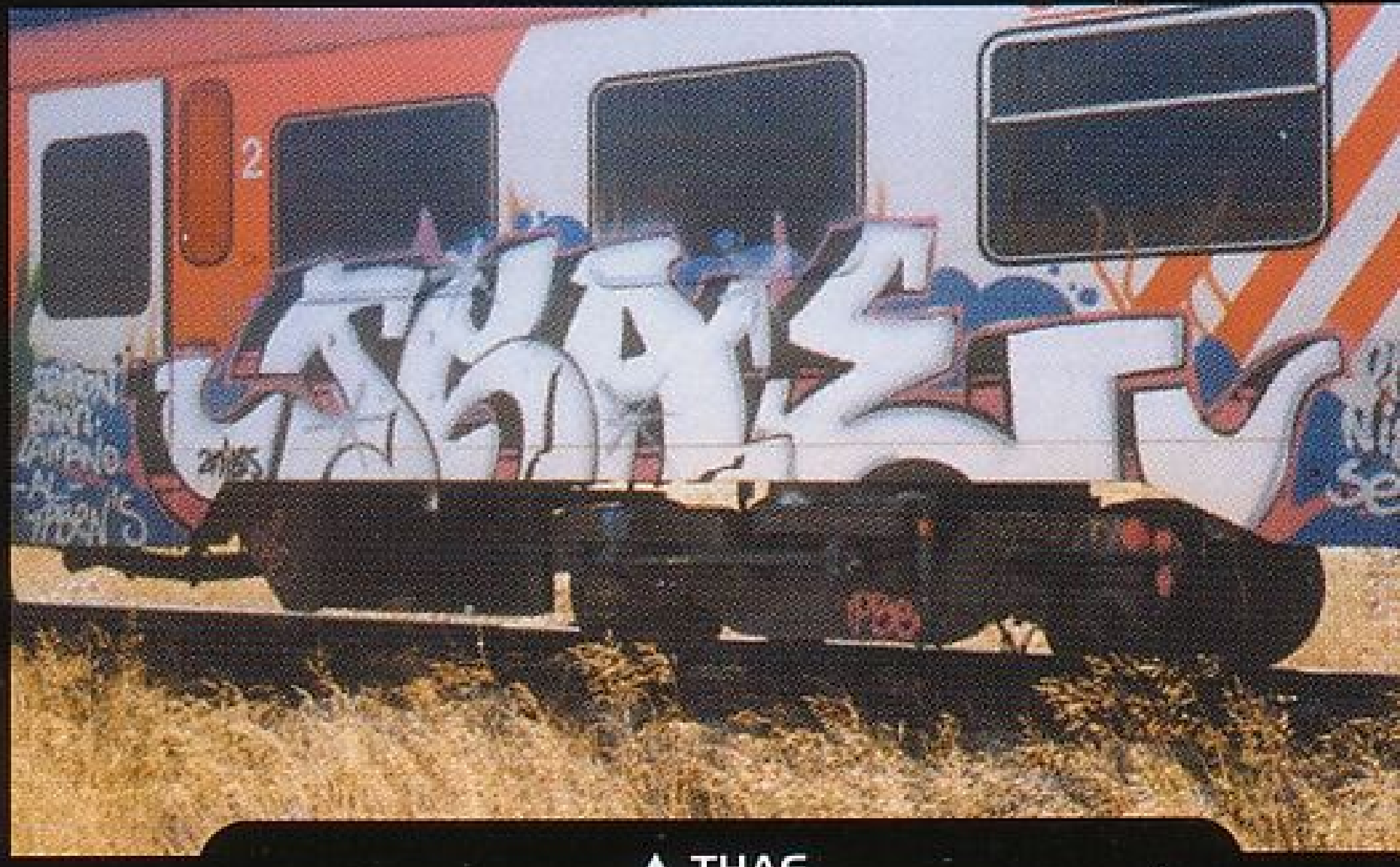

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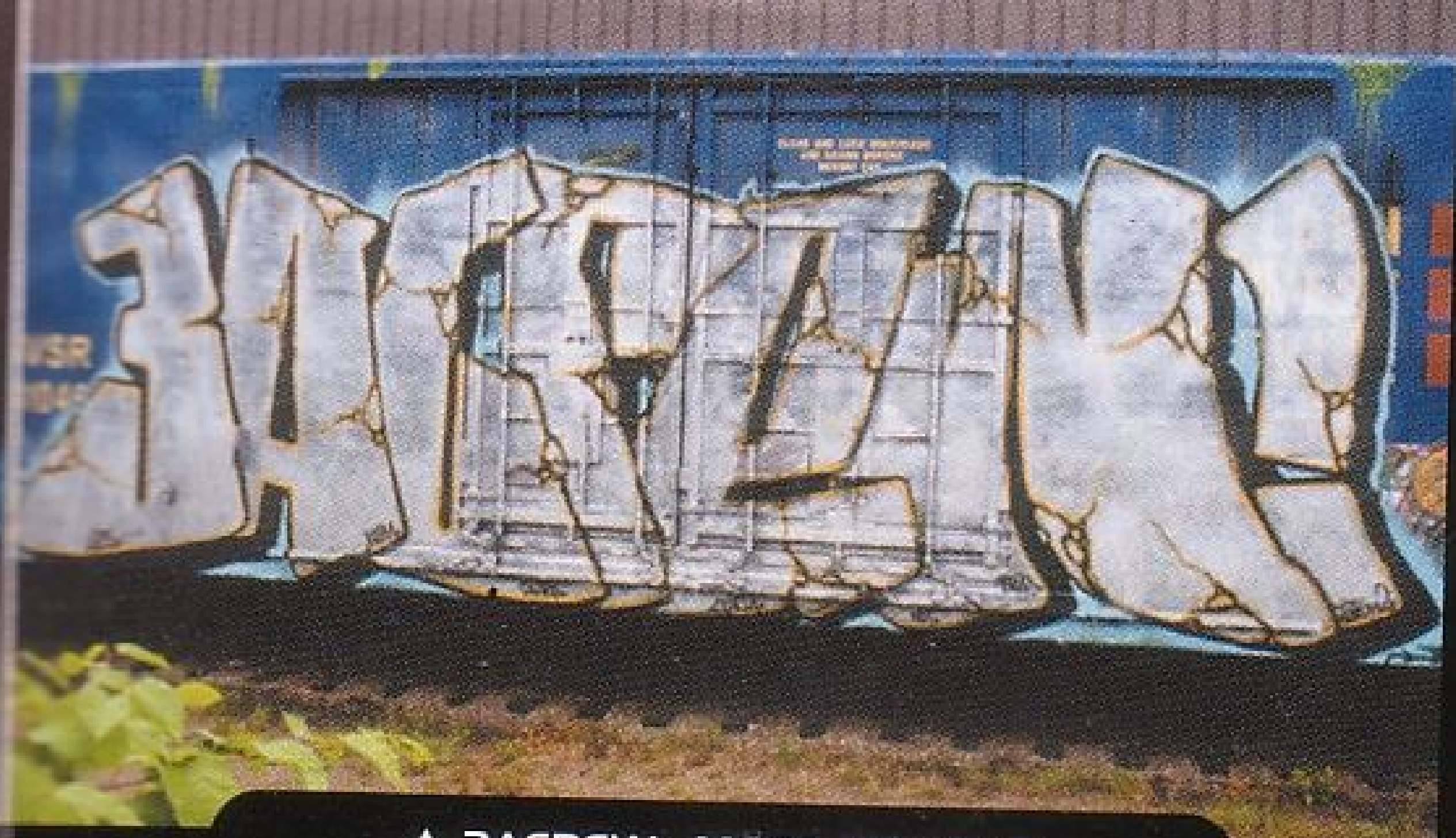
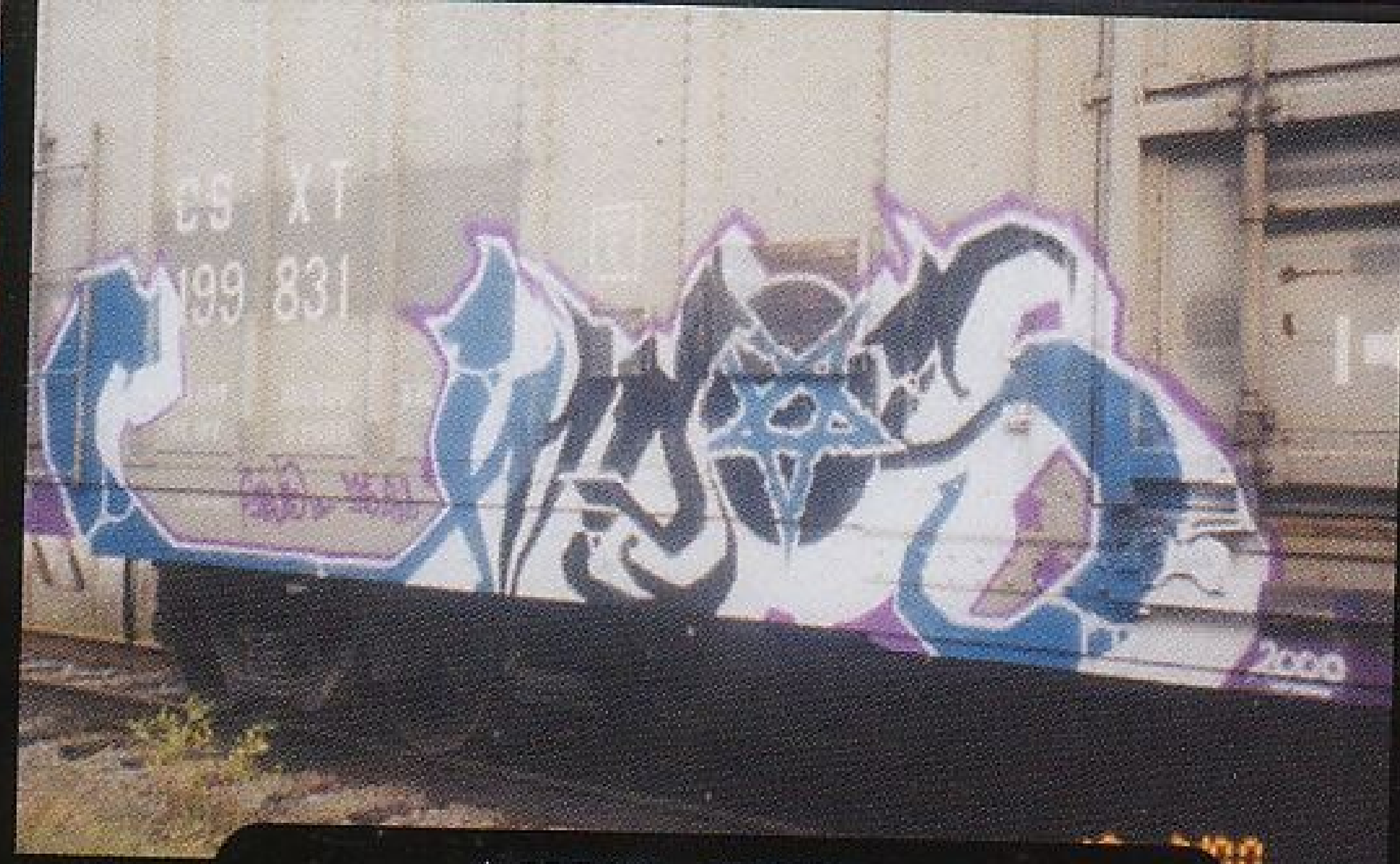
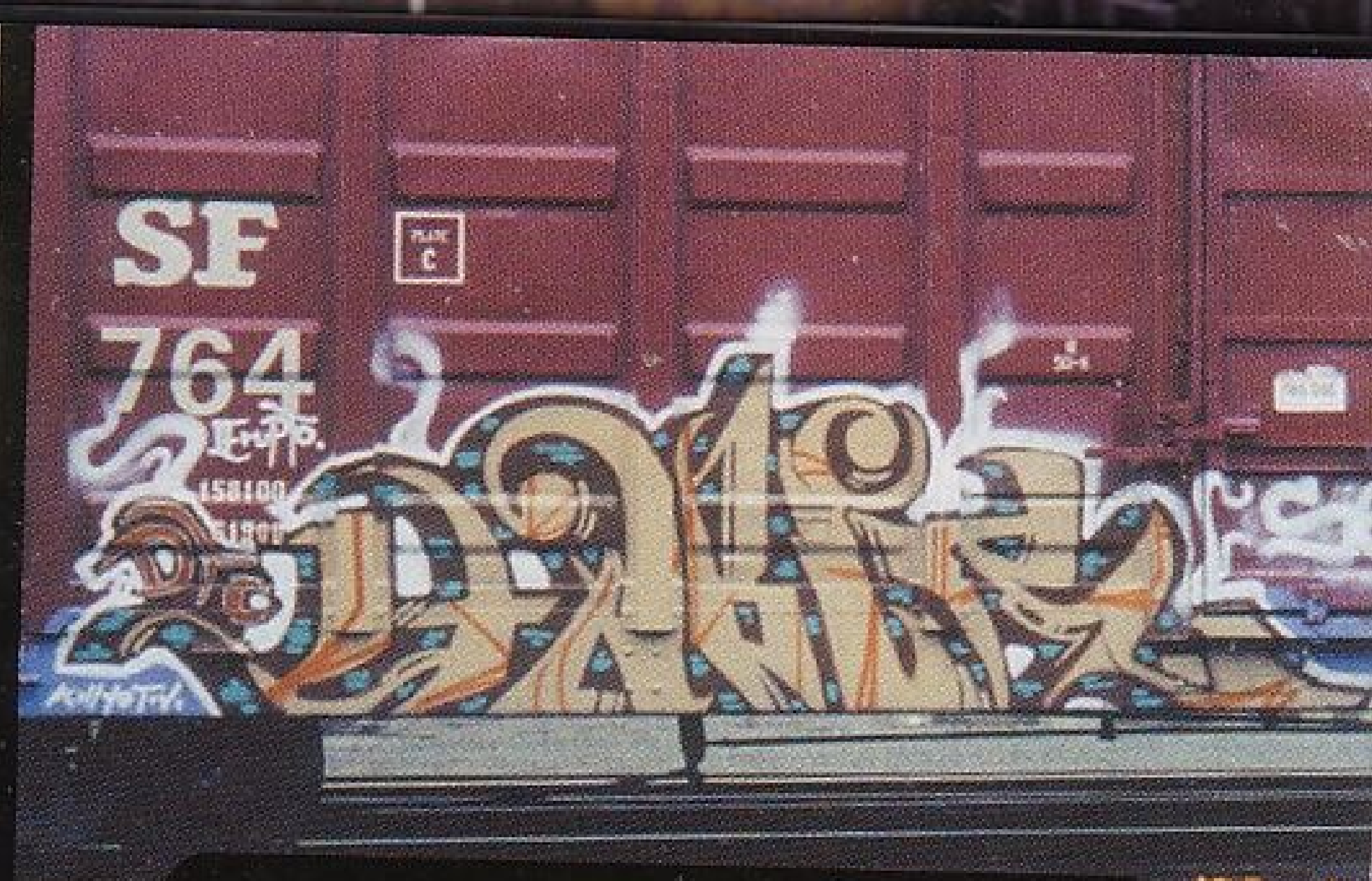

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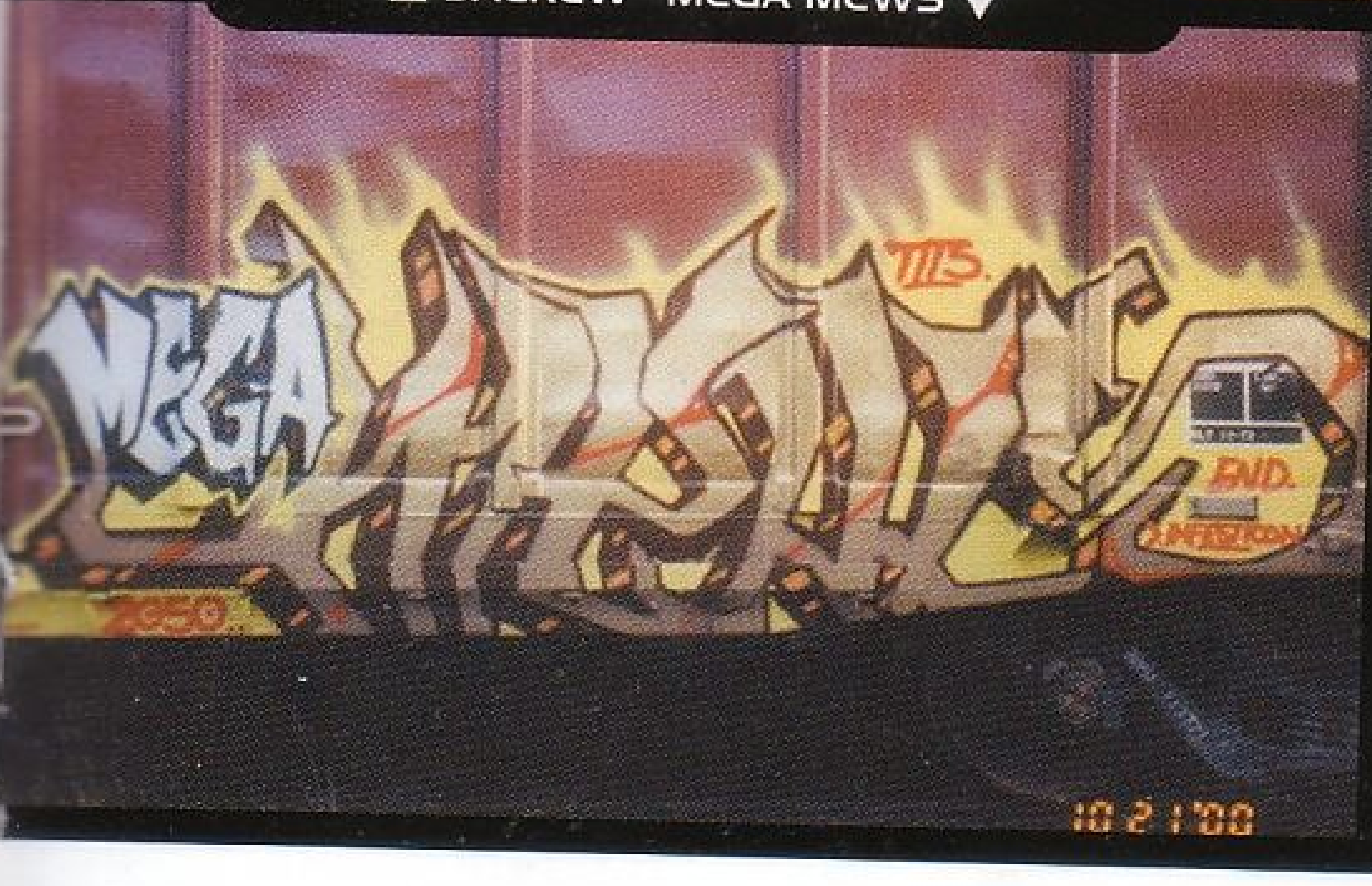
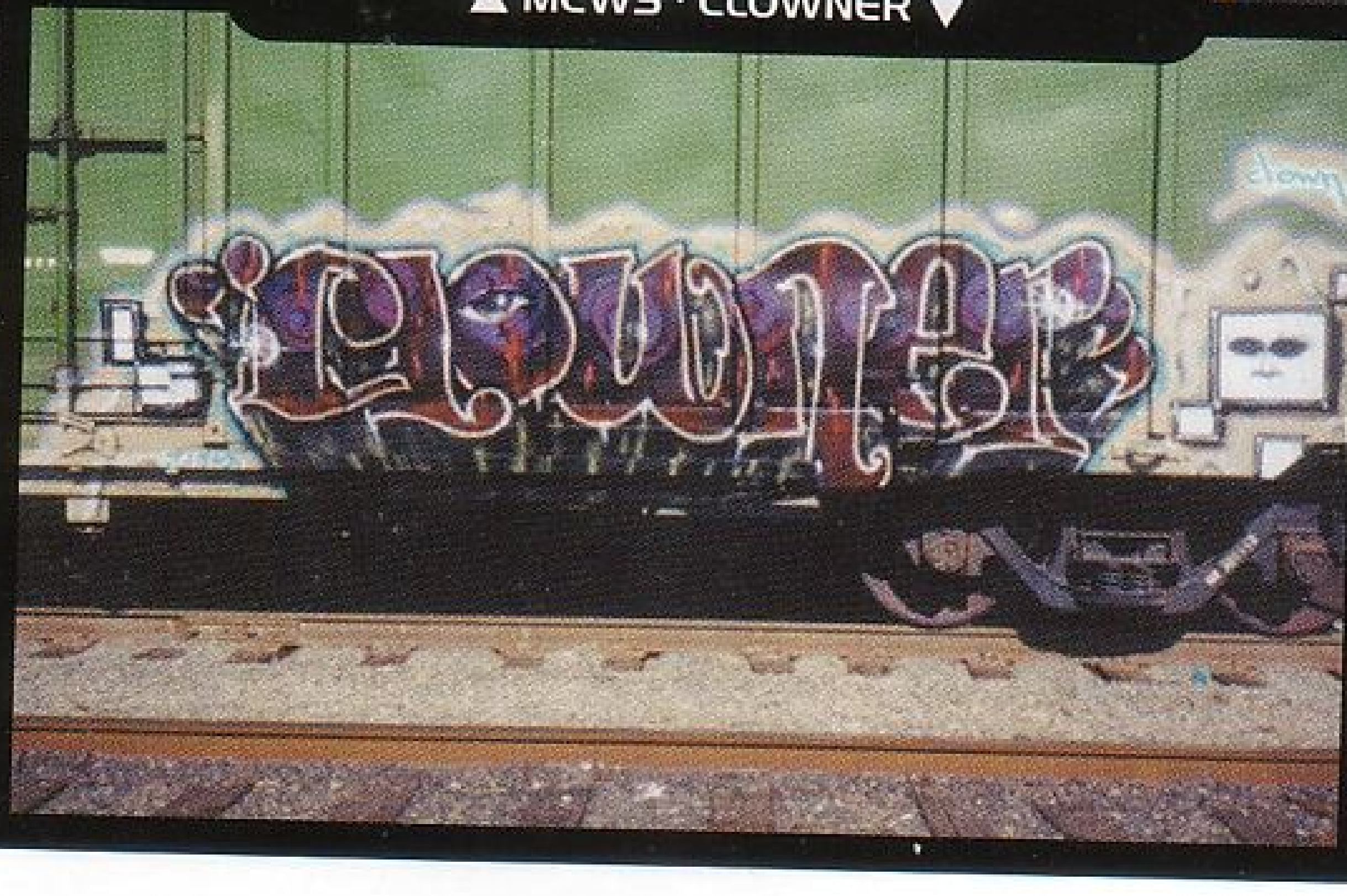
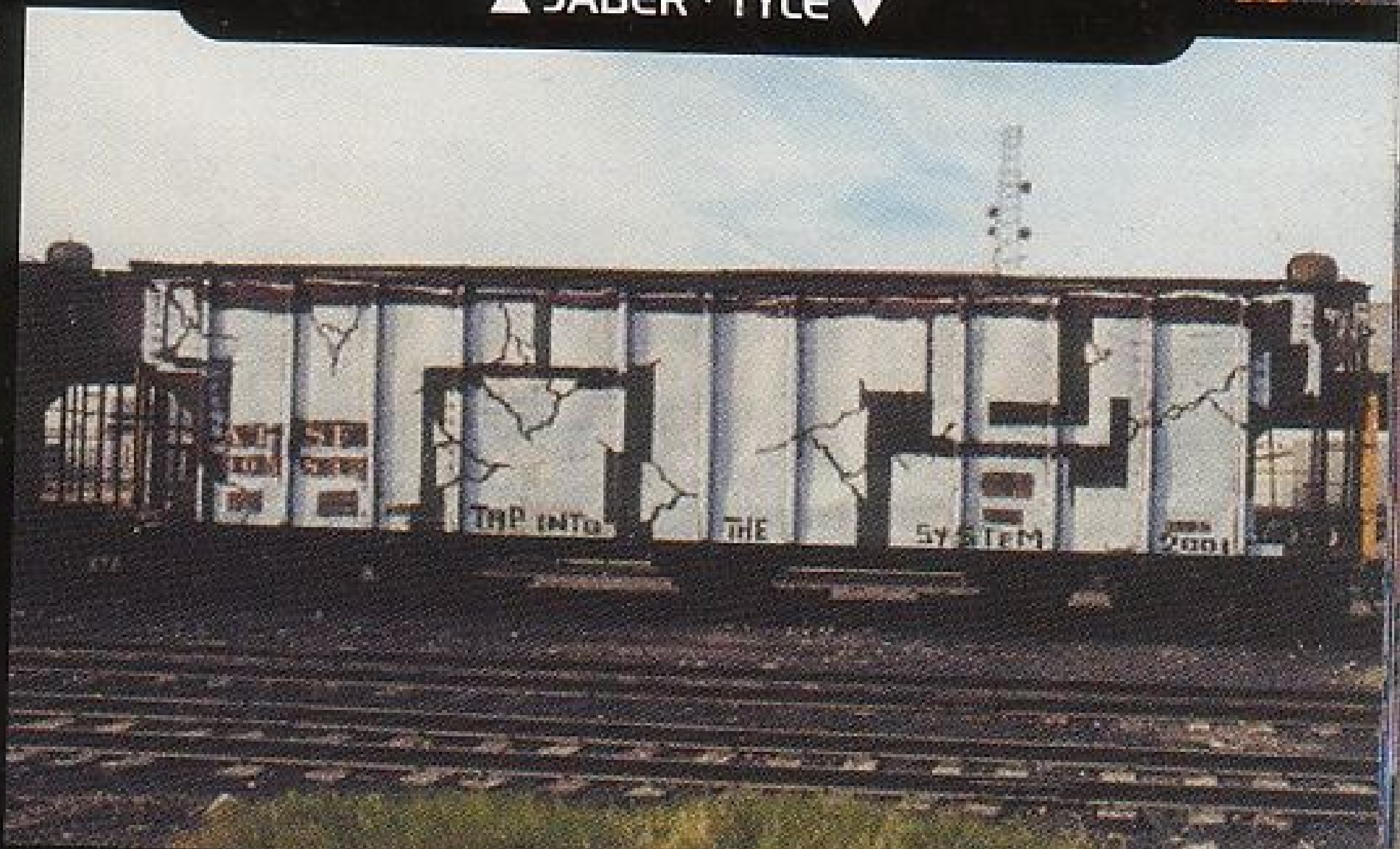

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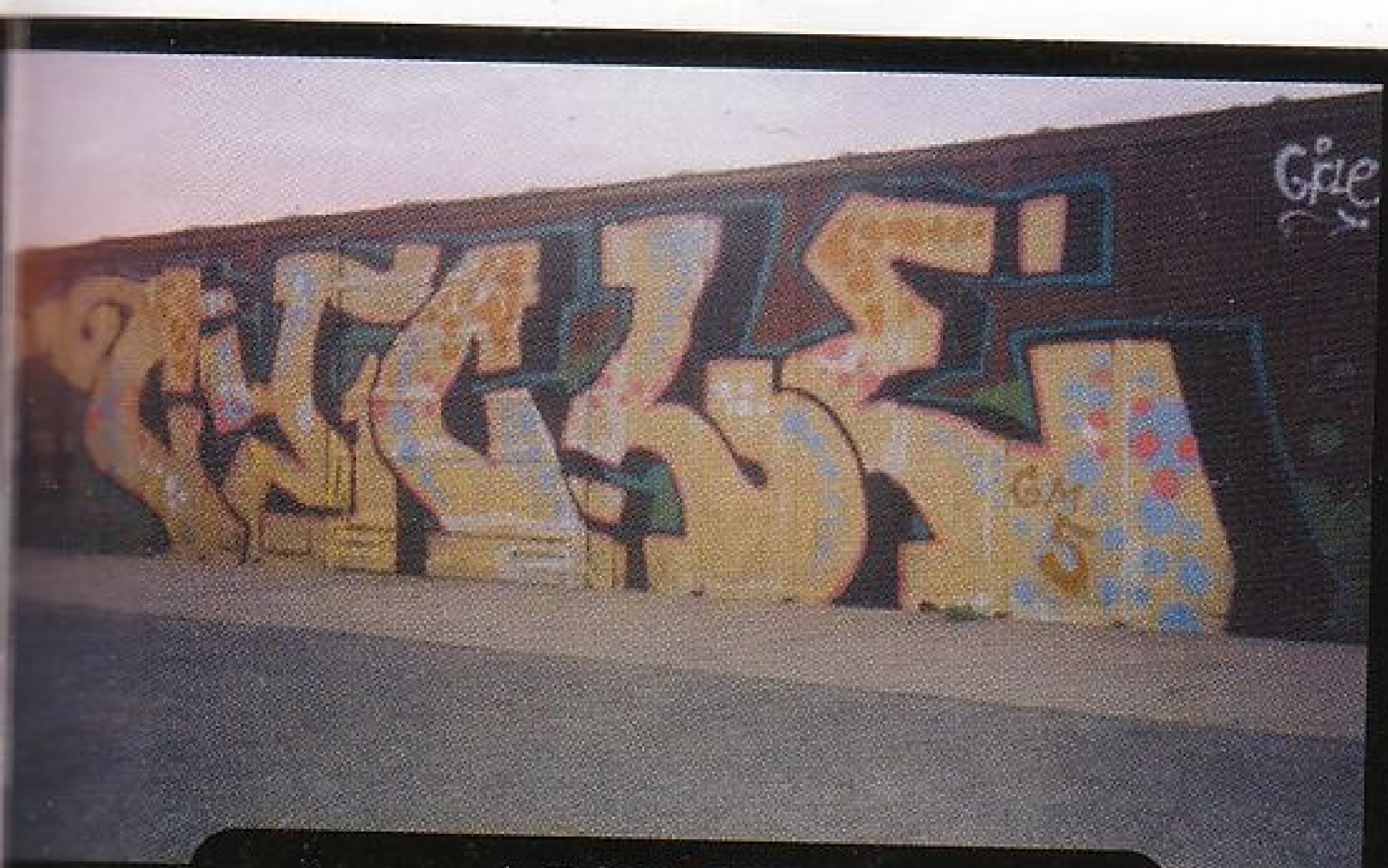
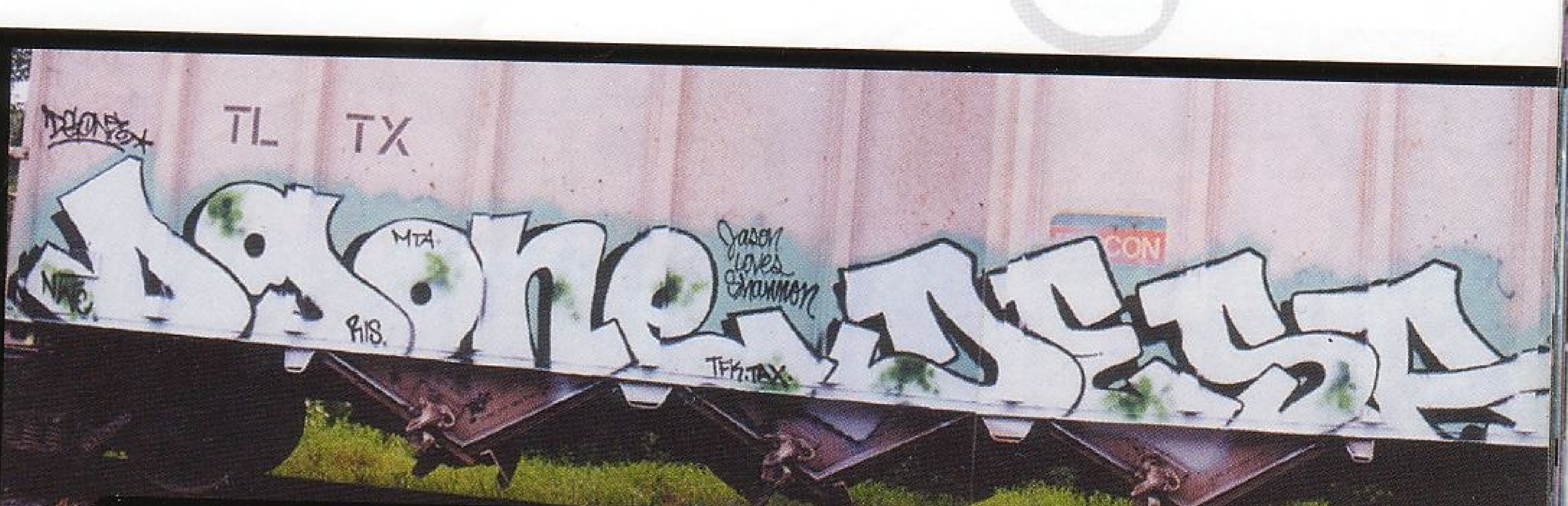

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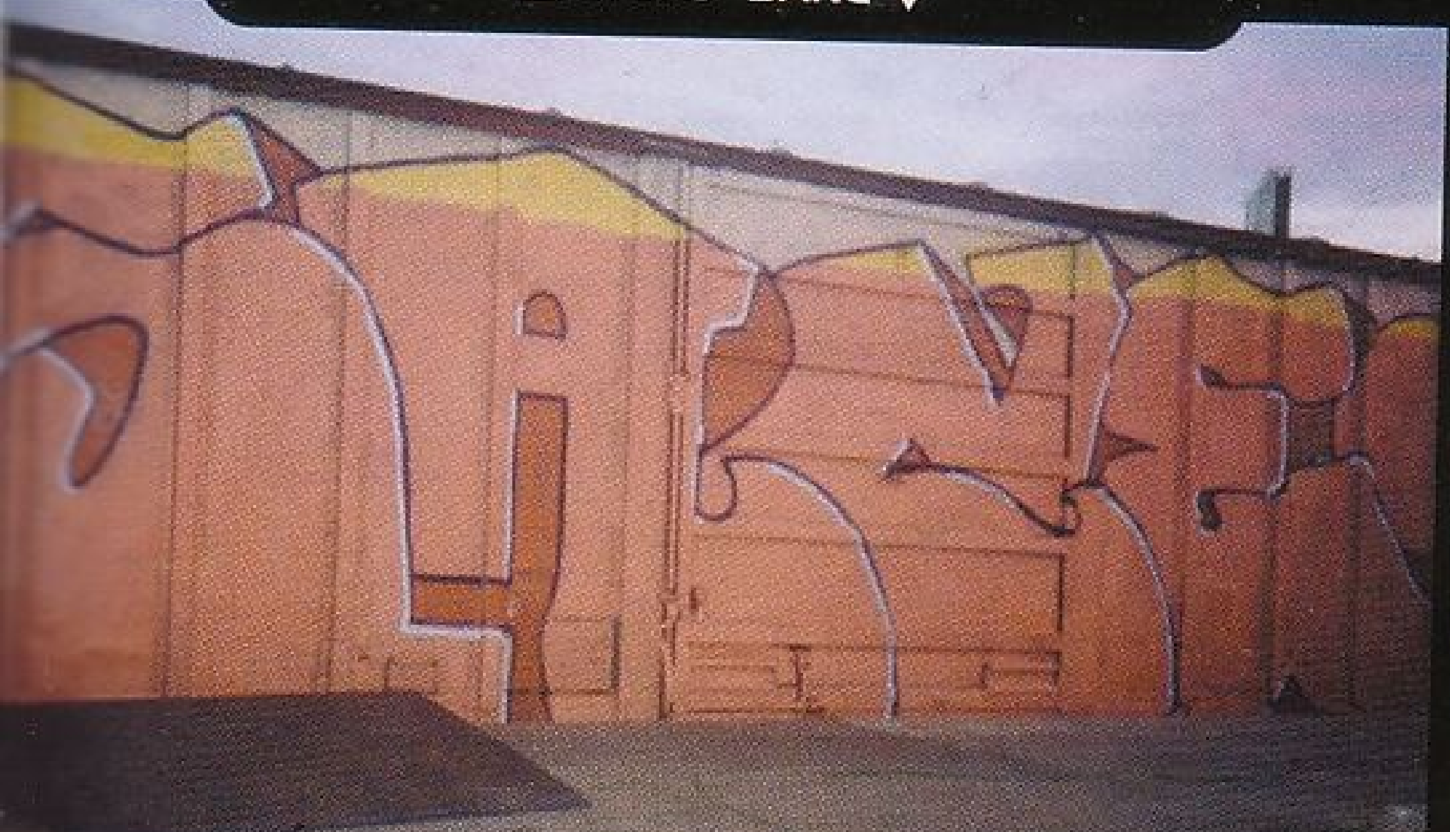
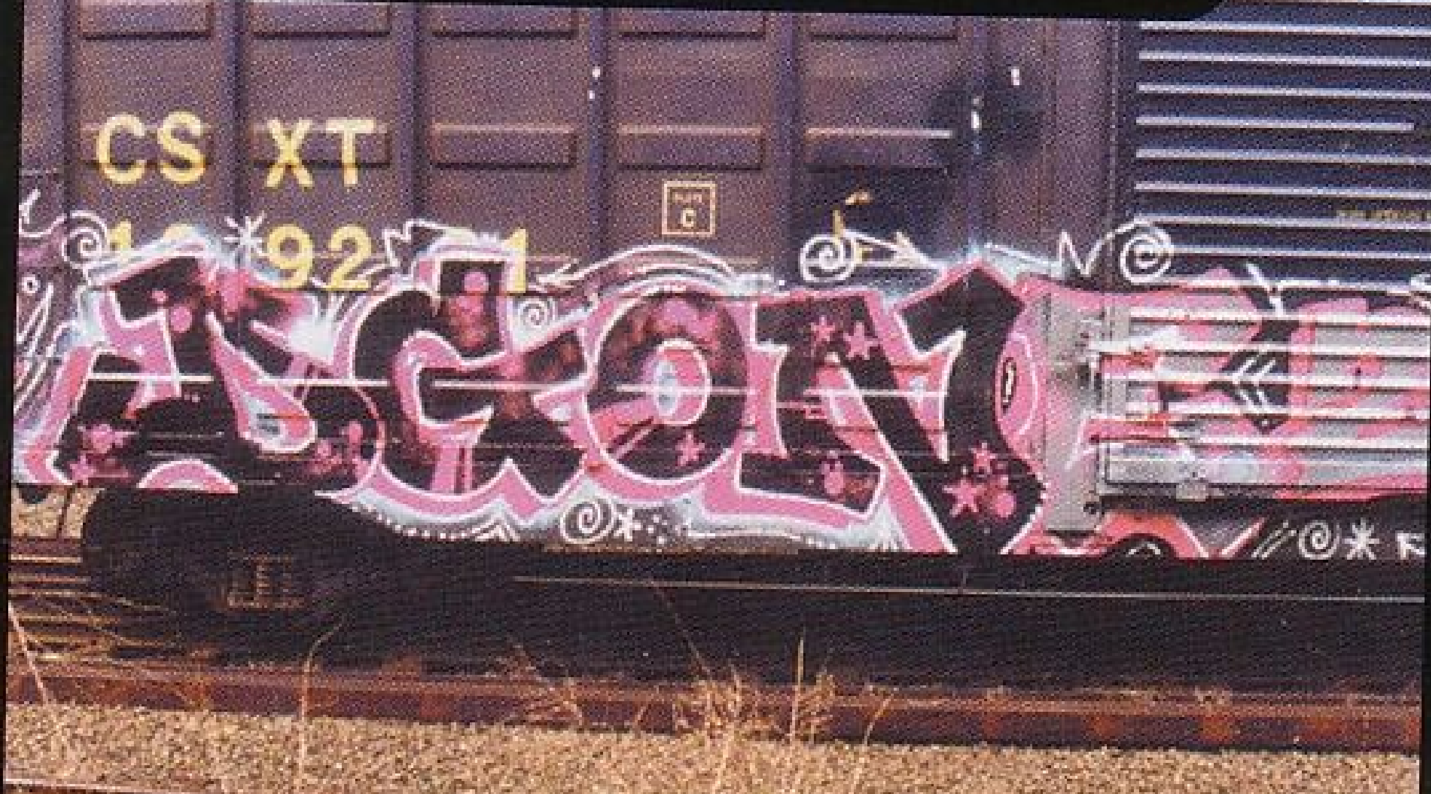
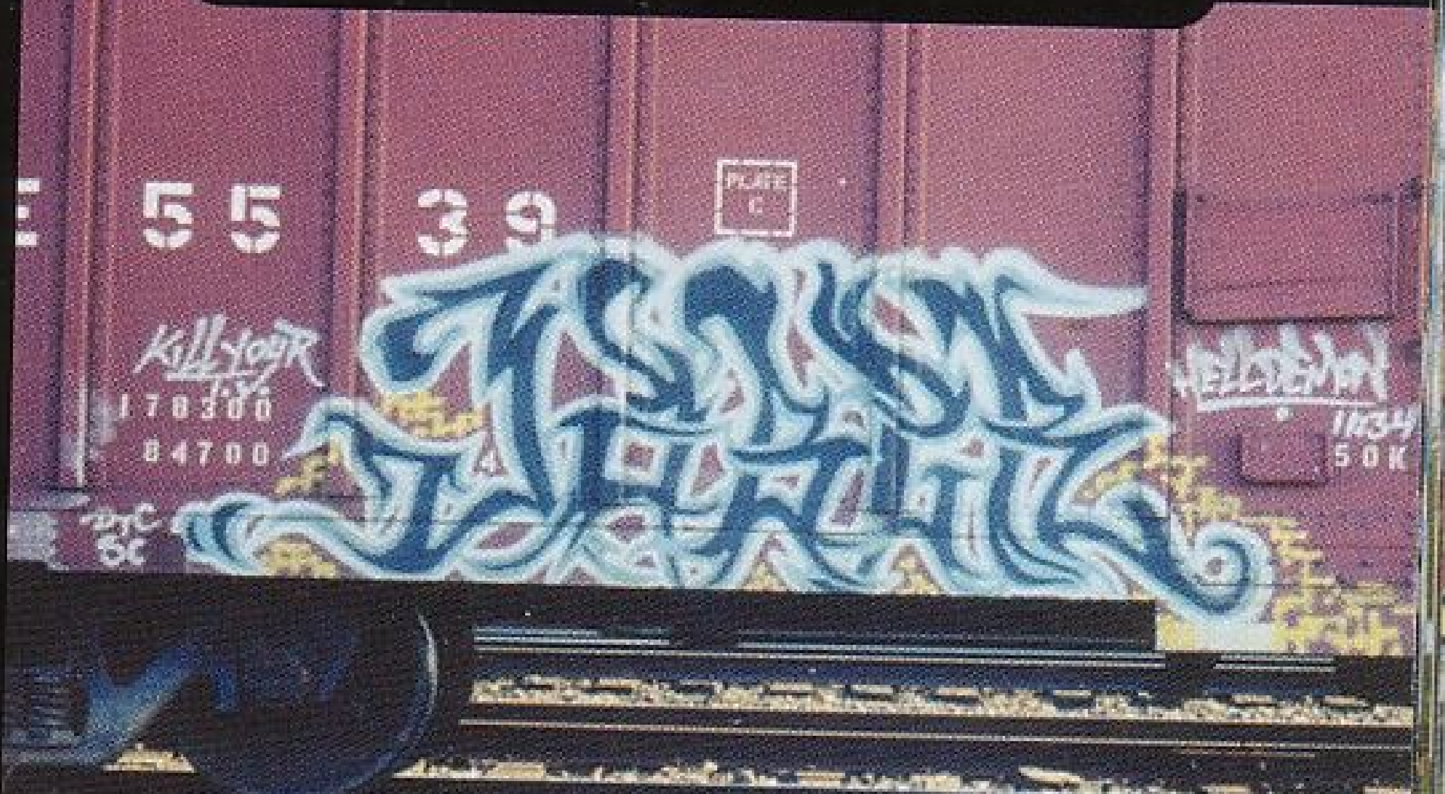
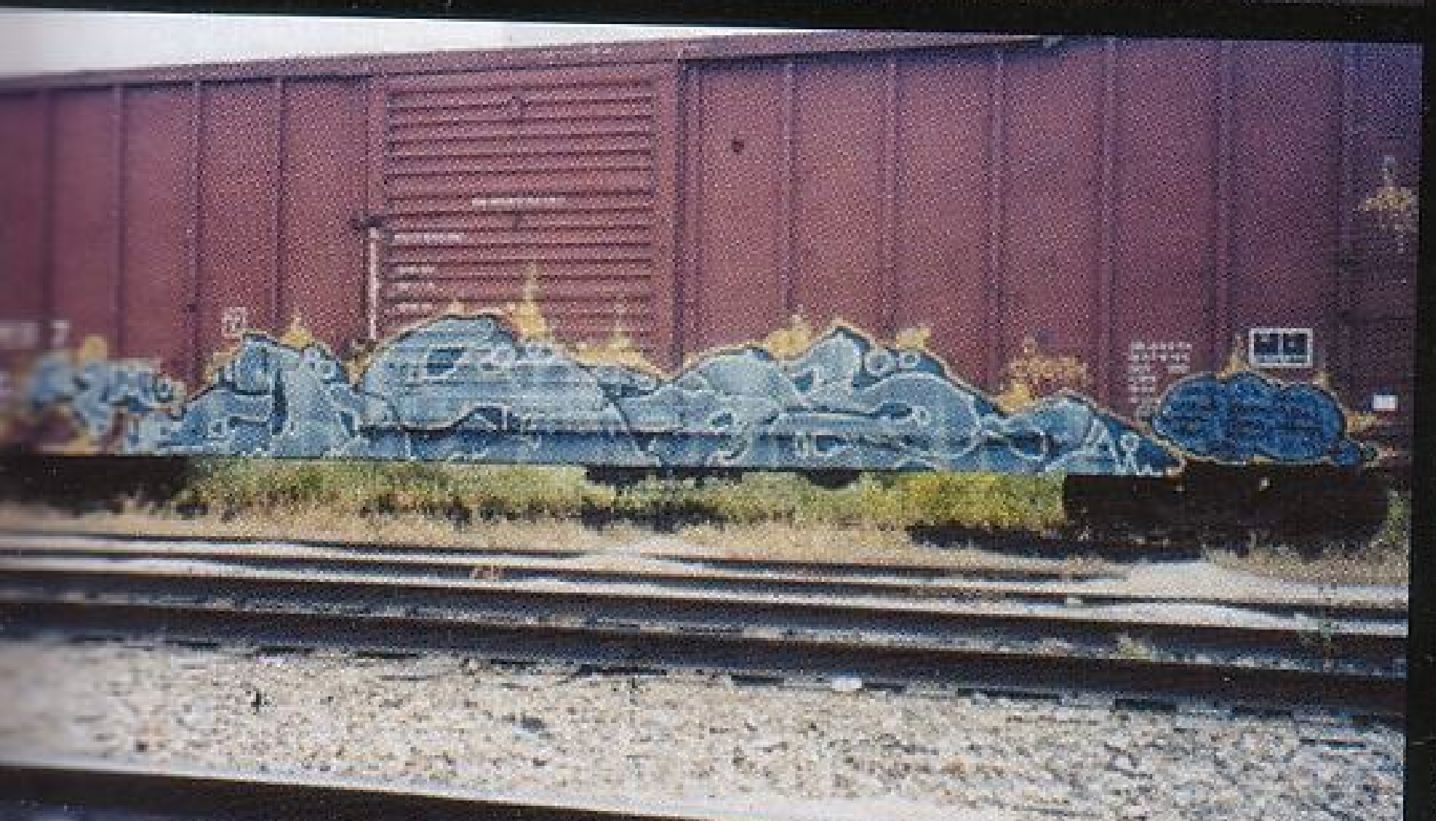
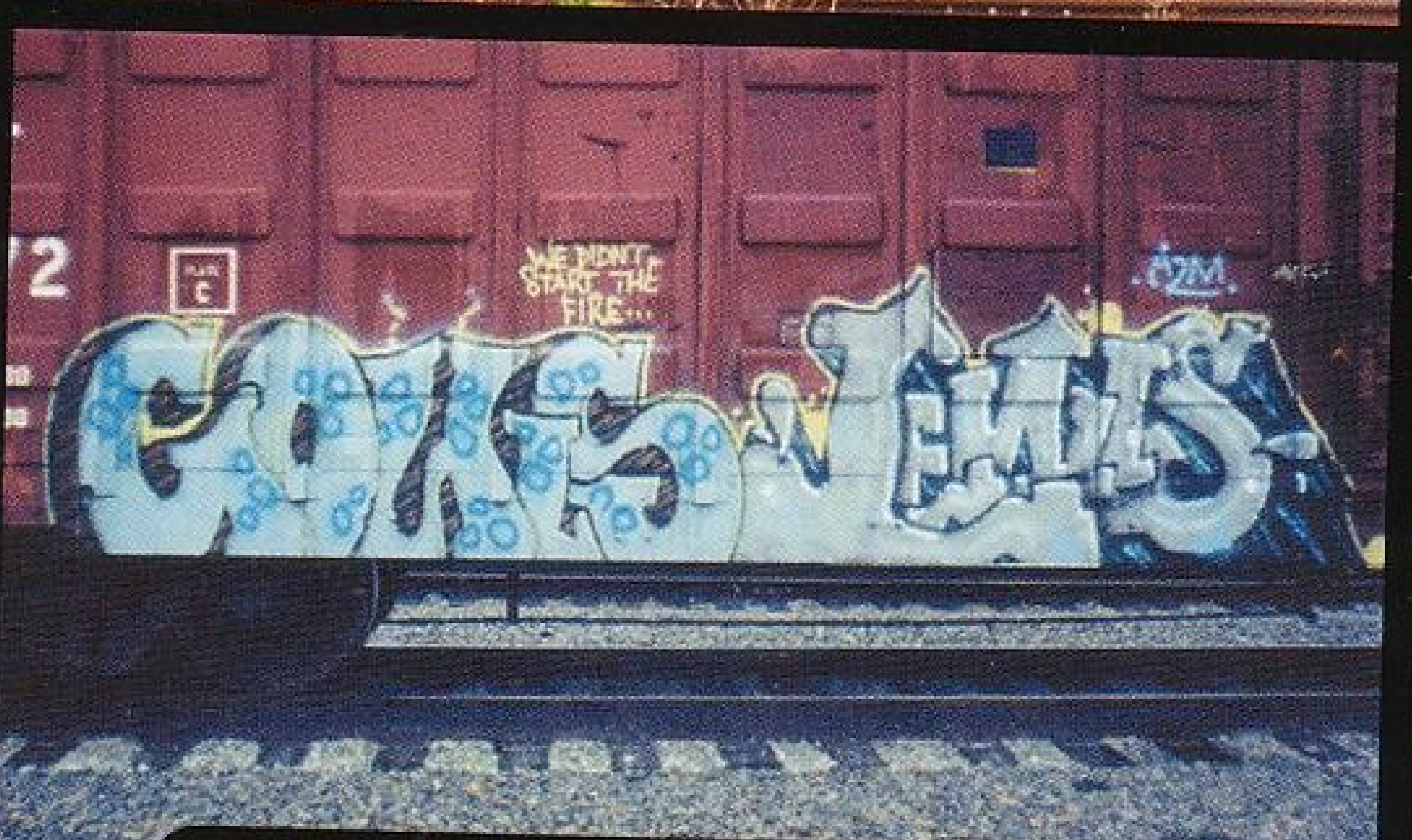
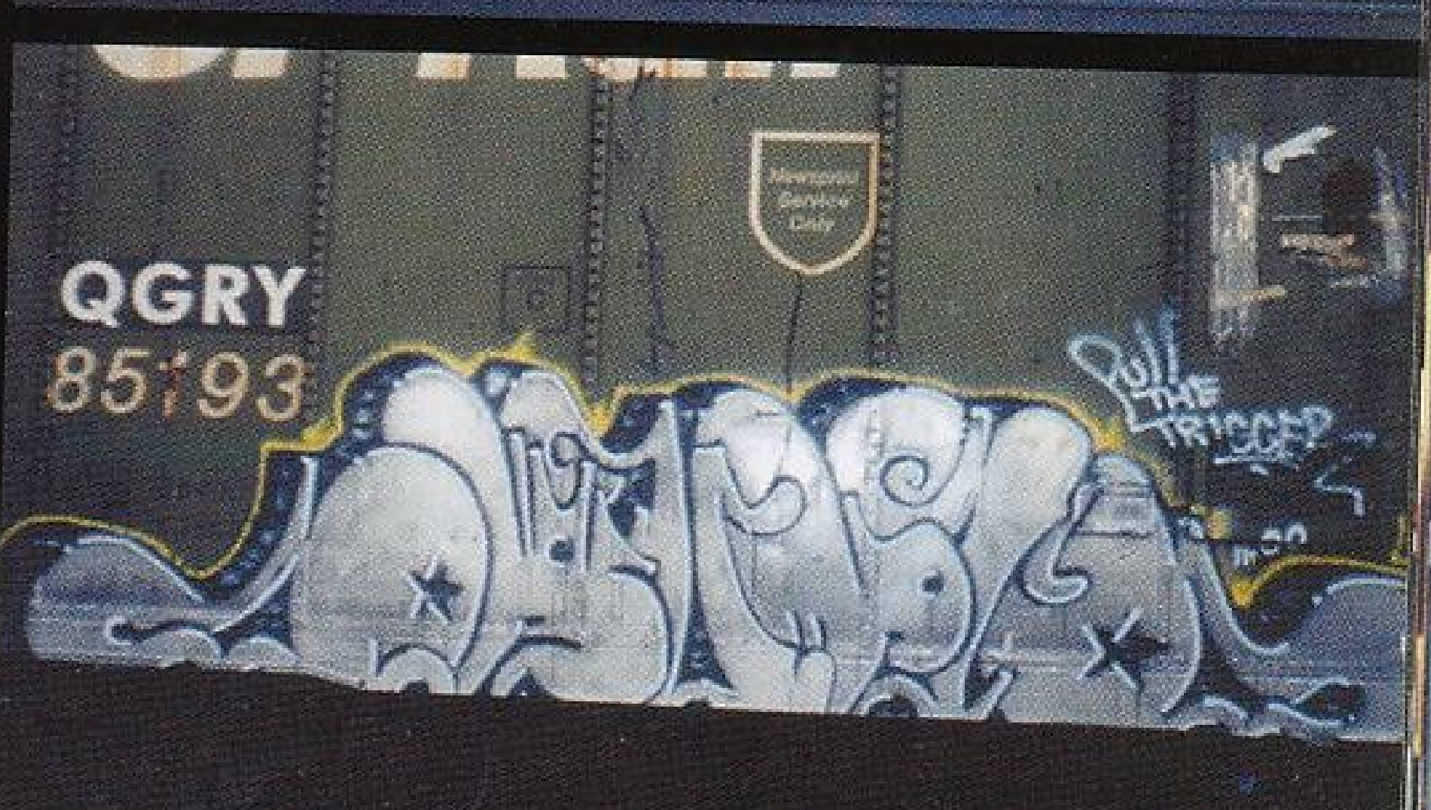

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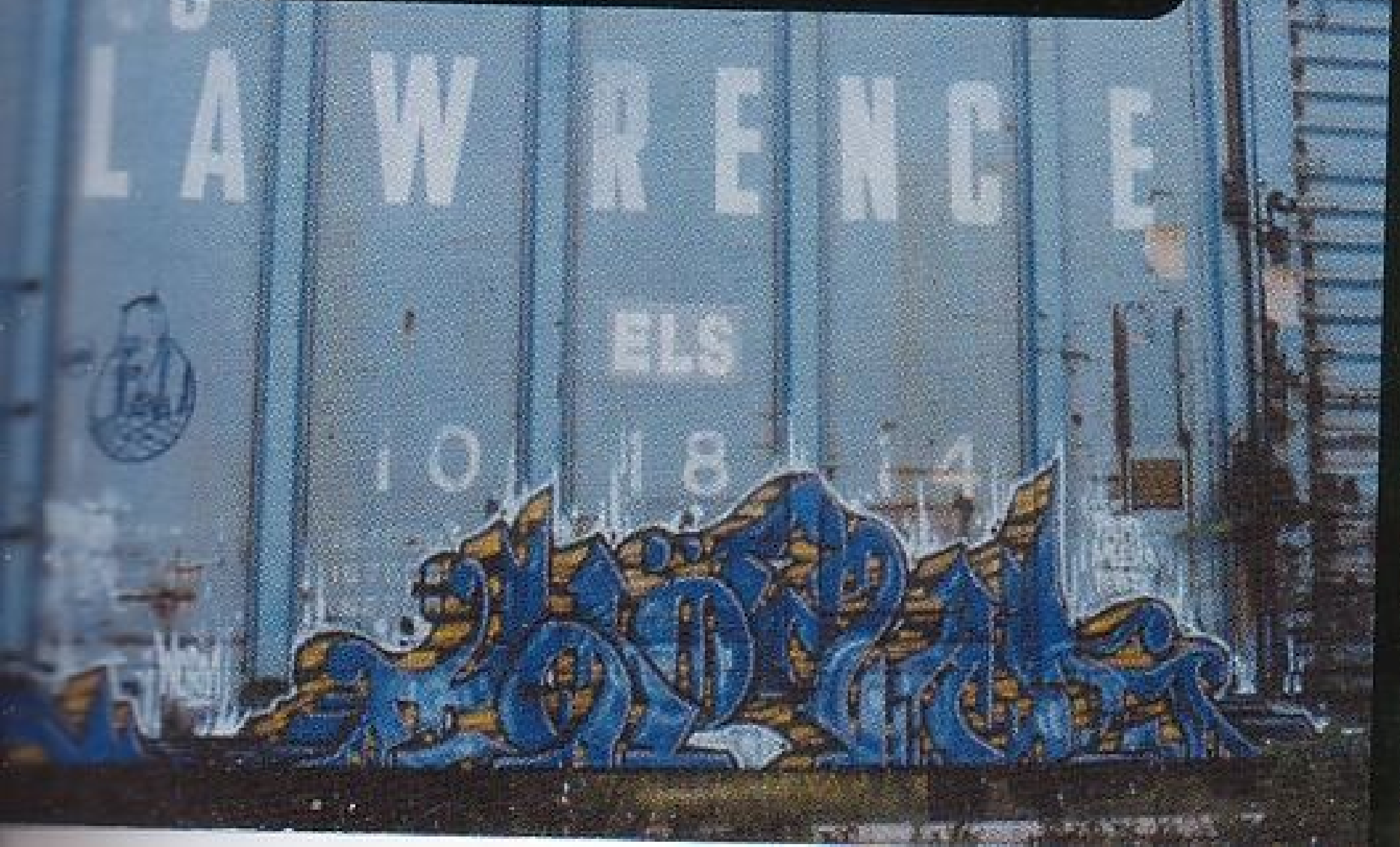
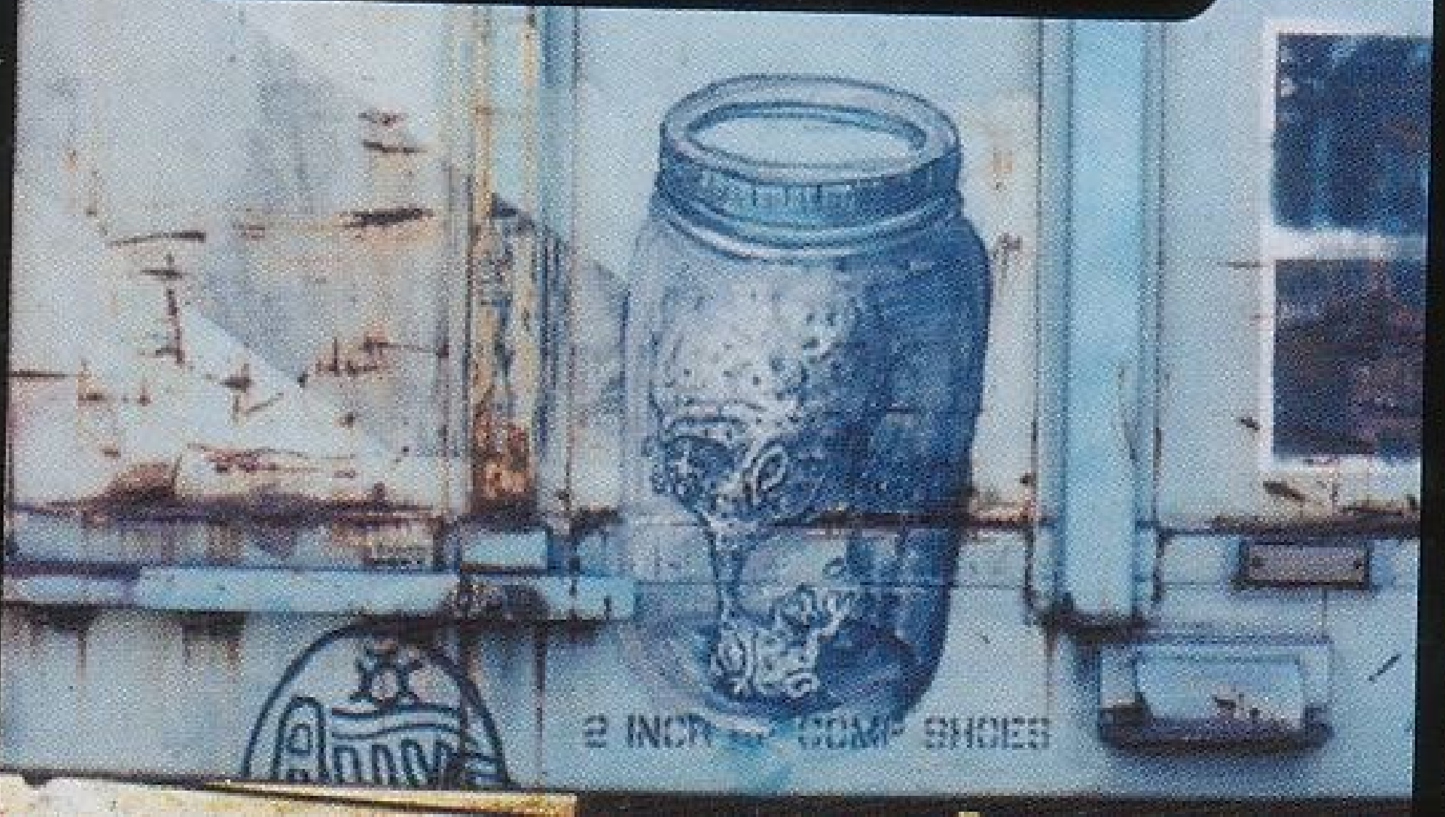
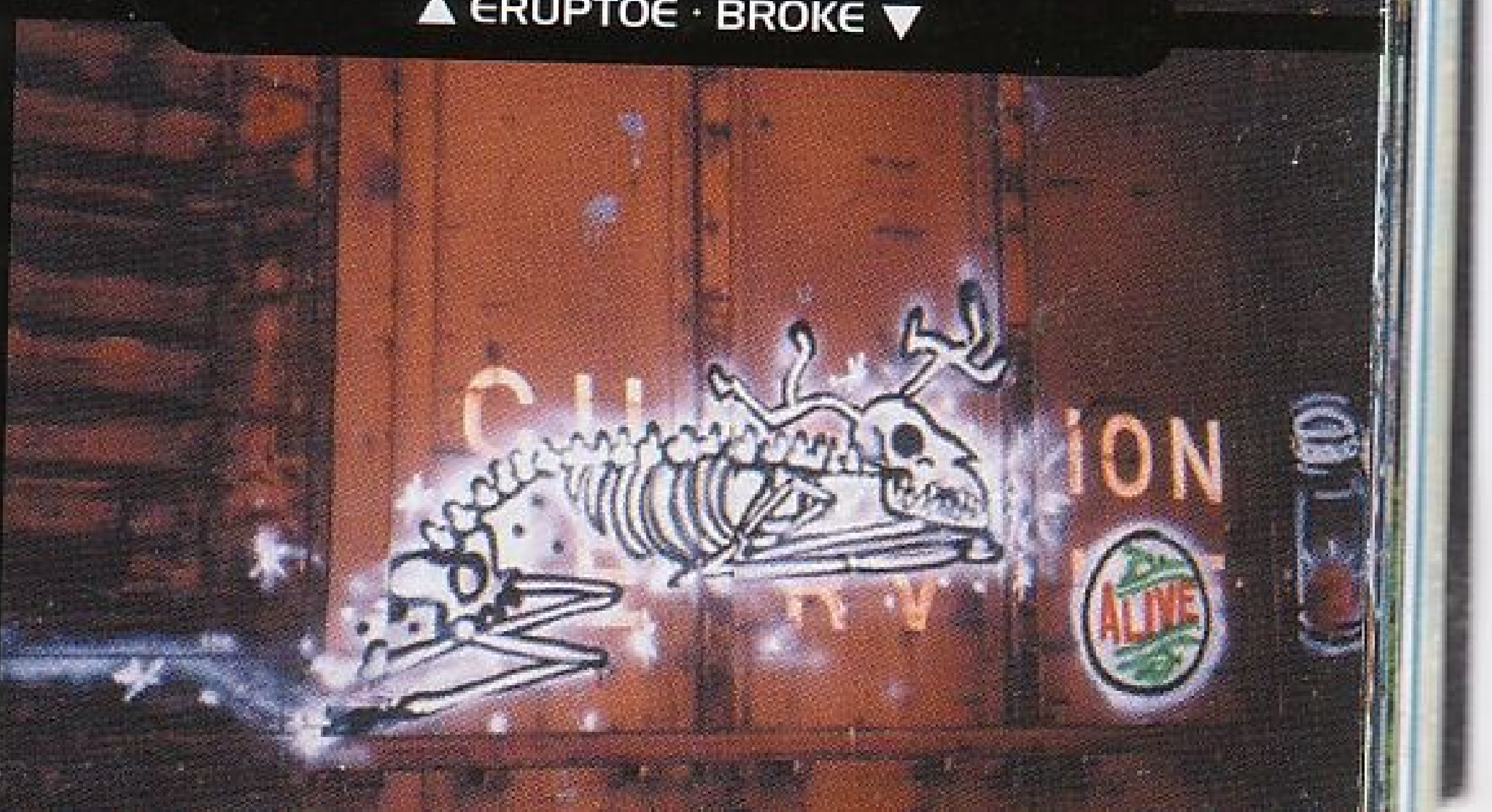

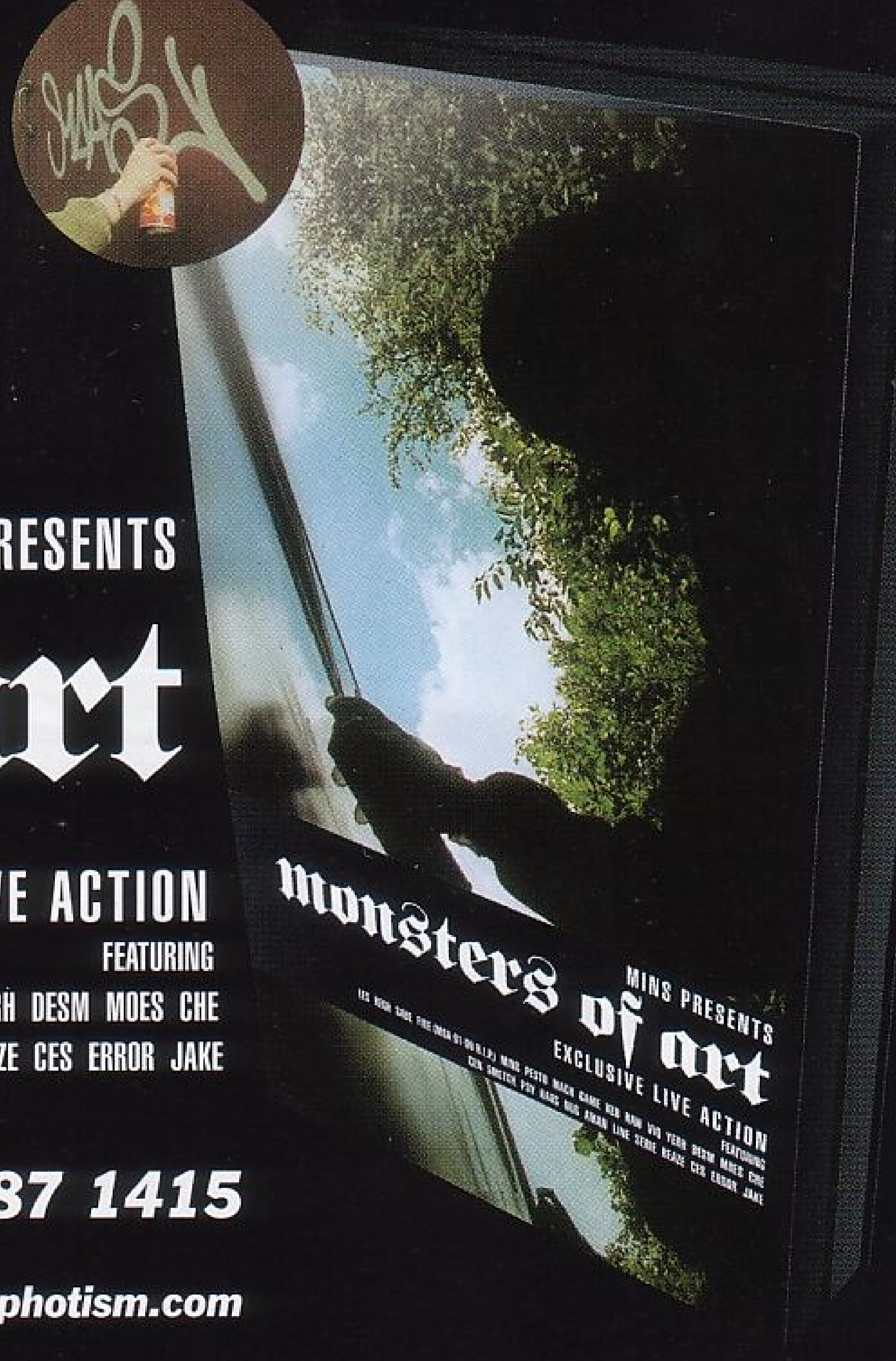
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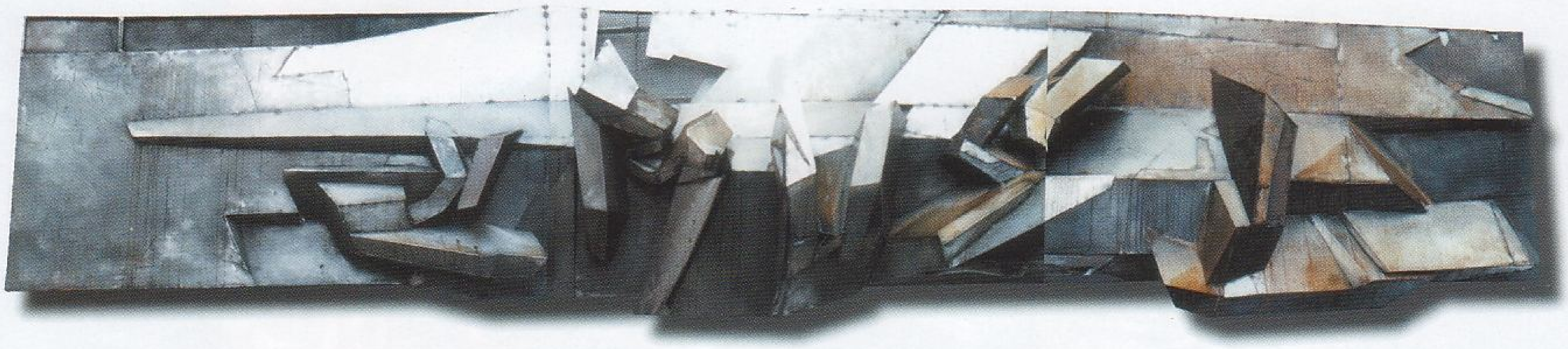
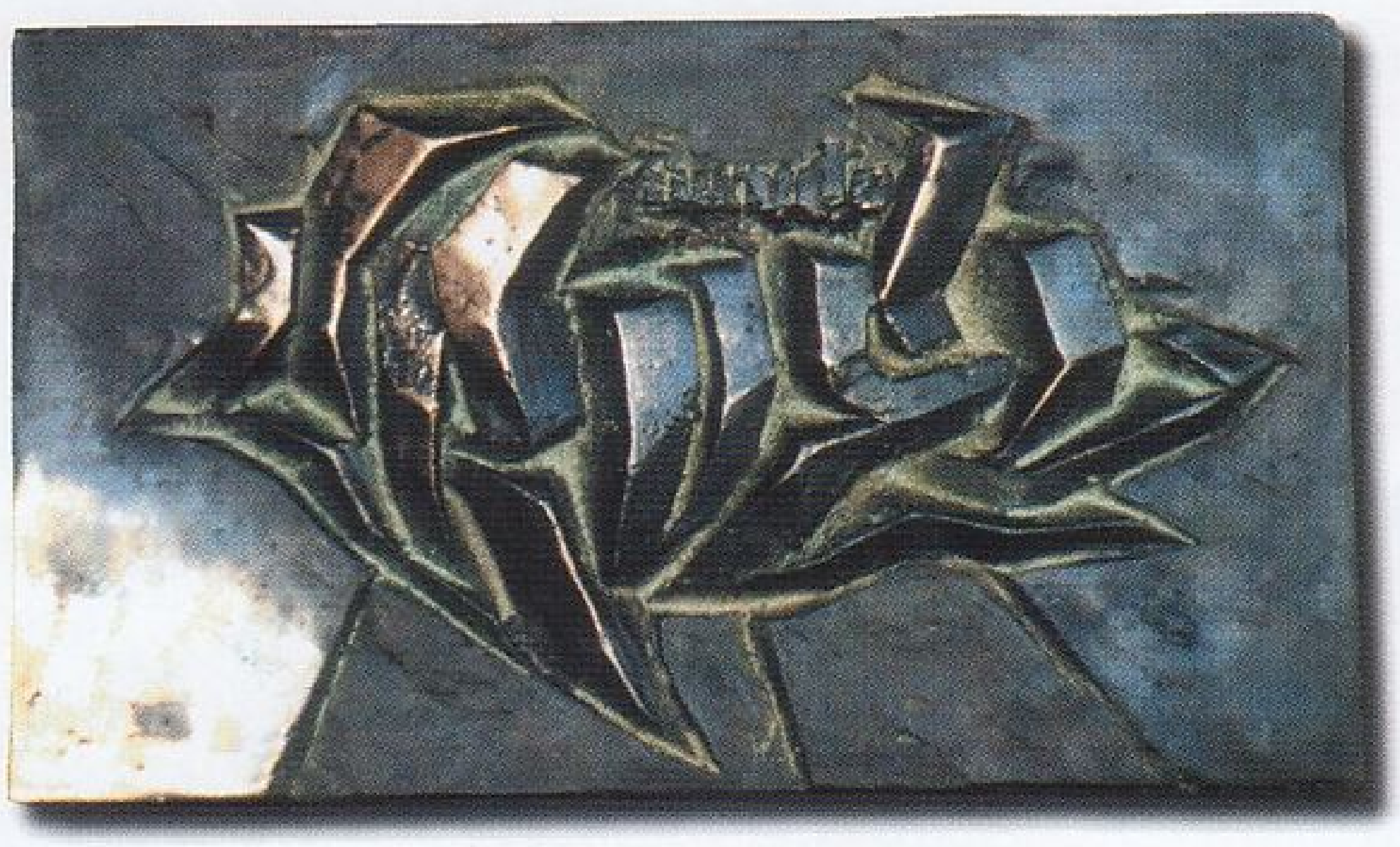
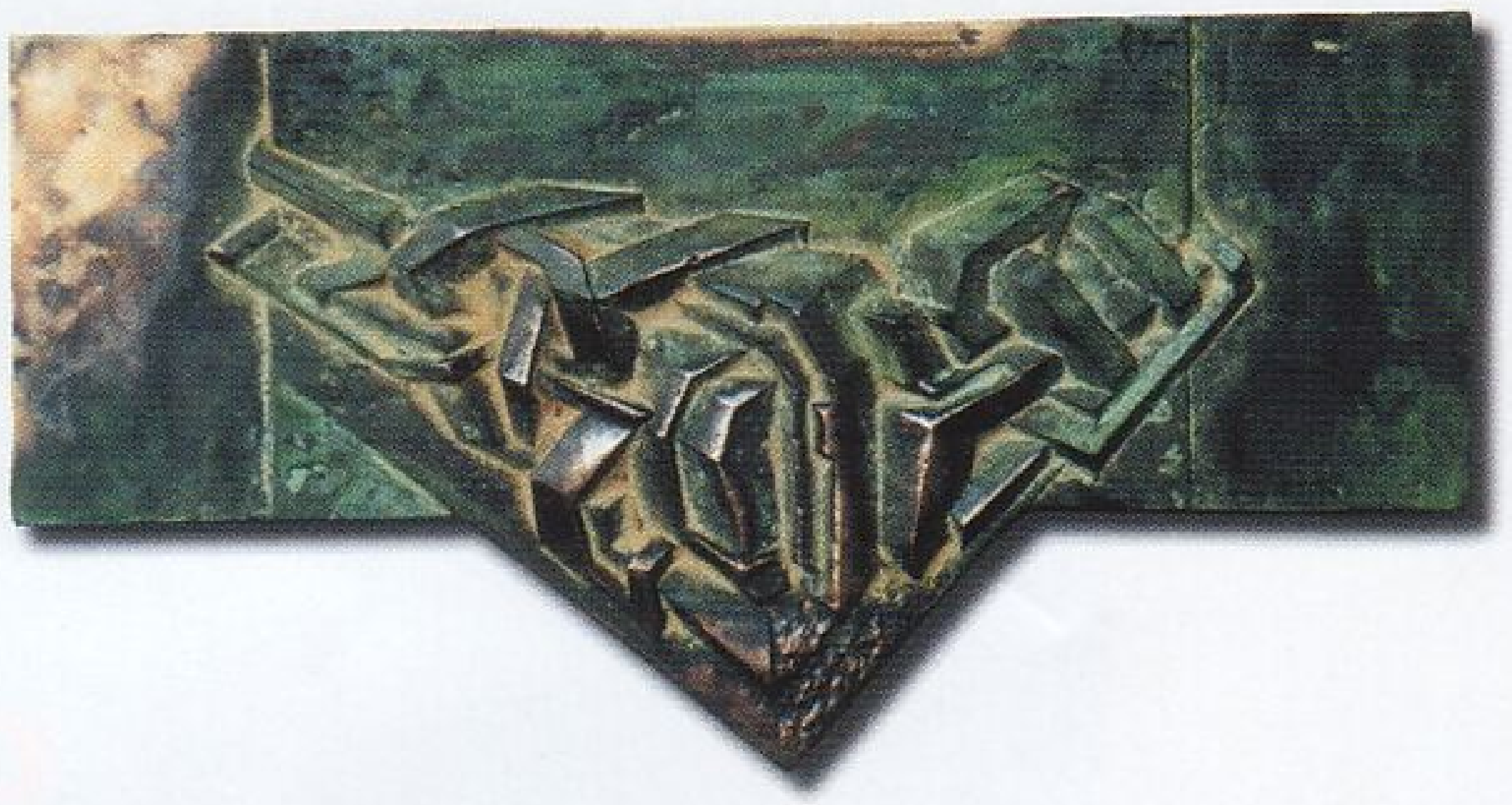
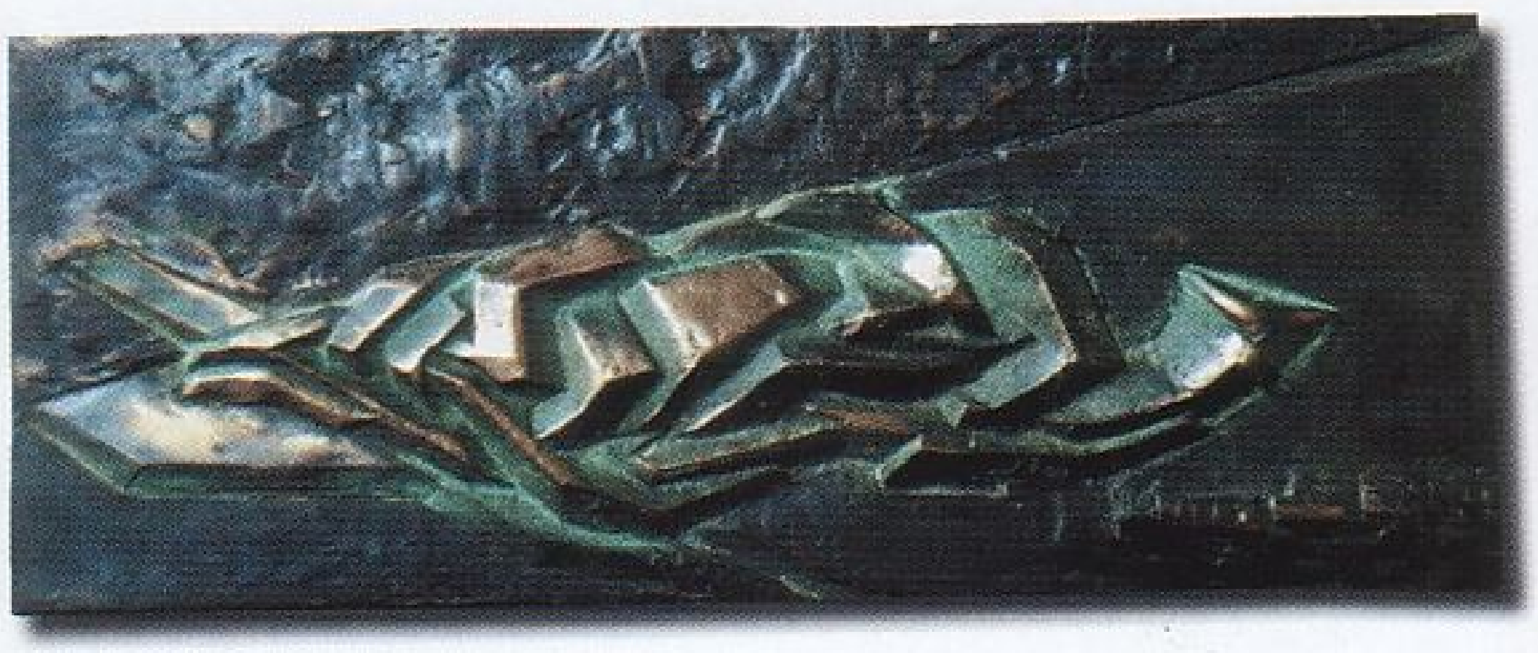


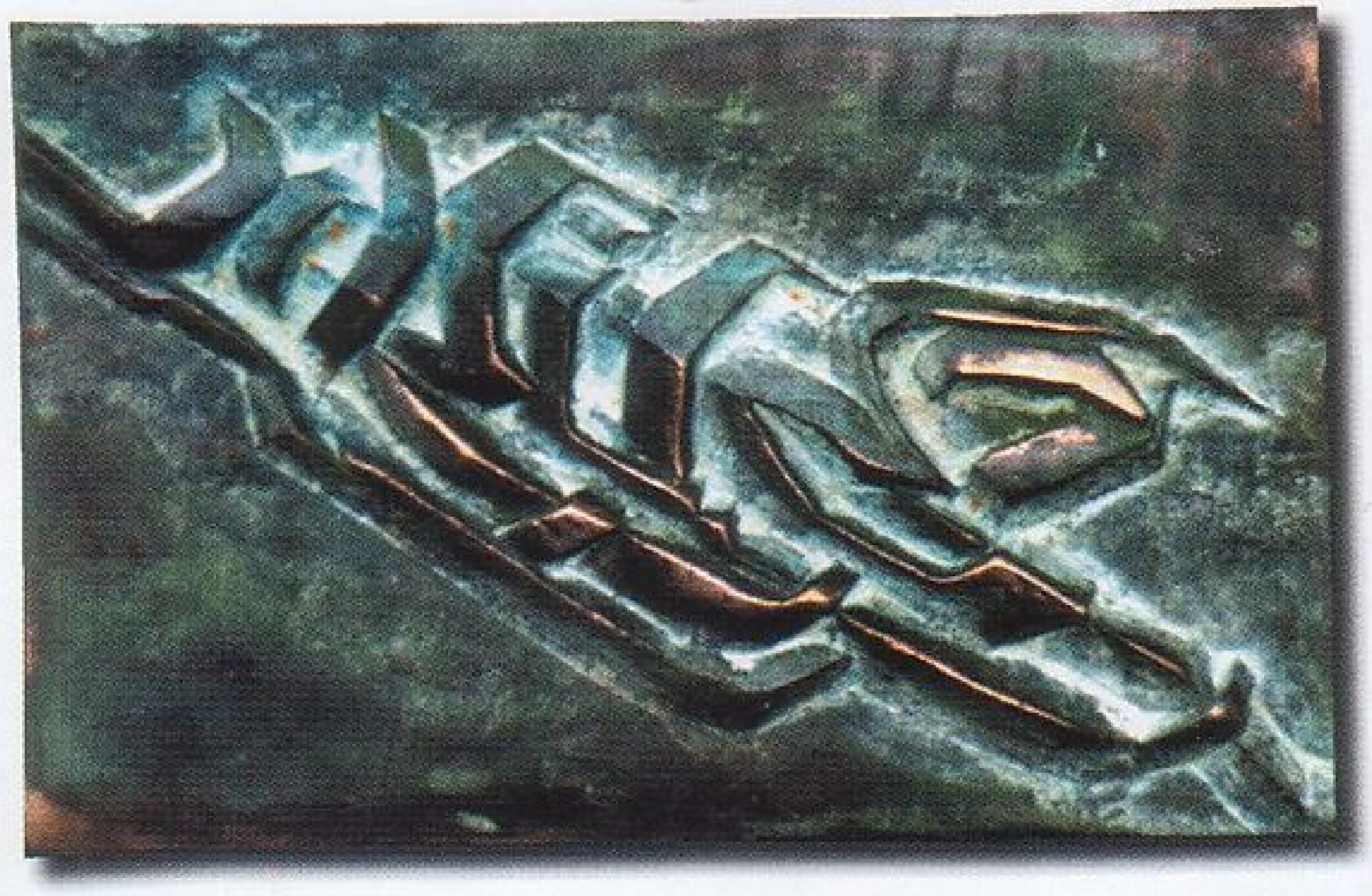
its a
CRUELWELD

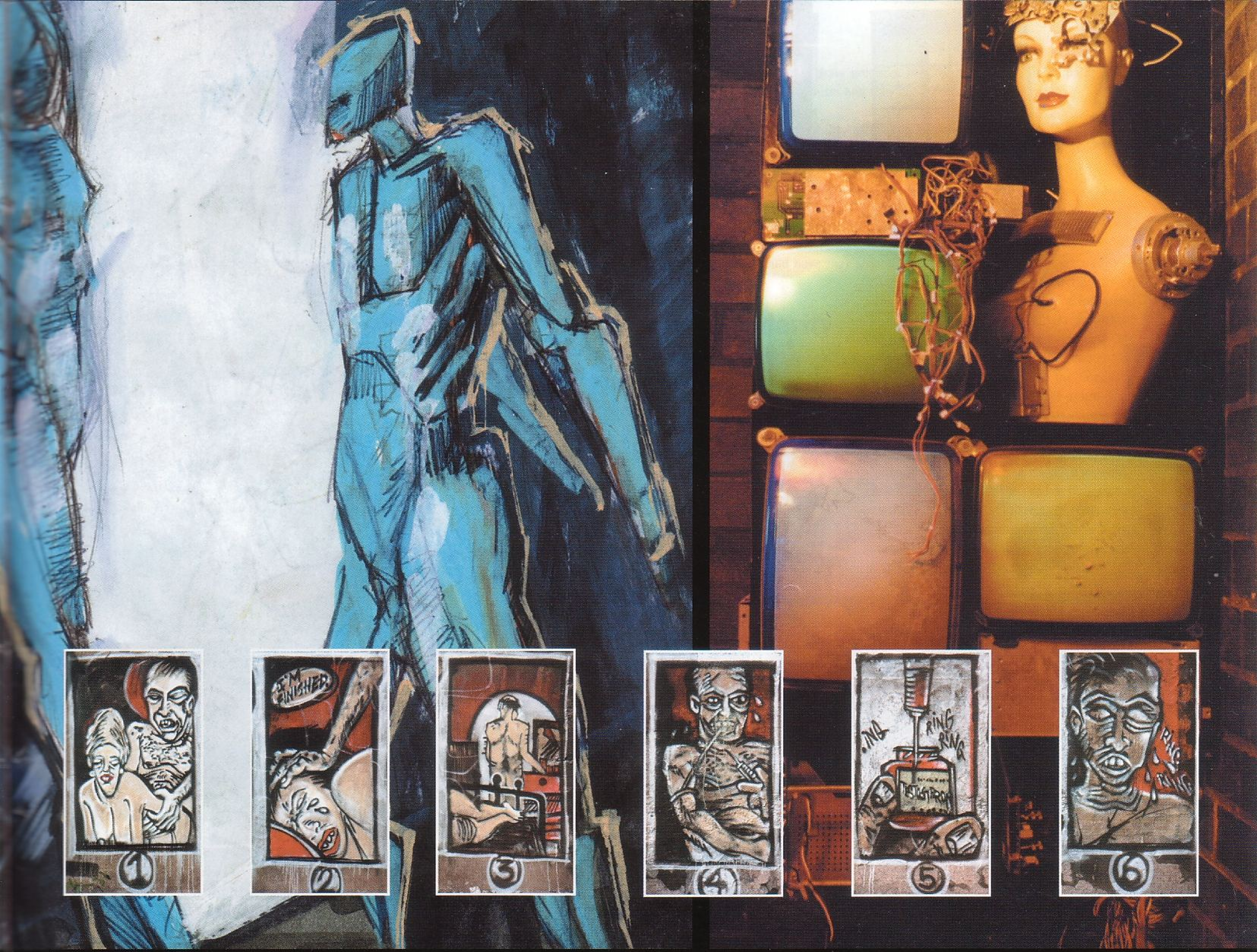
interview: Ephraim Webber
photor: Cruel











You paint. You are happy painting. You have no desire to fuck shit up or switch things around. There are established methods of painting and you are quite content sticking with them. Some aren't as easily satisfied.

Ever played gabba to a grandparent? If not, test it out and peek the reaction, especially if you turn the volume to maximum rock'n'roll. It's fuckin' hilarious. Once they've calmed and their senses have returned ask them what they thought. "You call that music" is the predictable reply. On clocking what Cruel does, we can hear similarly short-sighted writers muttering equally prehistoric views. Get over yourself.

Until his parents shipped the family out to Australia when he was 11, Cruel was Polish raised communist style. Not used to the freedom his new home afforded he got a lil' rowdy, a touch buck wild. '87, '88 and the graffiti writing bus picked him up. Finding there's more to art than skinny caps and Molotow, he returned to Poland to carry out some personal root digging, accidently enterd art school over there and discovered he'd been running before he could walk; painting before he could draw: When bronze is better than gold.

Before we get on to the sculptures and bronzes, I guess you started out doing the normal graf thing.

Yeah, I met a few guys at school that were writing and that was my first sort of contact. There were also a couple of guys from New Zealand who were writing and we started hanging out, just tagging.

Then what?

I stopped painting for a couple of years. There was a lot of crime going on and people were getting hooked on drugs so a lot of painting and creativity stopped. One of the first crews I got into was a criminal sort of crew with rackers and searchers.

Searchers?

Yeah, it's guys who are popping tills and stuff. I got sick of the crime and drugs and the negative side of hip hop. Then a writer called Odie MA got me back into it (he was piecing alot back then and continues today), and we started DIE - Dope In Effect - and made it happen again. When I started back up, I found that element reminding me what I found interesting about graffiti in the first place. It was that element of creating something in or on a space. I threw the rest away.

Looking through your photos you frequently change what you paint. Is that part of the creative element you're talking about?

Maybe it's because I'm searching for other things. The things I create catch a moment in time, they're not things I hold on to or keep as my identity; they speak as a reference to where I've been. I kind of get pissed off holding on and being precious about art because what defines you today doesn't have to define your tomorrow. They're still me and I can return later or just leave them alone.

Can you see a time when you'll want to keep a particular style going?

Maybe it will be the point where I think "this is what I've been looking for. I can stop searching and I'm going to build on it". But I approach my pieces as evolutionary; they're not complete pieces of work, they're experiments. It's more about the process than the final product. I find it's when you're in the process, when you're actually painting, is where you get ideas and find other places to go with your work.

And you've found other places by delving into other media.

There was a point where I got pissed off with painting's formula - the fill-in, the outline, highlights, y'know - so I started to try and mix it around by doing it in a different way. Music had a big influence on it as well. With the sculptures, I was listening to electronic, industrial stuff and that opened a new world to me. I began to get motors and things that were kinetic to make artwork that would attack the viewer more than a flat wall; that would get more of a response. By adding sound and creating an atmosphere around the pieces was what kept me going at the time until I thought I couldn't do much more with it.

If you take the view that graffiti is an aggressive art, it seems natural to then go on to make what you do physically aggressive.
I don't know if you've heard of Survival Research Laboratories?

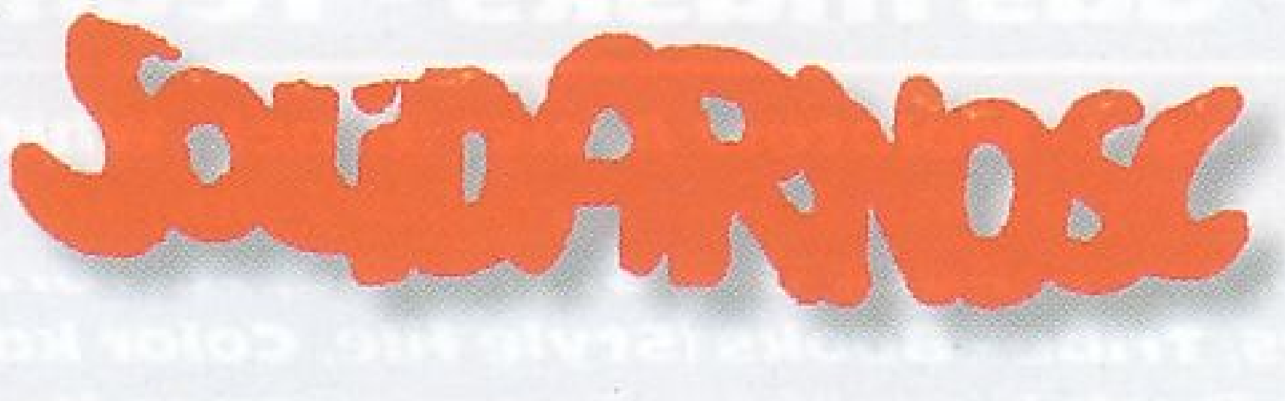
This was at the point Solidarity wanted to take power but couldn't and a lot of the people involved in that were being put in jail. There was an 8 O'clock curfew and you really had to do what the powers told you. You couldn't be yourself or speak freely because someone would dob on you. I remember it well.

From San Francisco.
Yeah. Their kinetic sculpture is illegally set up at night and then throws the public off their daily routine and that's something it shares with graffiti: doing something at night then the next morning people who've walked passed that space everyday are confronted with this new thing.

What happened when you moved back to Poland in '97?
I stopped what I was doing in Australia, with those sculptures because I was in search of new stuff. Then I thought the best thing to do was to go back to Poland and trace my roots, to find out what I'd be like if I'd stayed there and never gone to Australia. I also wanted to find out more about art; to see what Polish art was like and what the young people were doing there - whether there were any rebellious attitudes. Then I got into art school in Krakow.

Art wise, was going back like a Year Zero for you?
I was going backwards in a way. Graf wise I wasn't because I could use what I'd learnt in Australia to invade this new territory, although I had to make my style more train friendly. But if you're talking about "Art", then yeah.

How was Poland when you left it?
It was pretty full on when my family left. You had tickets for food where every month a family were given coupons for sugar, cigarettes, flour, meat, vodka... This was at the point Solidarity wanted to take power but couldn't and a lot of the people involved in that were being put in jail. There was an 8 O'clock curfew and you really had to do what the powers told you. You couldn't be yourself or speak freely because someone would dob on you. I remember it well.



hand painted emblems: Solidarity came together in 1980. A polish trade union led by Lech Walesa, it railed against its government. It was banned two years later thanks to Soviet pressure yet stayed active. Legalised in 1989.

What with the collapse of communism, what had changed when you went back?
Because everything had been opened up (although travel limitations remain), I thought there'd be more anti-authoritarian art and rebelliousness but there wasn't. They were just taking on what the crap the capitalist system brought with it.

Why so?
Because they hadn't had anything for so long, they were just happy to have a choice. For someone not to have had options before it's hard to get with it. The older generation find it difficult to get things for themselves because under the communist system everyone shared everything and it looked after you. Now you have to look after yourself. I've been in England for three days now so I'm getting used to it but going into a shop fucks my head up because there's so much to choose from. You spend so much time reading the packages, deciding what to buy.

When I started back up, I found that element reminding me what I found interesting about graffiti in the first place. It was that element of creating something in or on a space.

I've lived here all my life and suffer the same problem. What was art school like for you as you've said you were starting from scratch?
Well art school there is pretty traditional and everybody was doing the same thing; no one wanted to lash out and do something different. I guess in Warsaw and Gdansk there's more contemporary art but I was in Krakow, which is very set in its ways. I mean, there's multi-media classes but due to lack of money there's one video and one TV so everything's orientated towards conventional craft. I found it difficult to take seriously when I'd go into a studio and there wouldn't even be a hammer, y'know, you'd have to sort of make your own tools to make a sculpture.

The lack of materials must have informed what you were producing.
I think the experience has been good for me because now I know I can do everything from scratch. It's like I was taught the basics again. In the West, you have all the facilities and workshops and no one does anything. At the art college I went to in Australia, people were trying to think up all this weird shit and they didn't even know how to draw properly. They're making minimalist paintings or talking about post- modernism and they can't even do a life drawing.

Did they think you were guilty of that in Krakow?
I'd had *some* life drawing classes but I wasn't very good at it so I was drawing more of a cartoon style with a line for the body and obvious facial features.

How did that go down?
Well they treated me as a kid at first. They were saying "stop drawing cartoons, this isn't for a comic book".
A lot of artists should have that grounding or at least know where art traditions come from. Because my introduction to art was through graffiti, which got me interested in fine art, I was working backwards. Instead of learning the foundations I jumped into graffiti, which is more like contemporary art and that comes at the end of the line, after you've discovered the boundaries of art.

Did going through that alter your views on graf?
Going through that process changed my whole vision and view of graffiti. I found that a lot of graffiti (not all) has stagnated; in some cases it's just become a safe product. Some artists are pushing it and doing different things with it but in general, it's become a formula.

The bronzes break the formula.
I want them to look like graffiti pieces yet make them in a way where someone outside of graffiti wouldn't make that connection. They were also made in that way because I was at a traditional college and they didn't have an idea what graffiti was (one of my tutors compared it to a rebellious, 60s rock thing and "jazz art"). What I did take from graffiti was concentrating on the letters, and the energy and flow [see opening spread for].

Its funny you saying you didn't want the average Joe to see them as graffiti because I know there are writers who wouldn't see them as graffiti either.
They're not in the "traditional sense". The first reference point was where you could see them in a conventional gallery and someone from the fine art world wouldn't view them as graffiti but might be aware of the aesthetic from seeing graf on the wall yet they'd still be unable to understand it. This is what happens when people can't understand conceptual art and it becomes a bit elitist, so it was giving them a taste of their own medicine. But then if a graffiti artist were to enter that gallery he would know what it is and would be able to decipher it.

How did you get the school to recognise and understand the graf aspect?
I'm not sure they did, but I compared it to the solidarity sign. When they came to prominence their emblem was a brush painted symbol on the wall. When it came to explaining what I was doing, I asked the tutors if they had forgotten that the solidarity emblem originated from something someone had painted on a wall. That's when they got it. But one lecturer compared me to a wild dog that had become a French poodle because I'd gone from doing illegal graf endangering my safety to doing work in the safe zone of the academy. I told him that he didn't get it: that I've camouflaged my piece so you don't even know what it says and I've hung it on your academy - basically, I've bombed your building and you still don't get it.

So do you see the bronzes as graf?
No. It's more the aesthetics of graffiti being shifted into another artform. But I want to move into public sculpture and maybe working on architecture. To get graffiti off the wall and standing on its own in a public space

Is writing now a fun act for you and the art takes precedence?
It always was and has been fun, I guess I treat the sculptures more seriously. Don't get me wrong, I'm not on some "high art horse". I still love painting: it's is where I started and I will never dis my roots. I do want to see graffiti move forward and evolve - and it is. ◎

Connect: cruel@interia.pl

Shouts: Dope In Effect - Odie, Len One, Lazy Grey, Malis, Soul, Traffic. Decide and Josh Ske, DJ Katch, Casino, Doper, Def Wish - Sydney, WCA - Melborne - Higher. Poland - Who's The King - WTK. Doctor, Pilot, Aspalt, Piza, Nizor, Skunnky Boy, all of WTK. Warszwa, DJ Felix, DJ Krime, Vanish, Koel, Oscar, Mbeat, Dons, Krakow. Also: Atome, Loomit, Baits, Pase, Mers CBS, Mason TFP, Petro & Cept TFW - thanx for da hook upchaps. Peace to the real artists out there and to those who are trying, and thanx to those people I have met out there on my way. Take care, move slow.

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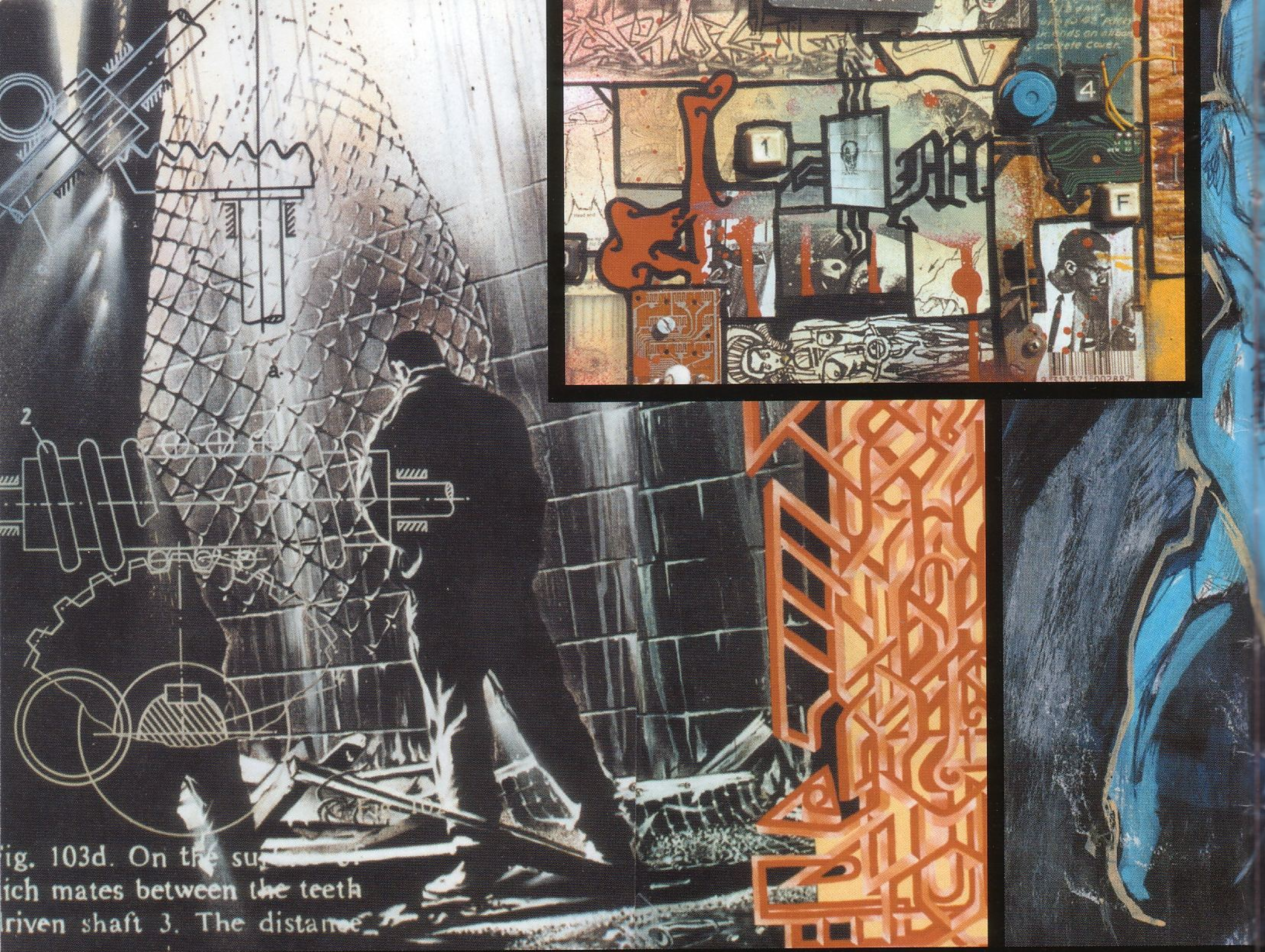
Dope in Effec
A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO
DEVELOPING CREATIVE
RESPONSES TO OUR
URBAN DEMISE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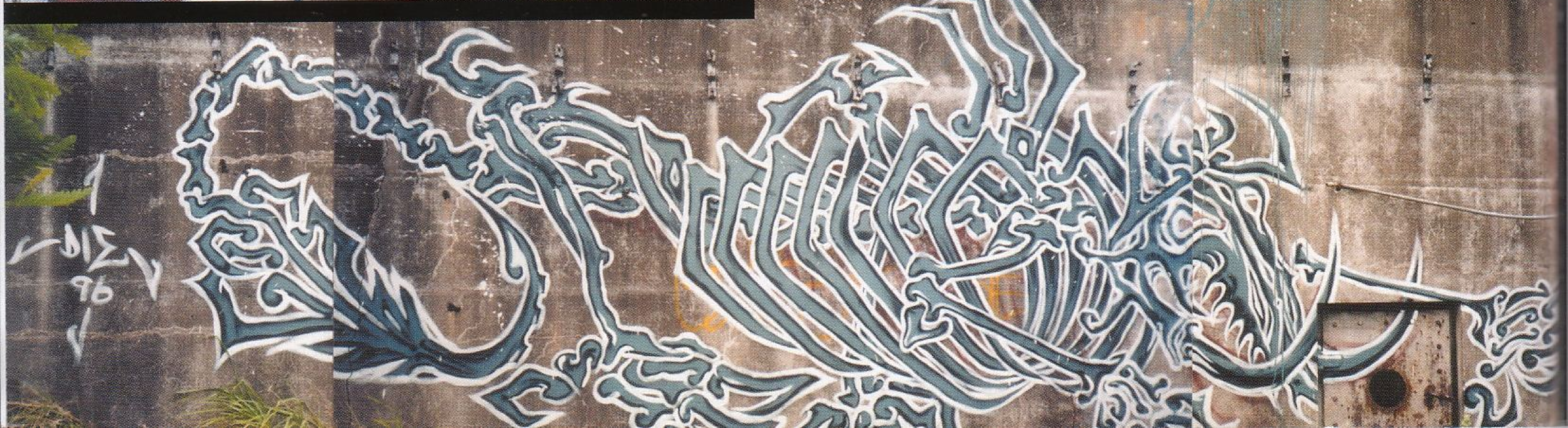
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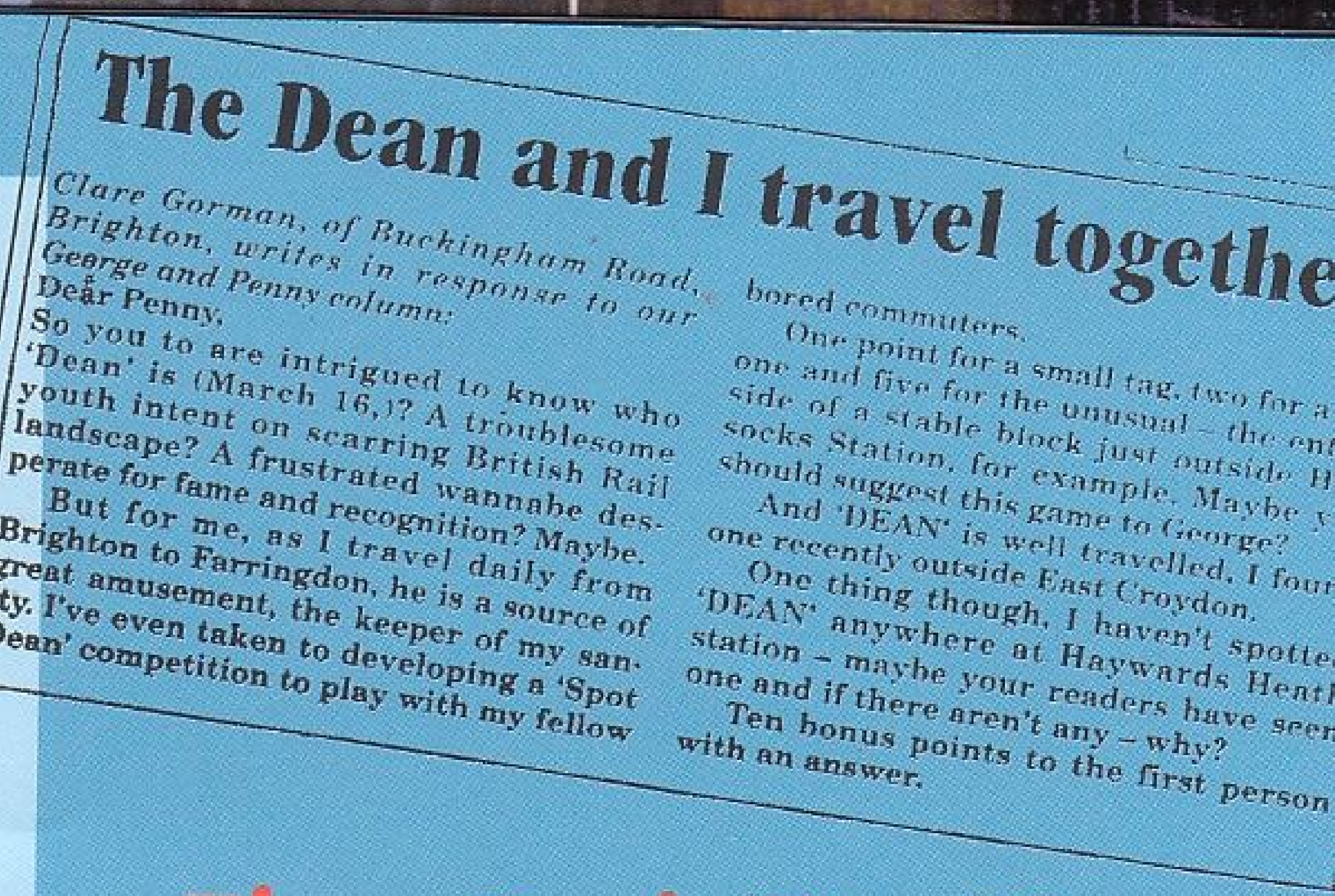
Airbrush-Show
2001
24-25 March
Milano

WORLD SPRAY 2001
Milan, Itlay - 24th-25th March

"Finally, these are the definitive dates of the art happening that will be one of the biggest in Europe this year. After last years success (6000 people in 2 days) Tribe Magazine (World Spray art direction) together with JR Eventi Society (owner of the show and art direction for Airbrush Show and Digital Art), have worked hard to put on the new event. The convention is totally unique. It's a large art exposition attempting to break those usually, boring art barriers we all know. Some of the best worldwide artists from graffiti writing, airbrushing, digital art and customising will be there, side by side, mixing their experiences and techniques. All artwork will be shown in the large, top level rooms of the Quark Hotel Congress Center in Milan, one of the most luxurious hotels in the town. There will of course be a whole bunch of writers painting live. All artists will be in attendance over the 2 days and available to speak to the public - if you want to meet your heroes or buy their works you know where to come. Featured artists: Cope2 (New York), T-kid (New York), Swet (Copenhagen), Eron (Rimini), Dumbo (Milano), Zen2 (Caserta), Mastro K (Saronno), Popof (Paris), Cimp1 (Naestved) Rae (Milano), Soda (Udine), Daim (Hamburg), Teatro (Milano), Lokiss (Paris), Shame (Munich), Cake (Milano), Won(Munich), Drop C (Milano), Toast (Basel), Zero T (Firenze), Tawa (Milano), Poseydon (Barcelona), Raptus (Milano), Spin (Naestved), Skah (Vicenza), Airone (Milano). Artists painting live (as well as some of those previously named): Boost (Udine), Kayone (Milan), Ope (Milan), Clap (Milan), FLOOD (Milan), Phast (Milan), Dosher (Caserta), Dra (Milan), Ban (Milan).
The address: Centro Congressi Quark Hotel - Via Lampedusa 11/A - Milano
Entering the Show costs just Lire 15000 (7 US dollars). Opening hours: Saturday 9.30-20.00 Sunday 9.00-19.00."

Connect: www.airbrush.it email: info@airbrush.it Tel. + 010 613 51 22. Fax. + 010 612 00 21.



The Dean and I travel togethe

Clare Gorman, of Buckingham Road, Brighton, writes in response to our George and Penny column:

Dear Penny,

So you to are intrigued to know who 'Dean' is (March 16,)? A troublesome youth intent on scarring British Rail landscape? A frustrated wannabe desperate for fame and recognition? Maybe.

But for me, as I travel daily from Brighton to Farringdon, he is a source of great amusement, the keeper of my sanity. I've even taken to developing a 'Spot Dean' competition to play with my fellow bored commuters.

One point for a small tag, two for a one and five for the unusual – the ent side of a stable block just outside H socks Station, for example. Maybe y should suggest this game to George?

And 'DEAN' is well travelled, I fou one recently outside East Croydon.

One thing though, I haven't spotte 'DEAN' anywhere at Haywards Heat station – maybe your readers have seen one and if there aren't any – why?

Ten bonus points to the first person with an answer.

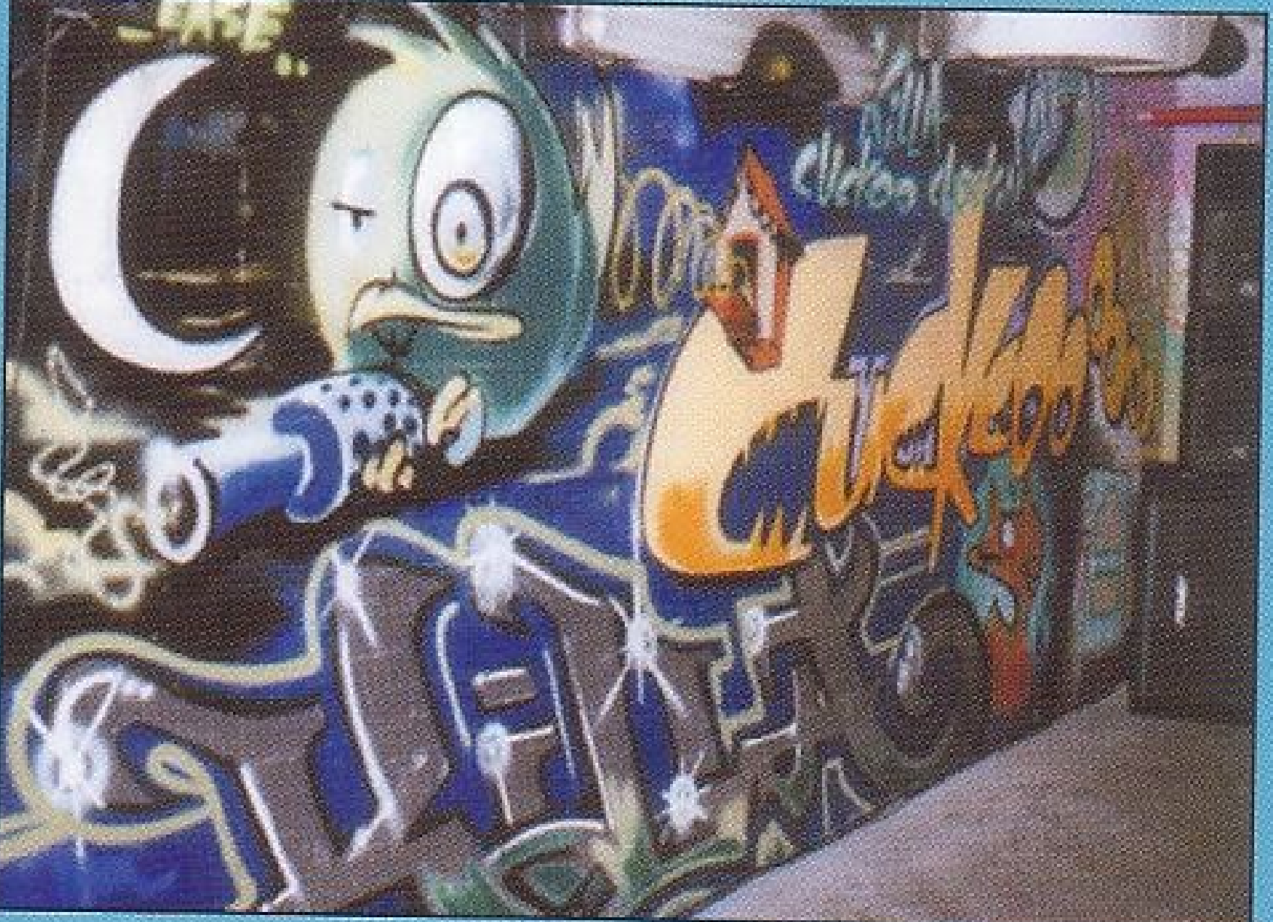
They Seek Him Here They Seek Him There

The above letter comes from the *Mid Sussex Times* printed on 13 April last year. It backs up what Dean was saying during his interview in G'tism 23: "I set out to make my tag a household name and I think I have achieved it... For the public to see good graf gives them a welcome break from the monotony of everyday life." No doubt, Lol.

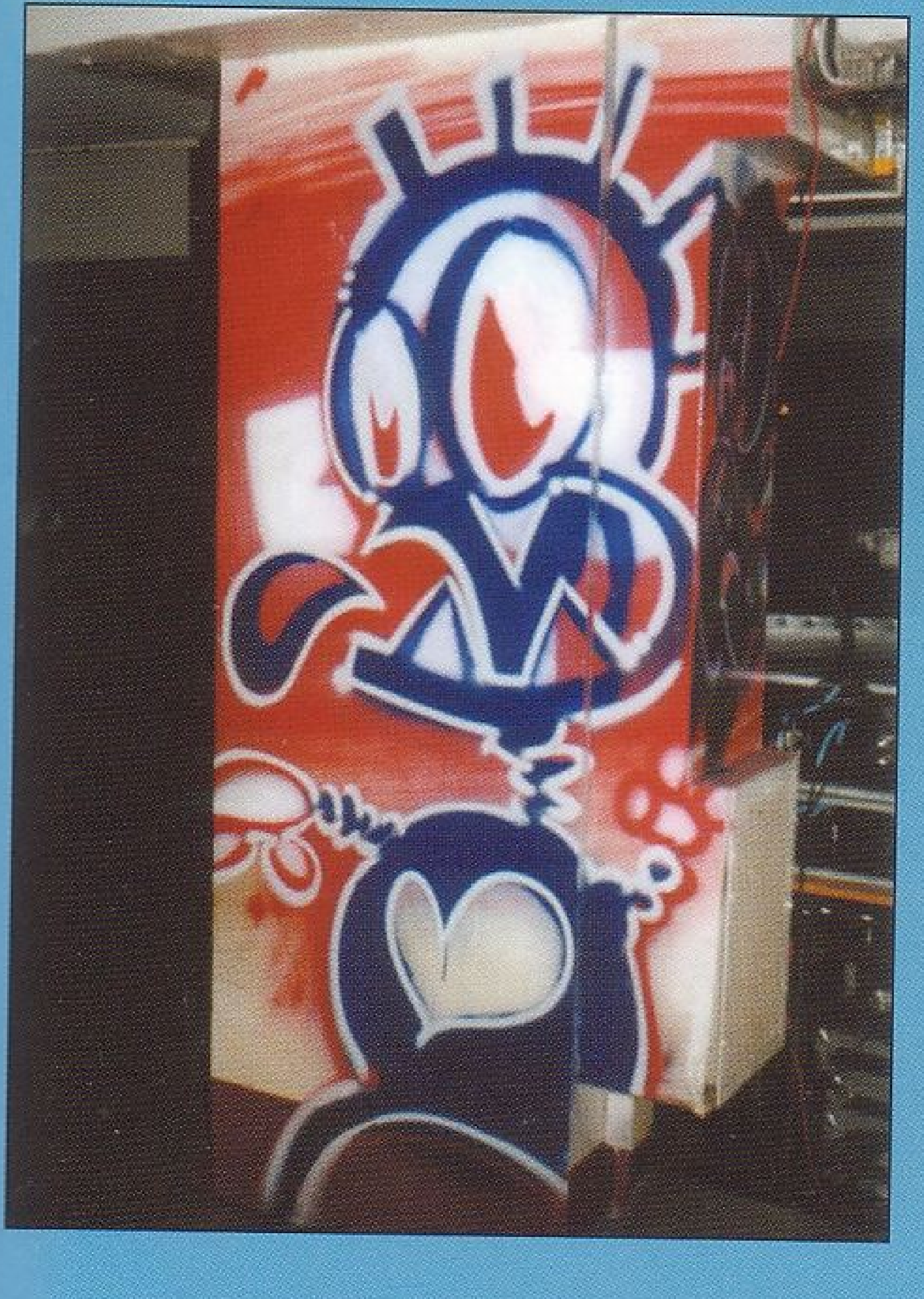
CUT OUT AND KEEP - Stencil-based graffiti is flourishing. Tristan Manco, a Bristol-based freelance designer, is putting together a new book on stencil graffiti for publishers Thames & Hudson (*Spraycan* and *Subway Art*). The book will be a selection of the best stencils from around the world including work from Amsterdam, Barcelona, Berlin, Brighton, Bristol, Lisbon, London, Madrid, Mexico, New York, Prague and Tokyo. The book will be out towards the end of the year but it's not too late to be included. Any artists or photographers who have material they want recorded can email him. He particularly wants to get in touch with Circa and Pablo Fiasco, and would love to receive more worldwide material.

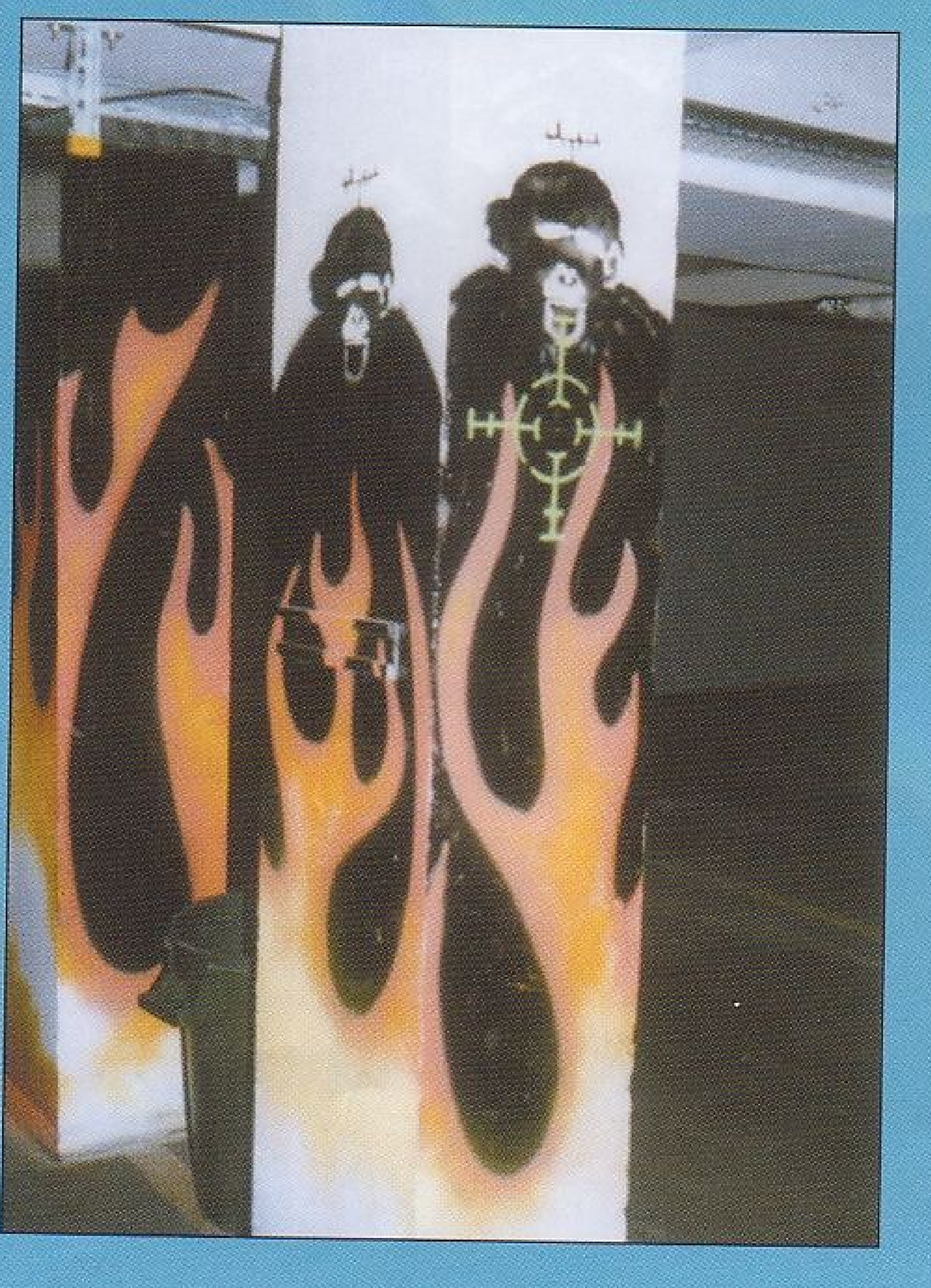
Connect: editor@stencilgraffiti.com

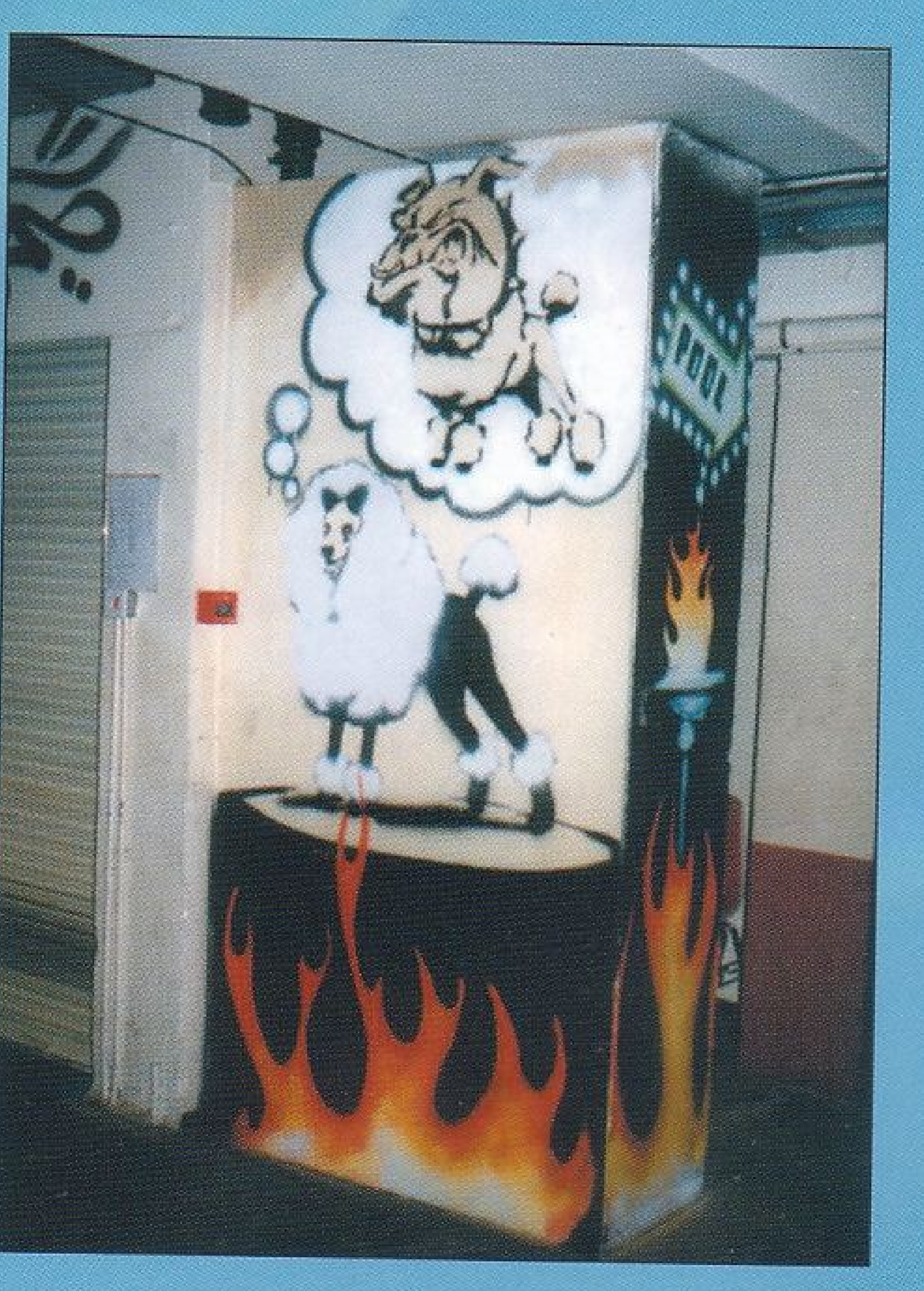
Graffiti Party
The Swiss Embassy London



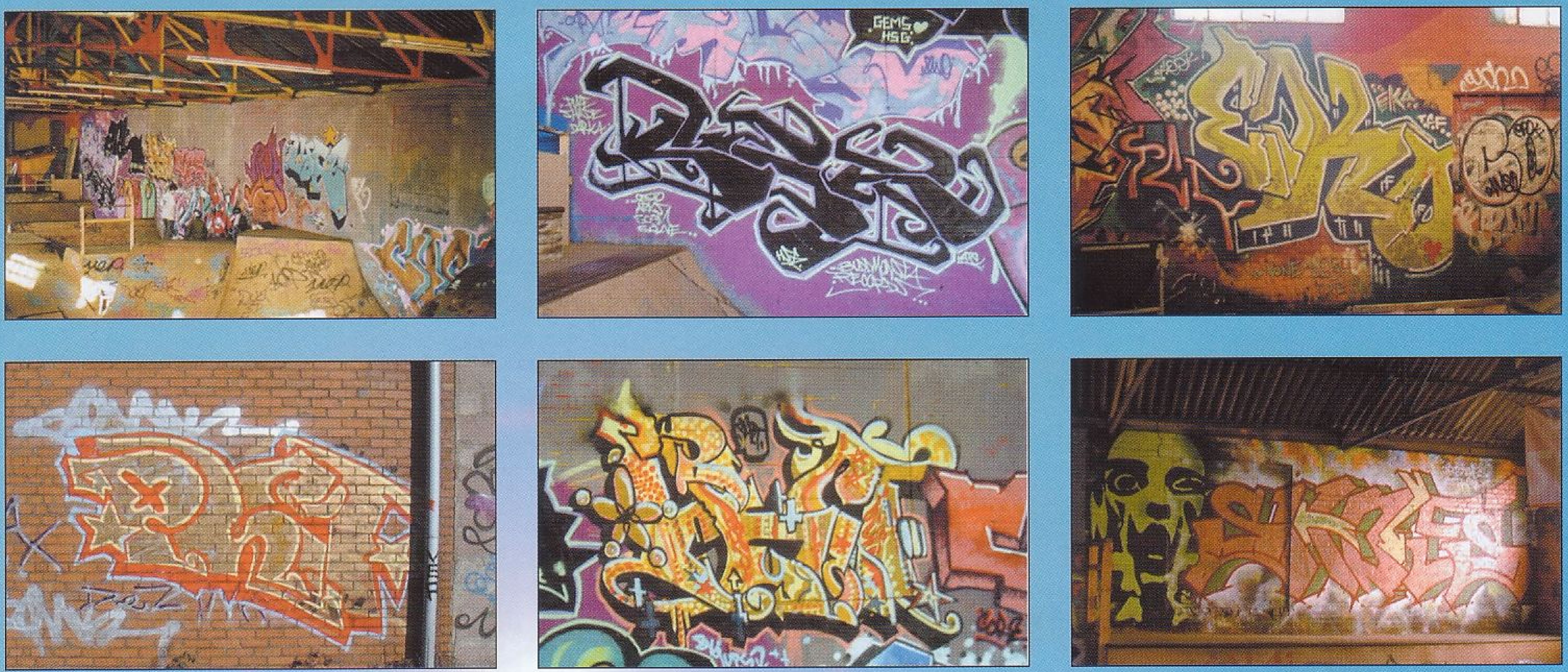
Explained in the editorial is the reason for this party so there's not much to add by way of setting. It would be easy dismissing the exercise if not for the fact the underground garage beneath the embassy is one of London's best unused club spaces - the "for one night only" spot made for a perfect venue. On top of that, they put every other so-called hip hop night to shame. By spotlighting the walls in way that didn't intrude on the ambience had people walking around looking at the graf like it was a private view at an art gallery (and there was plenty of graf on show to boot). UK hombres in effect were Chu, Snug and Banksy. The Swiss flew two anonymous, young writers over. One of these kids tagged a neighbouring building during the night then ran into the party to escape security but was caught and ejected (these ambassador types may dig the idea of graf but when the real side comes through they don't like it up 'em). Other positives cover the mad loot raised for the homless (down to the art) and the music brought to us by Ross Allen, Jim Masters and Lulu. Further samples of Snug, Banksy and Chu doing a Swiss fandango can be spied on Jolly Stompers pages.







BRUCE LEE SPOTTED IN CARDIFF



Way Of The Dragon was a jam taking place at the end of last year. Jim Peacock tells all and while he's at it recounts how South Wales got her groove back...

On a brass monkey's style morning in late December 2000, out in the middle of the lush sub-tropical Rhondda Valley, there was a gathering of shady hooded looking people going down in Porth Skatepark. This was to be the first graffiti jam that Wales had seen for many years and it would be a sign that after a rough ride whiling away in the wilderness the scene in Wales, and especially South Wales, was running on boom-time again. Old writers are coming back to the scene after being inspired by an influx of new crews and writers popping up from out of nowhere. Walls, freights, trains and the coalies are once again being turned on by what is now roughly 40-50 writers painting in and around Cardiff, Barry, Swansea and Pontypridd.

Back in the mid-80s, Wales was bustin' at the seams with writers. No matter how far from civilisation (and the nearest paint shop) you went, someone would have blasted any unattended wall, train or coal freight with all manner of dubs and burners. In South Wales, the crews were numerous and, according to the RonOne, by the late 80s there were around 50-60 writers in and around Cardiff. However, the scene was not limited by geography and even in the furthest valleys writers like System were honing their skills. As with graf in any area, the battle for domination was intense. SecondTwoNone, Elite, Main Line Posse and The Criminal Saints were the main crews doing a fairly comprehensive job of destroying everything in and surrounding Cardiff, as well as raiding London and Europe.

This is where the story, or more accurately legend, gets a bit fuckin' bleak. After SecondTwoNone, Elite and The Main Line Posse decided to join forces the shit hit the fan and various members stopped writing. Paint was left to flake and fade, halls of fame either grew over or were demolished and the whole scene was in a lethargic state. Fortunately, recovery came by way of fresh blood eager to bite at the heels of RonOne, Karl, Seza and other folk who'd been down from the jump. What has emerged is a not quite a whole new scene but one that has taken a fuck-off leap up the evolutionary scale. New crews like Way of the Dragon (WOTD), Hurts So Good, It Aint Us (IAU) and Dragon Style Crew are turning South Wales on like it hasn't seen in a good few years.

Cardiff especially is seeing a return to form with two new halls of fame. One of which might unfortunately have been demolished by the time you read this, but the other is 400m of smooth brick wall filling at a rapid rate as WOTD and IAU light up the city. Cardiff has also seen something that many cities and countries rarely have and that's a writers' bench started by RonOne and Mine of WOTD. The idea was to get all the heads in the Cardiff area together so rather than operating in small crews, big walls could get the production treatment they deserved. This kicked off at a friendly pub and now everyone meets up about once or twice a month to swap outlines, flics, women and to exchange tales of trackside adventures as well as organising larger walls for the aerosol touch. This is how the Way Of The Dragon jam sort of came into being: as a big wall that wanted filling and the fact that there were now enough writers about to fill it.

Gareth, the graf friendly owner of Porth Skatepark, let us prime one big wall in the park and on Sunday 17th December, approximately 40 writers from Cardiff, Barry, Pontypridd, Bristol, Cheltenham and London turned up to start work. Everyone got on with turning the blank grey wall into an 80 foot by 20-foot burner despite battling with some of the scariest scaffolding you have seen let alone want to stand on and paint from. This was all spurred on by Cardiff's finest hip-hop crew and record label, Rounda Records, whose DJ Jaffa and MC Little Miss (aka Sophie Barras) provided the soundtrack to the fume filled giant fridge.

By the end of the day the wall was almost burstin'. There were some wicked pieces and some pieces needing work, but what we had set out to do had been achieved: we had put on the first Welsh jam since time began (well nearly), and we had forty writers painting at the same time, in the same place with a few egos shutting down for the day.

Respect has to go out to everyone that was involved in putting it on and putting it up: cheers to Gareth, RonOne, Dave Jones, Mine, Oby Wan, Dole & Drat (KFN London) Seca, Cer, Kesto, Arcs, Solve, Scam, Jing, Sophie Barras & Jaffa from Rounda Records, Sade T, Oner Schemes & Pleasures, Eko, Osaka, Phet, Dicy, Karl & Dean (Second2None), Epok, Vep, Lupo, Code, Risk, Send, Dare, all the Goonies, Nise, Rmer, Cue, Foe, Hoxe and all the other people who were there but I was too wasted to remember!

The Welsh scene is back on its feet so remember that even if Wales is not quite as cool as London, Bristol or wherever, there are still writers who are up and doing it rather than just talking about it.

Jim Peacock

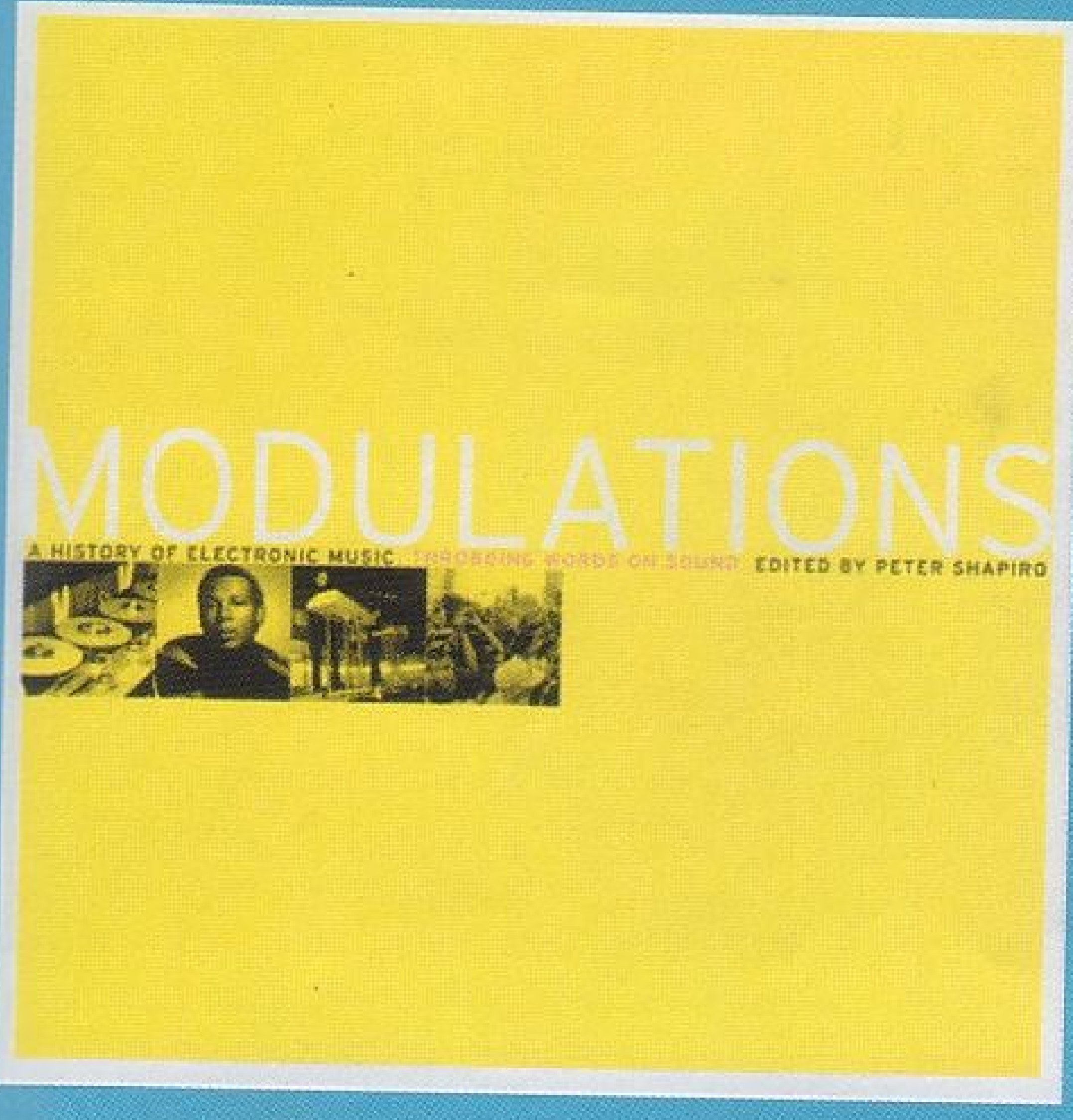
EFFECTIVELY DEPHECTIVE

Writers are shooting out the woodwork with their own labels and Dephect Clothing is the latest name dropping us a line. "We started it because we felt that there weren't enough clothing companies out there that represented graf, hip hop, and skating as a whole with their designs," say Paul and Matt, the two heads that started the company. Paul's been writing 8 years, Matt 3, they've been skating for years "and our love for hip hop goes way back". Still low-key, early success has been quick with their tee and hoodie range and they have a plan to expand on what they're currently putting out there. "Every time we bring new designs out we try and include elements of graf, hip hop and skating, but mostly we concentrate on graf styles with nice images." www.dephect.com is presently in construction so for now, a list of stockists: Ulteria, Bristol; Vertical, Cambridge; RnR, Watford; Boondox, Harrow; Natterjacks, Kingston; High Jinks, Covent Garden and Carnaby Street.

Hands Up Who Liked 1987

You must know that series running on BBC2 on Saturday nights remembering the decade that brought us new romantics, the Falklands War and New Kids On the Block. It's called *I Love the 80s*, and each week they do a 90 minute programme on a year from the, erm, eighties. Broadcast on March 10th is *I Love 1987*, the year they've chosen to carry a little slot on graffiti. The programme makers persuaded Fab 5 Freddy, Patti Astor, Zephyr, Mear One, Mode2 and others to talk on camera so put it in your diary or set the video, especially as they're doing a Beastie Boys feature and, if we remember correctly, something on sneakers and shell suits.

Our Generation Has Better Things to do



'Modulations – A History of Electronic Music: Throbbing Words on Sound' (fackin' hell, these titles are getting longer and bloody longer)) is gawdawful. Unless you read it as an intro to the subjects covered that is, then it isn't too bad (but it still isn't great). Over its 255 pages it short changes krautrock, house, disco, hip hop, etc. by paying lip service to fields deserving of huge books in their own right. Essays and interviews are diverting but *Modulations* is one for your trendy lecturer parents who want to understand why you go clubbing and get caned listening to banging music made by machines. It's so they can talk about it with some authority when Radio 4 rings them up for a soundbite on ecstasy/Eminem/ketamine/state of the pop charts or whatever topic of debate is hot that week. Out in March, Modulations is published by d.a.p caipirinha priced £21.95. Check calendars for Mothering Sunday and Fathers Day - it'll make a decent present.

Tommy Boy
LOST IN SPACE
JONZUN CREW

Tom Silverman OWES ME MONEY

Celebrating twenty years in show biz, Tommy Boy is re-releasing a clot of back catalogue cream. Jonzun Crew, Stetsasonic, Force MDs, Planet Patrol, Digital Underground, De La Soul, Afrika Bambaataa, Queen Latifah plus nuff others will be streaking through stores throughout 2001. "There are also plans for compilations of greatest hits and rare and eclectic 12" material". Tommy Boy since 1981.
Jonzun Crew, Planet Patrol and Stetsasonic albums out 5th March.

YOU can't FUCK with me

ph: 'Graffiti Truck' Gordon Matta-Clark NYC 1973

Without cities graffiti would be nowhere, and although it has spread to suburbs and the rurals its heart beats hardest in the municipalities. Tate Modern honours urban life with Century City: Art and Culture in the Modern Metropolis. "Century City is a celebration of creative flashpoints, the pivotal artistic and intellectual movements that have emerged in, and reflect, the context of the metropolis," says Iwona Blazwick, head of exhibitions and displays at Tate Mod. The nine cities covered go Lagos, Bombay, Tokyo, Rio de Janeiro, New York, Moscow, Vienna, London and Paris. Obviously a hell of a lot more diverse than just graf offering, we thought we'd show you that no one can deny writing's place in such a major show. Afterall, the all-city rocker is the flanuer king of the existent metropolitan milieu, no.

Century City is now in session and runs until 29 April at Tate Modern.
Tel: 020 7887 8888.

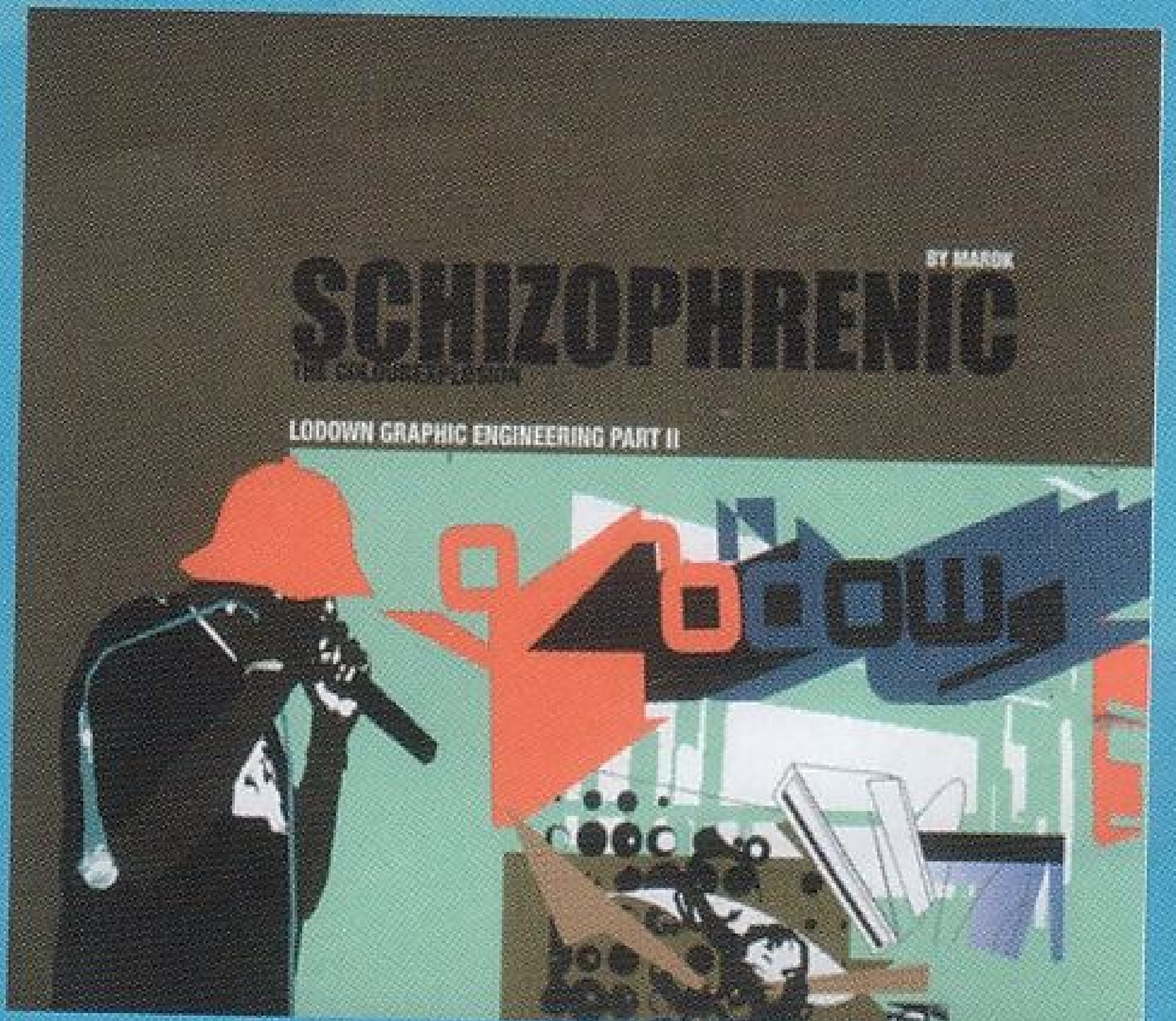
Rob Static & Intense cd of the week

Anti po-po; sample lyric: "a war against the world is a never ending fight"; anger; electric amphetamine guitars; a load of swearing; metal; sample lyric: "anarchy is a goal"; anti Metro Transportation Authority; 5 tracks; gruff, throaty yelling; car-jacking references; sample lyric: "battle to the death like a pit bull fight". Out now on Underground Hardcore. **Connect:** ughc@aol.com

Let's Throw A Schizo Disco

When we put the mag together, Benchtalk is the last section placed. Right now the candles burn and we're tired, so very, very tired so we ain't gonna front - this review comes straight off the press release (please note these things lean towards the exuberant): "This outstanding new visual material reflects a specific subculture that focuses on playing with urban mechanisms. The results are highly individual forms of expression rooted in American pop art, graffiti, electronic music and skateboarding. The book contains a colour explosion of pure graphic print design from 1997-2000. Newcomers to the scene as well as established artists have produced an arresting range of all-new images by artistically sampling and remixing." Those featured include Twist, Angela Boatwright, Futura, Stash and KR. Can we go to bed now?

Schizophrenic: The Colour Explosion - Lodown Graphic Engineering Part II (Die Gestalen Verlag) by Marok is out in April priced £25.99.



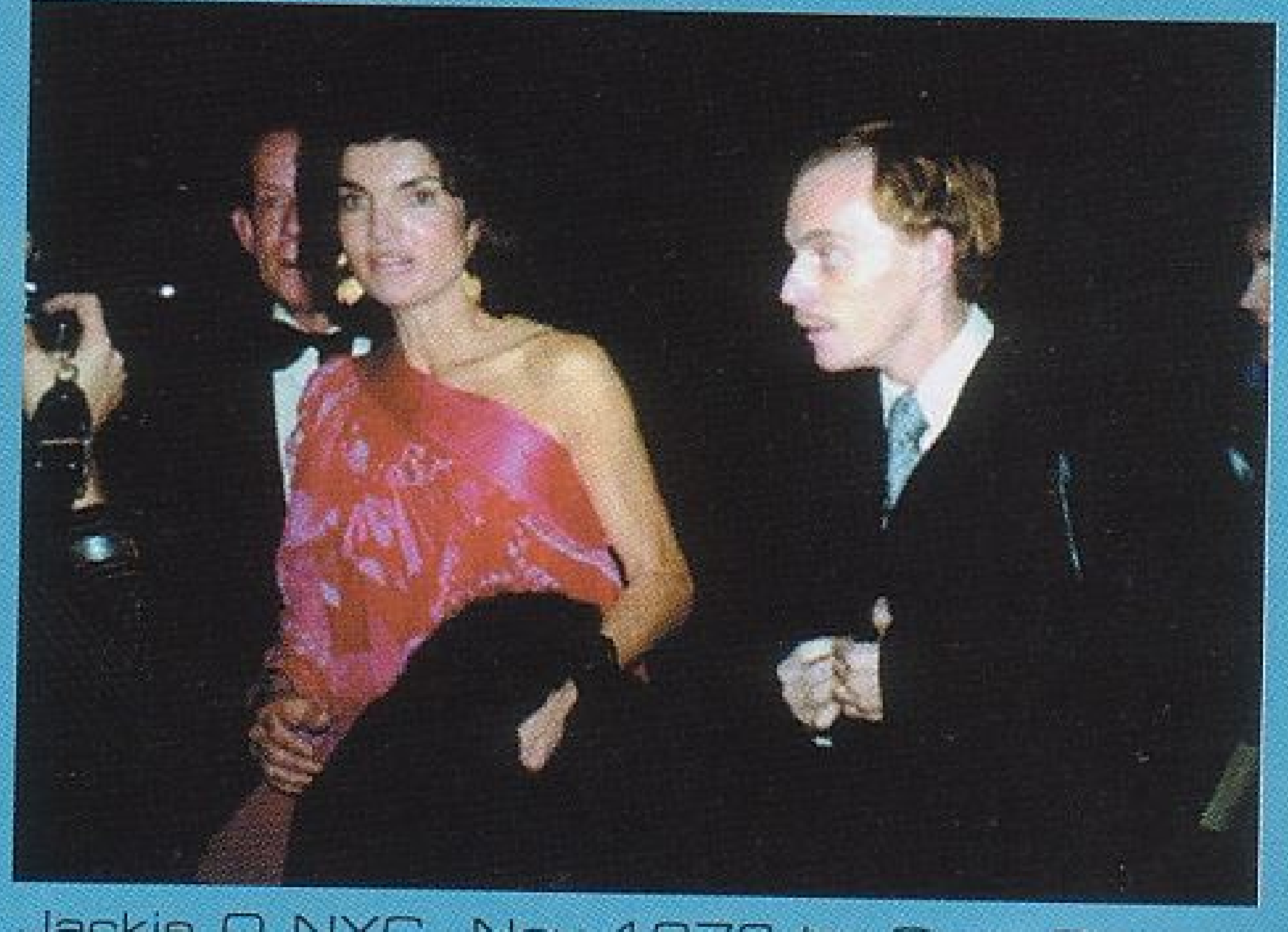
DECLAIME – 'MOVE IT'

Declaime sounds like an inebriated hustler in possession of a camel-sized tongue stuck in a human mouth. Life threatening if he's thrown into an epileptic fit but fuckin' A on wax. There are four examples on this 12", the best being *Move It*, followed by *Don't Trip* featuring Quasimoto's permanently congested, manchild vocal. Between the two of them *Don't Trip* plays as though it were a radio ad for a speech therapist and they're the "before" cases. Result. The other tracks are Polyfilla laziness that wouldn't entertain Mr. Easy 2 Please, but a fitty per cent strike rate would satisfy roughly 99 per cent of strikers representing Bradford City today, Trey. Out 12th March on Superrrappin.

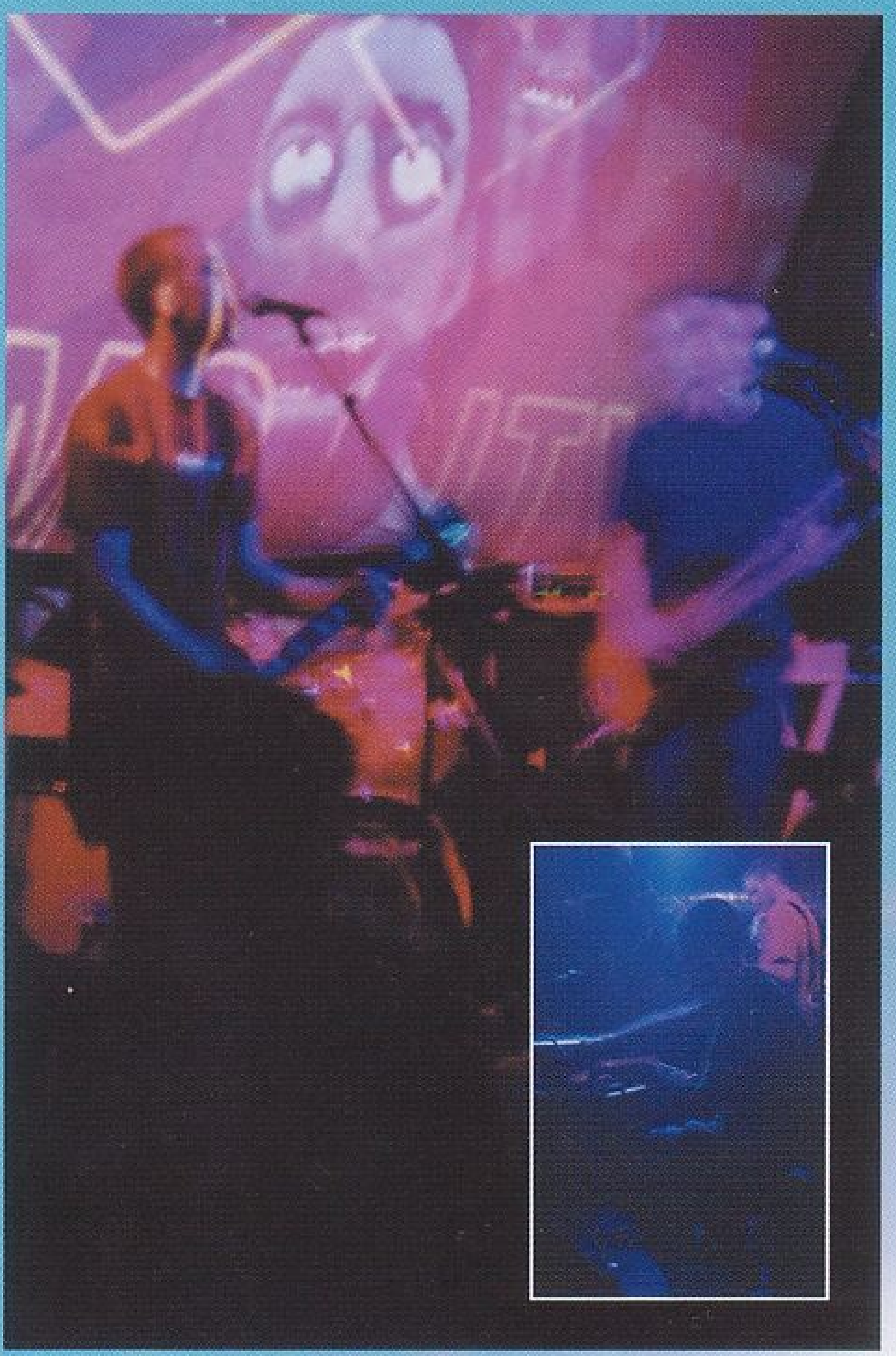
The FAME game

Gary Boas is the celeb jock turning mini celeb himself. Between 1966-80, the avid collector of public figure signatures realised he owned over 50,000 celebrity portraits through chasing actors, politicians, porn stars, beauty queens and musicians for a quick scribble and snapshot. Today he'd be called a stalker but these were times when celebrities were less guarded and at ease meeting their public. Boas found out how it felt being in the spotlight when two years a go a book was produced followed by a gallery show at Deitch Projects, New York. His collection comes to London in April where writers who think they've got game can find out what real fame is about.

Gary Lee Boas: Starstruck shows at The Photographers' Gallery, 25 Newport Street London WC2 from 11 April - 26 May 2001.
Tel: 020 7831 1772 Email: info@photonet.org.uk



Jackie O NYC, Nov 1976 by Gary Boas



focus implosion: South

SOUTH play CARGO

What gives South away is their t-shirts. The bass playing lead singer is wearing a Supreme tee, and his guitar picking partner in band frontery is wearing X-Large. Grooming such as this has gotta mean that's a Mo' Wax signing on stage, even if the sound filling one of Cargo's three arches is a six-string jangle jingled in a transatlantic indie-ish manner. South bucks the hip hop/slow dance trend of their label and deliver nomadic songs to which you could elegantly drown. Their groove is down but not out as it wraps you up in a dejected, sour mash blanket that warms by knowing there is someone out there suffering as badly as you. There's no cure for the whiteboy blues but treated with music like this you can be. Voices, drums and riffing is backed by a bank of keyboards, and with twelve people on stage (I was wankered so I was seeing double) you would have expected a bit more rapport to have been going on but South aren't spectacular when it comes to performance and banter. Swapping instruments reminiscent of Sebadoh is the most movement you'll get out of them and they nearly break sweat on final instrumental hair-shaker, *Broken Head II.* Not enough frugging isn't too fatal a distraction and marks out of ten never fall lower than six reaching eight with that cock-rocking end song stronger and longer live than the vinyl version appearing on last year's ten-inch EP, *Interim.* If you're looking for pleasant climes you could do worse than fly South for winter.

Vibert post 'This Morning' make-over

Wagon Christ 'Musipal'

Remember floatation tanks? They were in way before Feng Shui, sometime after acupuncture. Set in a darkened room, you slipped yerself into their saltwater, covered yer eyes and floated away yer high blood pressure and anxiety. Noodling away in the background would be dolphin clicks or moaning, mating Sperm whales. They were New Age shite. Wagon Christ (Luke Vibert) brings them to mind only because his music is chill minus wak packed wank. His electronica mode's been around since just after The School of Aphex opened and is bearing his first album for Ninja. *Musipal* listening is akin to watching a slow motion bullet practising comedy jazz steps on the way to its intended victim - you know it's gonna be messy but there's amusement along the route. *Bend Over, Thick Stew, Cris Chana* are the top-stepping outings. Out 12th March on Ninja Tune.

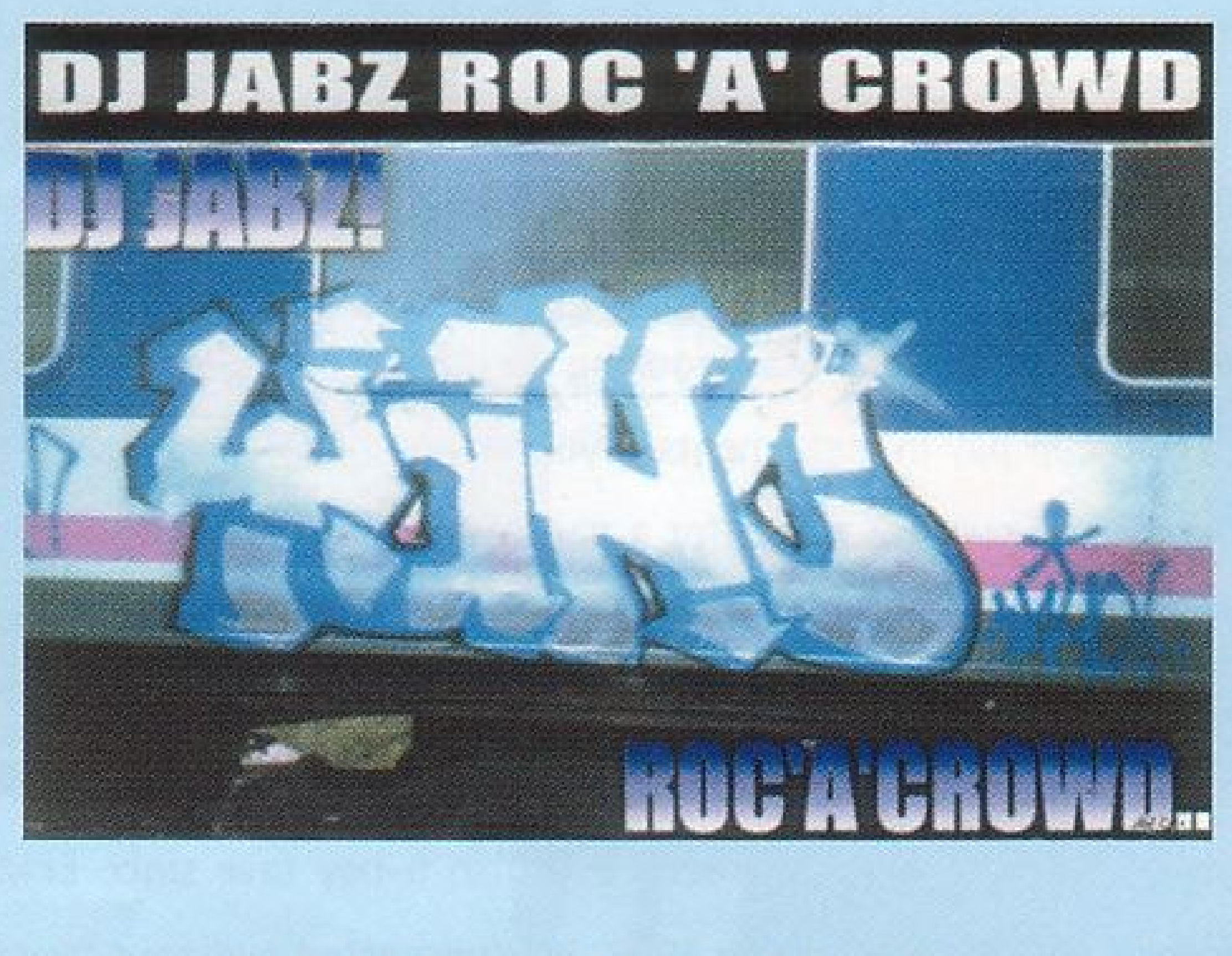
benchtal

wow: Bravo, Sandman, & Rasco's bold new look

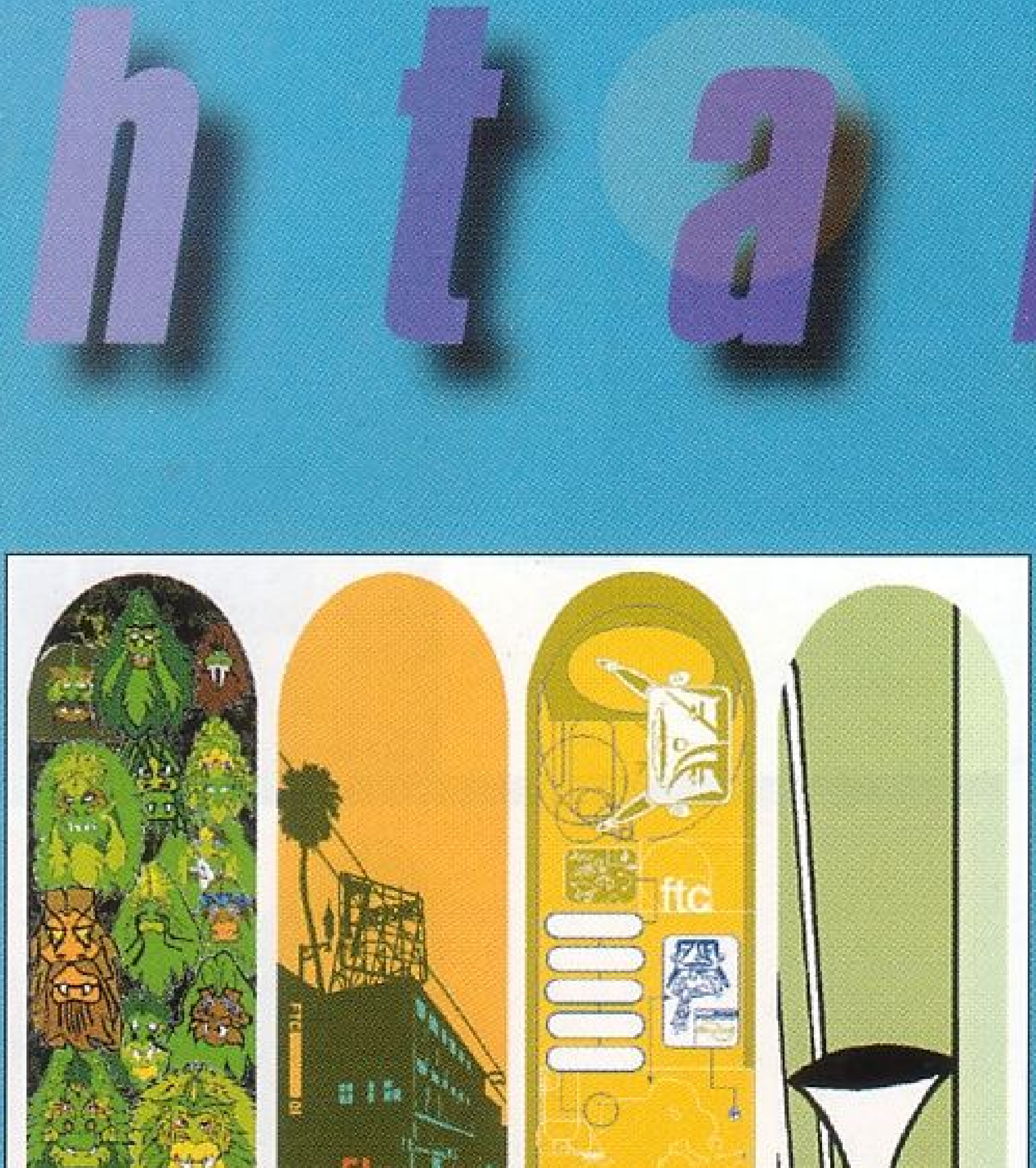
Bravo & Sandman 'Aged & Laced'

It takes a few listens to get catch drift on what Sandman and guest MC, Rasco are talking about until you realise it's so profound you haven't yet reached that plane of understanding. OK, so they chat complete bollocks but what's new, and on this release it matters none because the track is a stone groove (my man), doesn't outstay its welcome and jounces along like a bra-less Mel B in Tai-Bo overdrive. Cali's Bravo and Sandman are categorised as ones to watch until they inevitably fall off (everyone does, it's hip hop law). Out 19th March on Superrappin.

DJ JABZ 'ROC A CROWD'



Yush, rude. DJ Jabz got his steel deal down, really. Graf mix tape with a "bomb side" and "dub side"; DJ shout from Zomby DDS; and *Graf Da Bus Up* by Task Force - a DP special over *Simon Says.* More London represent ish has Skinnyman and Mongo passing through on Mud Files and Slang goes freestyle preparing for his soon come single. NY soldiers include GZA, DITC, Big L, Mobb and Big Pun. *Roc 'A' Crowd* is running now and available in Soho from Selectadisc, Dark & Cold, Wild Pitch...

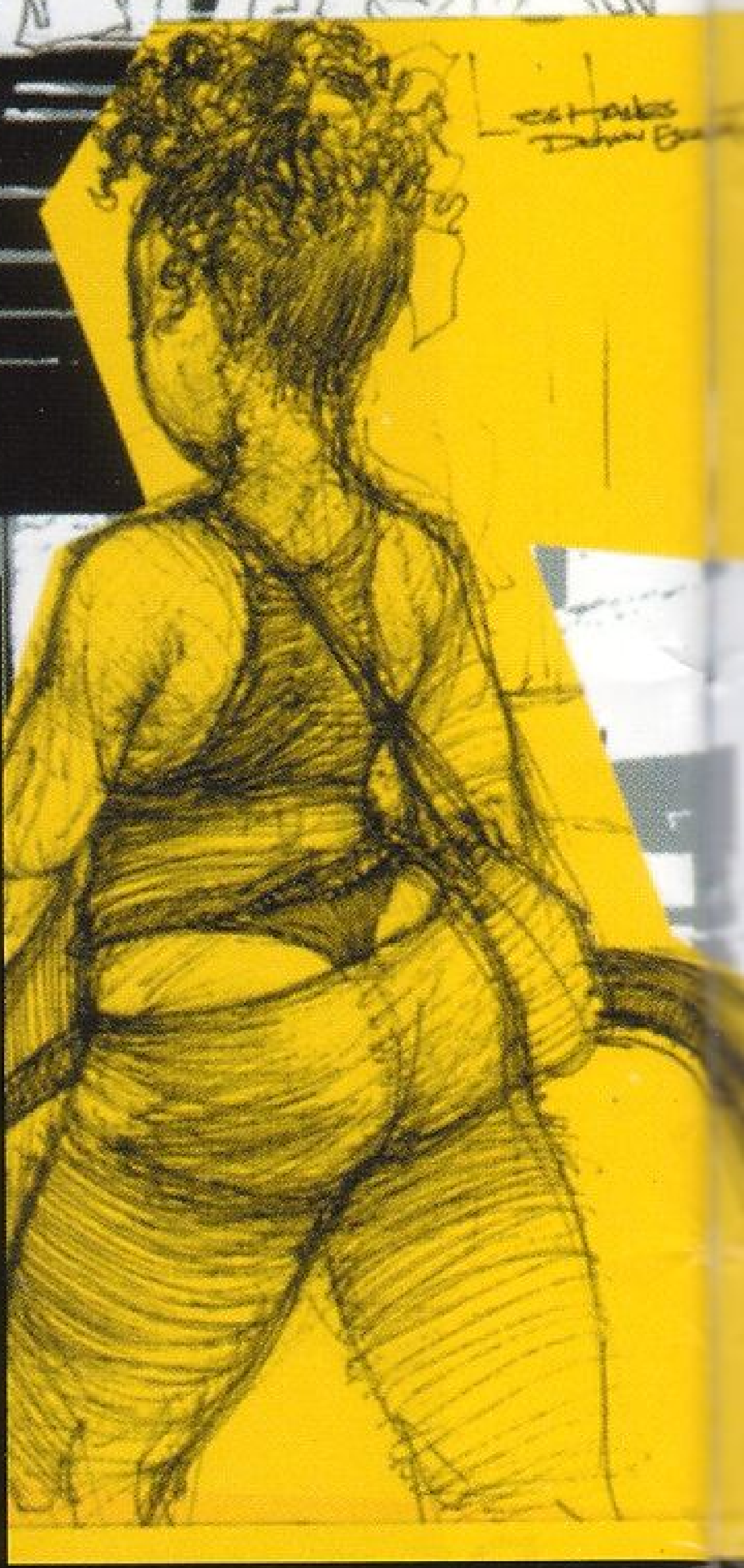


l-r: Bigfoot, Evan Hecox, Damon Soule, G. Galinsky

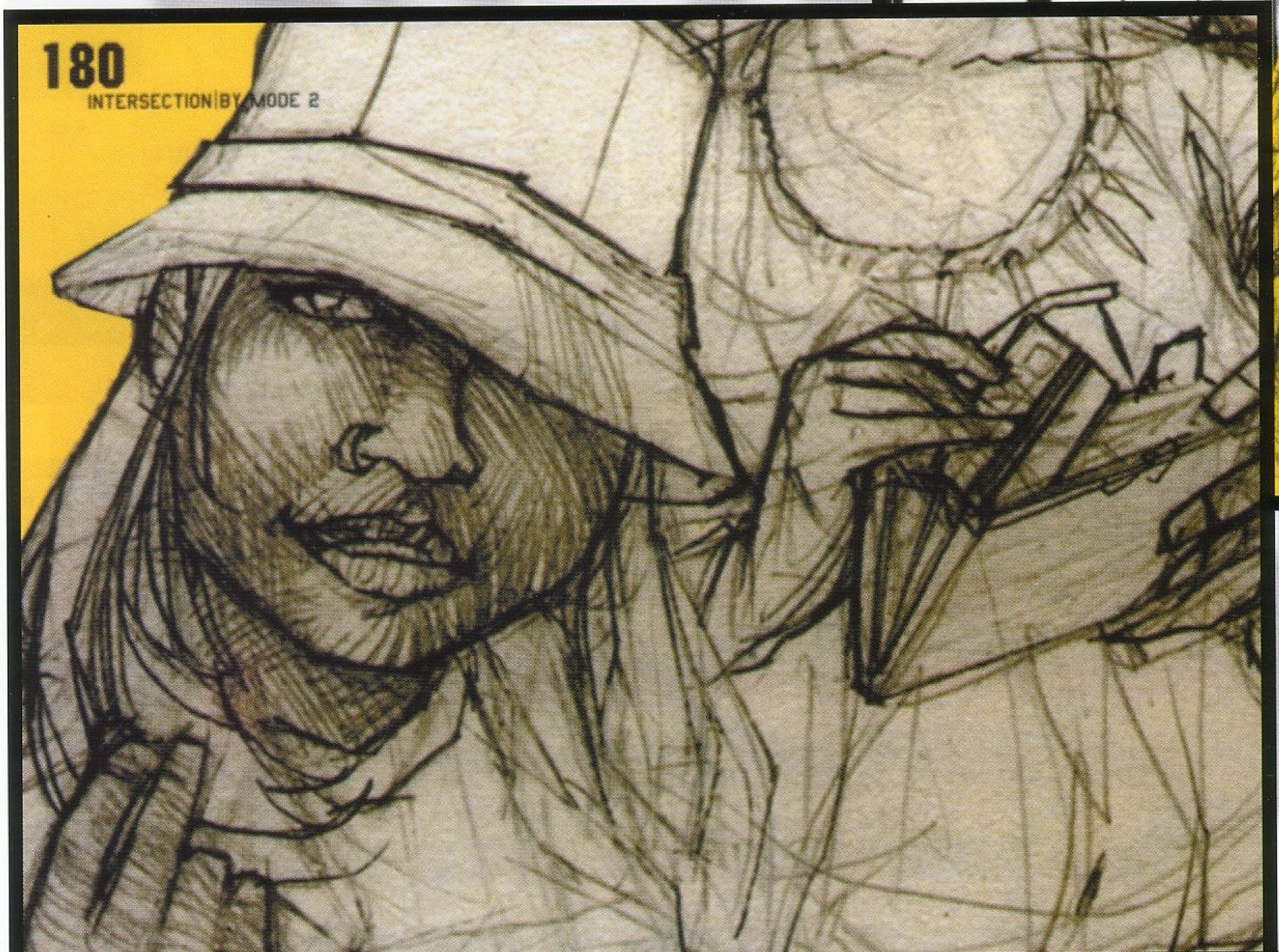
There's so much drama in the FTC

So beautiful when you buy them, yet the more damage you inflict the more attractive they get. No, we're not talking about Asian mail order brides, we're talking skateboards. What were crisp and clean graphics are scuffed to fuck once you mack up those wheels and trucks and start riding the good wood. Scar tissue never looked so damn fine. San Fran' skate company, FTC are toasting fifteen years of business by... we'll let them explain: "We have commissioned a project from five artists with community ties to create limited edition board graphics. The artists chosen are widely recognised both in the urban skate culture and graffiti as well as collectively throughout the world." Devious Doze, Bigfoot, Greg Pnut Galinsky, Evan Hecox, Damon Soule D23 were those called on and the boards were launched on 17th Feb.

Connect: www. shraderstreet.com



version excursion: Clothes tra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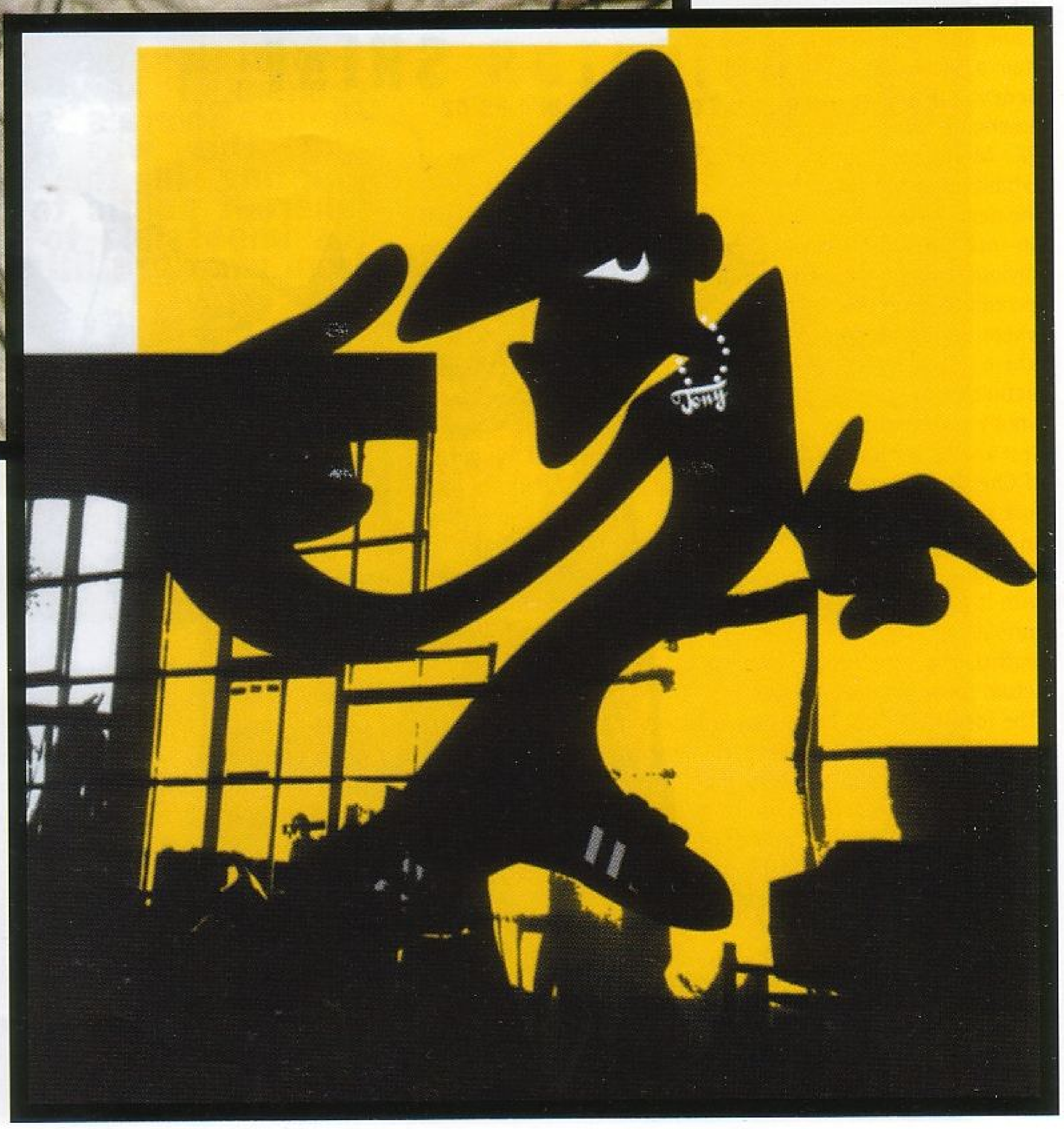
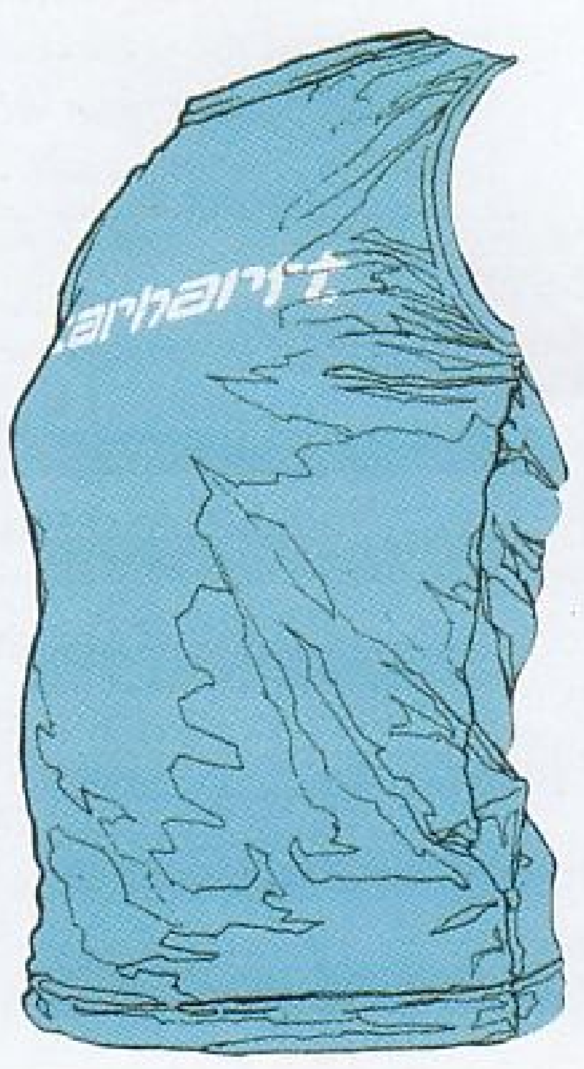
INTERSECTION|BY MODE 2

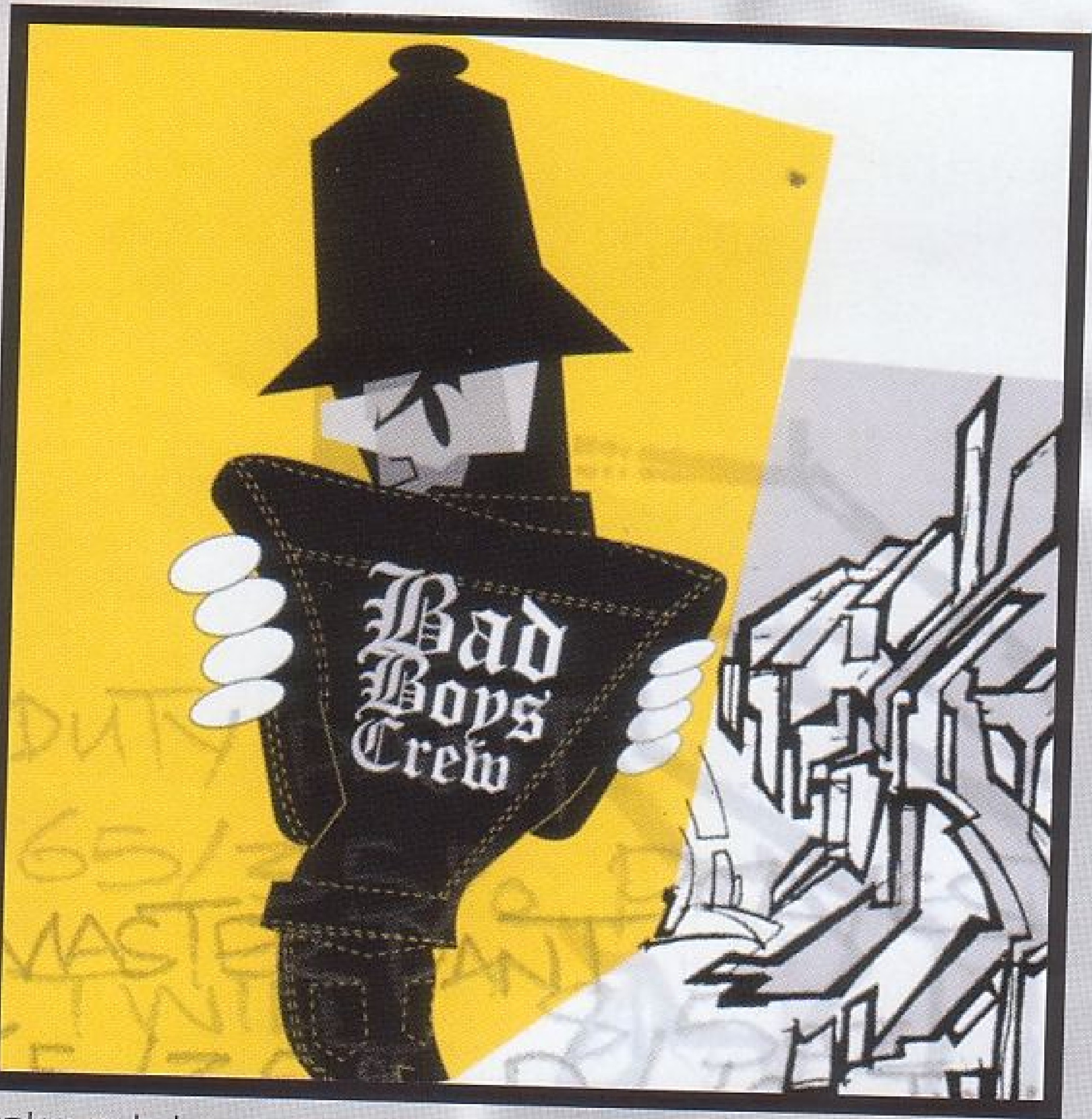
pencil me in for a 9 O'clock: Mode2



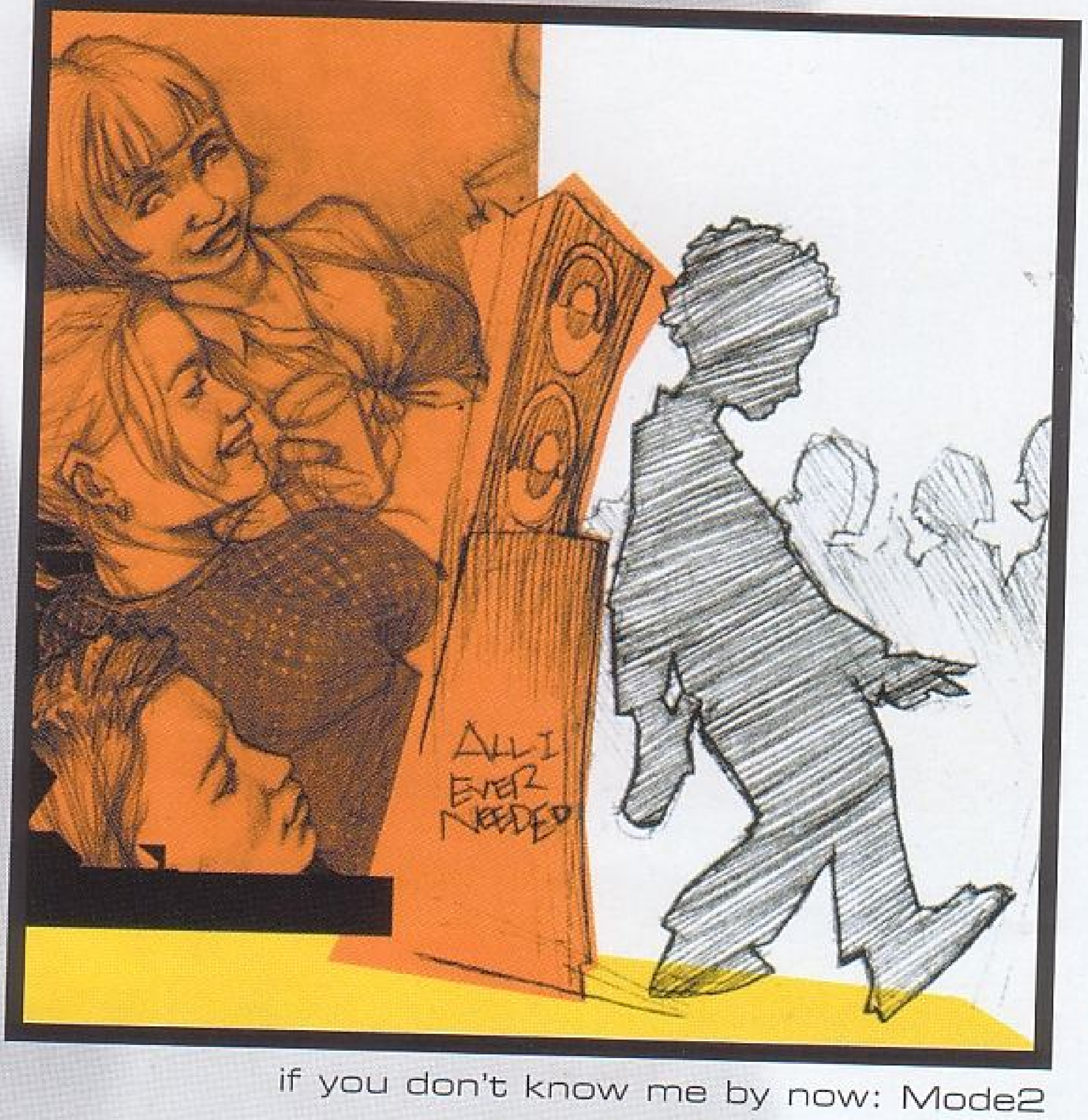
a good sillouhete is the secret to successful style: Jay1



ated by Mode2



take a b-boy stance: Jay1 & Mode2



if you don't know me by now: Mode2

the artt of b-boy maintenance

Listen, there's this new home catalogue called $triktlee B-Boy & Girl. It's this thick directory selling clothing from all those hip hop kinda labels like Triple 5 Soul and Phat Farm. It has a vintage selection including shits from Troop and British Knights, and there's a bit called Pimp Max, cooking up original 70s ghetto fabulousness. Believe you me it's proper. The best thing, though, is you can pay in instalments if you wanna flex Big Willie style but your broke self is on welfare. Right now, I'm forking out £22.75 over 52 weeks for a pair of jewel encrusted Cazals, special edition Nike Shox, a DKNY sweats set and a six-foot wide, chinchilla-lined fedora. You don't even have to leave your cellophane covered sofa 'cos the goods are delivered direct. Pappy, it's too good to be true.

$triktlee B-Boy & Girl *is* too funky to be fact so don't go getting all excited, dog. Though, if it did exist, Carharrt would probably find a home in there as the label has been a British b-boy fave since EPMD matched its workwear to their fisherman hats and monotone MC delivery back in 1988. An unexpected audience found, the European arm of a Stateside company set up to supply tough apparel to American blue-collar workers has successfully held on to it aided by press ads that have featured rap cream Mark B and Blade, and GAs such as JonOne and Doze. Their carpenter pants still see plenty of battles in the breaking ring and paint splatters have involuntary made many a writers' pair resemble expensive, custom-made denims sold "up West". Another vogue Carhartt have caught and courted is illustration, using a series of artists to drop their message minus camera work. So calling in Mode2 and Jay1 (from Paris' long standing Bad Boys Crew), to do up their Spring/Summer 2001 buyers catalogue makes Noam Chomsky sense. It should be said the new range, interpreted by Mode, doesn't look too shabby either, even if you do have to leave the b-boy abode in picking up the odd item or two. **EW**

God knows when graffiti last received the kind of exposure it's getting these days. Continuing the trend is a small group of high-end artists who have asked writers to add a certain something to recent projects. But when graffiti writing dates gallery art, does it make for a blissful relationship?

texter: Cedar Lewisohn

Finely tuned signatures

Dear Cedar, Jane from Anthony Reynolds Gallery said you wanted to ask some questions about 'The Bunny Lakes'. What magazine are you writing for? Best, Georgina Starr (received by email 5 January 2001 13:46).

Hi Georgina, thanks for contacting me. The magazine I'm doing this article for is *Graphotism*. The article is about fine artists who have recently used graffiti. As well as yourself, I'll be talking to Gavin Turk and Steven Gontarski, two other artists to have incorporated graffiti in their work. If you could answer a couple of questions that would be a great help: 1) What was your initial interest in working with graffiti? 2) Who were the graffiti artists that painted your design, how did you meet them and what did they think of the whole thing? 3) Do you see your work, 'The Bunny Lakes', as graffiti or fine art? 4) Do you feel you exploited the graffiti artists or their culture? Thanks for your help, Cedar Lewisohn (sent by email 5 January 2001 16:39).

It's happened before and it's happening again. There's a growing trend in London's West and East End galleries to exhibit graffiti. Evidence? Add to Starr, "Brit art bad boy" Gavin Turk recently paying Swiss whiz kid Joule to temporarily stain a wall inside the prestigious Centre D'art Contemporin in Geneva with the word "Che". Requested to touch-up American, Steven Gontarski's sculptures was Dingo from the UK. Moreover, London is hosting a Barry McGee (Twist) exhibition in the autumn.

The deal? I asked Turk what his interest was with outlines and fill-ins? "Initially I was interested in graffiti because it was an obvious experience of living in the city. As an artist, I'm incredibly interested in the idea of value and signature and where words become picture. Which is relevant to graffiti, where often signature is the content and words are the picture," he explained after first assuring his intentions were wholly dishonourable.

Best known for the life-like wax works of himself in the guises of Che Guevara and Sid Vicious, many previous works by this Turk type have consisted solely of his own signature written on a variety of coverings. So working with graf, which takes the signature as starting point, endpoint and pokes about with it a fair deal in-between, had a twisted logic to it. I was curious whether the Turkster was more into the symbolism of graffiti, the intellectual idea so to speak, rather than the actual spray paint aesthetic?

"The idea that I got more drawn to was that graffiti is some sort of social realism. I keep thinking about Diego Rivera's socialist murals and the way that unofficial painting in the street has an inherent politic to it. But I think it's impossible to remove graffiti from what graffiti symbolises."

OK, but if you put this "unofficial painting" in official settings such as public or commercial galleries, don't you turn something raw and heartfelt into a polished parody? For an answer, I turned to Steven Gontarski. "For me, I can see where Gavin Turk is coming from by putting this stuff in the galleries because it's using graffiti, it's not meant to read as graffiti," he insists in his unmistakable Philly accent. "I've been having the plinths of my sculptures sprayed for a while now. I'm into graffiti as part of an urban style and individuality, and less into any issues around graffiti like rebellion. I 'm not a purest." So what was the initial attraction? "I thought it was like the worst, most wrong thing to do to my work, defacing it in that way." Dingo is the man responsible for the "defacing" of Gontarski's work. I asked if he ever got the feeling he's being cheated? After all, the works I'm discussing sell in the ten grand plus bracket. My question met a blank expression and about twenty seconds worth of dead air time, but finally he came through. "No, I don't feel exploited. I feel like I'm furthering the art, taking it to new levels and new places. I like knowing that my shit on these sculptures will be around for, like ever. Look at the 'Blocks II'; that would look mad wherever it was, the fact it's in some gallery just makes it even madder."

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"Nobody questions a musician if they bring in another musician to provide a specific style or sound to their music," points out Gontarski. "I wanted to add a specific feel to my sculptures and I wanted an expert to do it so I called in Dingo."

Gontarski's work does have a certain three dimensional graffiness to it, containing that awkward linear flow. Imagine Vaughn Bodé and Pablo Picasso's most fucked up bastard child come to life, then stuffed and exhibited for the world to see and you're nearing his signature style. With 'Blocks II', it's a signature of remixed signatures, where, as Gavin Turk said, the signature is the content.

Leeds born Georgina Starr graduated from Slade School of Art and has shown at the Tate and Venice Biennale. She remembered to get back to me.

Dear Cedar, I've answered the questions and covered both the window graffiti and the video. Its a shame you didn't see the video. In it, a person arrives at a McDonalds billboard at night. It was the Millennium McDonalds advert, all red with two small yellow Ms in the middle. The person climbs a ladder and turns the Ms into ears by spraying two bunny faces underneath them. Then he sprays "The Bunny Lakes", climbs down the ladder and walks out of shot. Here's some short answers, let me know if you need anything else, Georgina.

What was your initial interest in working with graffiti? "It fitted the mood of this specific work ('The Bunny Lakes are Coming'). The Bunny Lakes were adopting an identity and I thought it would be the sort of thing they'd do. I like the way you never see graffiti artists working, things just appear overnight in obscure places."

Who were the graffiti artists that painted your ideas, how did you meet them and what did they think of the whole thing? "The design on the window of the gallery was by **** and ***** [names removed at writers' request for the usual reasons]. In the video, it was Bunny Lake spraying on the billboard.

"I met them through a friend who knew one of them. We had a chat on the phone and I explained what I wanted doing. I knew they did illegal stuff so I wasn't sure how they felt about doing it all legal. We talked about various kinds of lettering and styles and I gave them the text I wanted painting. They were into it and came up with designs and we chose one. I think they enjoyed having more time then usual to work on something.

"Doing the grafitti in the video was much more nerve racking. It was done at about 1.00am and I thought it'd be all quiet by then, I didn't realise that there were a set of traffic lights right next to the billboard. Luckily it was over and done with in about 40 seconds."

Do you see your work, 'The Bunny Lakes', as graffiti or fine art? "The whole work is much larger than just the grafitti. The grafitti was just a part of the whole composition.

With the writers, it's still their grafitti, it just became an element of that particular work of mine. It was like they were doing me a favour. In the video, the action was a really important part of the narrative."

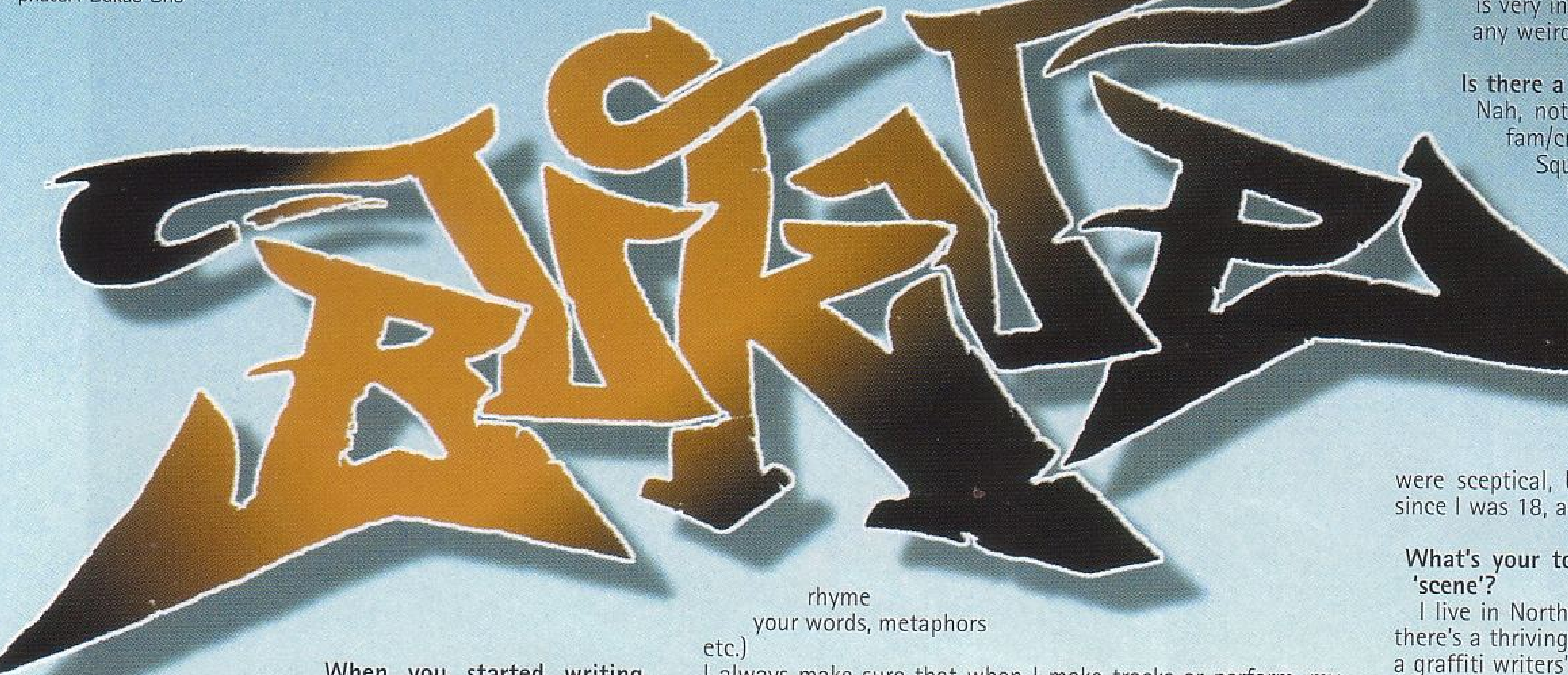
Do you feel you exploited the graffiti artists or their culture? "No. I had tried doing the graffiti (on the window) myself and it looked too amateurish. I wanted it to look real so it was better getting the pros in to do it. They had a laugh doing it and I noticed that they managed to tag around the area afterwards. With the video, it made more sense that I was holding the camera and not up the ladder myself." ◉

Connect: info@anthonyreynolds.com

ANTHONY
REYNOLDS
GALLERY
THORN
THE BUNNY LAKES

this page 'The Bunny Lakes are Coming' Georgina Starr
opposite top: 'Speed II' Steven Gontarski top inset: 'Blocks II' Steven Gontsrski bottom inset: Gavin Turk

texter: Kate F
photor: Bukue One



When you started writing, was it all about damage, fame and getting up on everything in sight, or did you come at it from another angle?
When I started, like everyone else I was just writing on shit. My friend got me in to it - I used to clown him and be like, "Why do you do graffiti?" He couldn't give me an answer so I made fun of him... until me and him went out bombing and then the rush pulled me in. Seeing my name was the next rush, but then after a while I didn't like seeing my name all over the place because it looked terrible! It was a major blow to my self-esteem! At first I wouldn't paint halls of fame because I was embarrassed; to build skill I would just paint rooftops so people couldn't see from close up.

I have a theory that fame is primarily a male thing, so why do you think it is young men want fame?
More than anything, young men want attention - to be loved and admired. Most young males are looking for that sense of recognition that they have self-worth. Through graf you get a voice to be heard as well as gaining recognition, love, attention and props from your work. It's about more than fame; fame is just an alternative way to receive the love and attention every soul wants and needs.

I know some writers whose nom de plum is totally meaningless - just pretty letters - whereas for others, it literally represents their perception of their own identity. Do your painted words carry more weight with you because you MC; has working with words in your MCing deepened your relationship with words within your graf?
Yes, the graf use of words (or my word Bukue) and my vocal use of words are linked by a common goal. The goal with my graf is to be very clear about my letters. I want someone to be able to look at my graf and find the letters of my piece, see the consistency of the piece and to see why I did what I did. My graf is heavily rooted in letters. Having a solid foundation, being able to have dope letters that can stand alone without all the 3Ds, the arrows, colours and backgrounds is what is most important to me. It's why my graf is heavily rooted in letters.
I tend to put the more intricate work in to the concept of the letters, i.e. symmetry of my piece, theme, creating rules to follow, congruency and flow. By the time it hits the walls or shirts or whatever, it usually looks pretty straightforward but, if you continue to look, you can find the concept of the style.

And your goal with MCing?
When I get up with graffiti writing, the most important thing is to get my name known (which means people would have to be able to read the work). Emceeing is the same. Getting my name known, but more importantly, clearly getting my point across.
So knowing about the importance of foundation from graffiti, I knew off the bat that I had to get the foundation of rapping down by learning how to do clean simple flows on beat. Once you learn how to rap on beat, you can then add your lyrical wildstyle (rapping fast or getting more active with how you rhyme your words, metaphors etc.)
I always make sure that when I make tracks or perform, my delivery is clear and understandable, I want people to be able to follow my music and art, not to feel inadequate or lost. Clarity is extremely important to me, thus the foundation of basics...
Learn to crawl before you start running; learn simple 2 dimensional block letters before abstract 3Ds; learn how to rap on beat before you start rapping 1000 words a minute; learn how to uprock before you try power moves; learn how to match beats before you start crab and flare scratching. Am I making myself clear?

Politics suck. Politics is one of the main reasons people forget about how fun this shit is. All that shit is garbage

Yes, I can read your pieces and comprehend your lyrics, but WHAT are they saying? Spell the message out to me.
My message is that I'm an optimistic revolutionary. Through my art, lifestyle and music I try to convey the light. Where I'm discussing negative or positive topics, I'm trying to bring back the inner child to this hip hop game. People need to remember to smile and reflect on the reasons we all started to write, rap, or skate. Some of us have been in it so long we forgot about the fun and got lost up in the stress of competition and ego. I want us to reconnect with the essence of life, of positive progression, overcoming all obstacles and enjoying the struggle regardless of how hard it gets.

From peeping your website, I know that you come from a family of artists, so was your creativity apparent and encouraged in your childhood?
My creativity was apparent but my artistic talent wasn't. I used to try to draw conventional stuff like characters and cars but couldn't, really! I thought I got the short end of the art stick.
My Moms is definitely down - she rocks the shirts I've designed.
My mom wasn't super excited when I was going out at the age of 15 and 16 at 2.00 am but she never hated on my art. She is very intuitive so she would let me go, but if she felt any weird vibe she would stop me. Cool huh?

Is there a healthy competitiveness in your family?
Nah, not really in my blood family. In my extended fam/crew, SBS (Slowly But Surely) and ACS (Action Squad), yes, we push each other in all areas of life.

Many writers find that whilst their writing may be either tolerated or humoured, it's not seen as a 'real job'.
My immediate fam' (my mom) is supportive. My cousins, aunts and uncles were sceptical, but I've been an entrepreneur/legal hustler since I was 18, and they don't bother hating now I'm 24.

What's your town saying at the moment in terms of a 'scene'?
I live in Northern California's Oakland/San Fran. area, and there's a thriving scene in skating, hip hop and graf. SF is like a graffiti writers' haven; so many writers move there, destroy shit and move on or put down roots and stay. The writing scene is very strong. There are a lot of dope artists/writers here already but when the out-of-towners come in it gives the area a resurgence of energy and makes everyone produce more. Unfortunately, there aren't really any legal spots right now unless you get a gig or something...
Although I would be considered an artist I don't study art or artists much, it's mainly a form of expression for me. My favourite writers now are Revok, Sever, Dare (TWS), Bates and most recently I've been really feeling Swet's work. I'm a total letter fiend and I love the way these writers flip their letters - so clean and free yet structured.

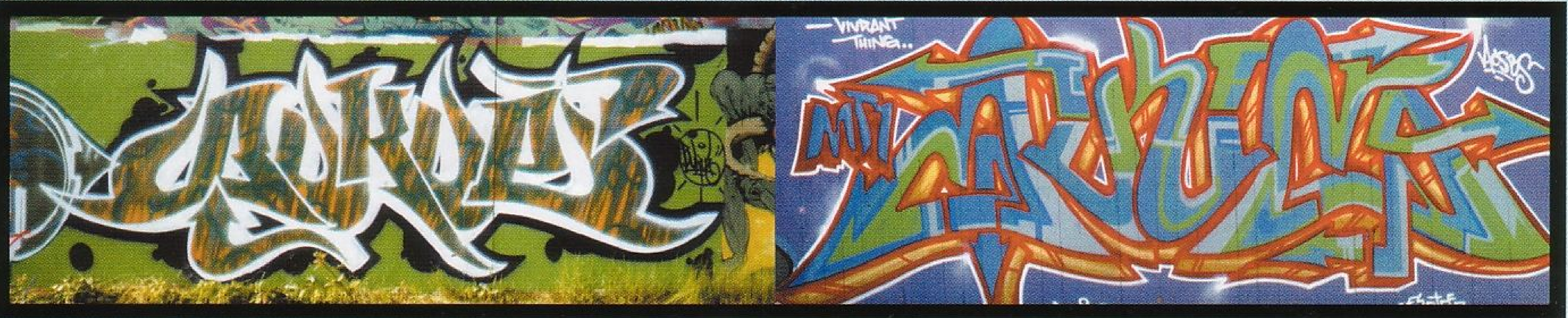
What are the politics like?
Politics suck. Politics is one of the main reasons people forget about how fun this shit is. All that shit is garbage whether it be old beef from old crews, or you may have dated a girl who now dates some other writer and now you have instant conflict. Graf is supposed to be seen a lot more then heard!

Is the adrenaline rush you get from skating the same as the rush you get from your other two trades?
The rushes are real similar, similar rushes but different media. The feeling you get when you execute a dope style on the wall, or came up with a new throw up style is similar to learning a new trick or clearing a big set of stairs. Which in turn is similar to completing a tight song or flipping a new rhyme pattern. It's mainly about pushing yourself in different arenas to overcome obstacles and fears as well as discovering new ways to do things that have already been done. ◉

Connect: www.bukueone.com

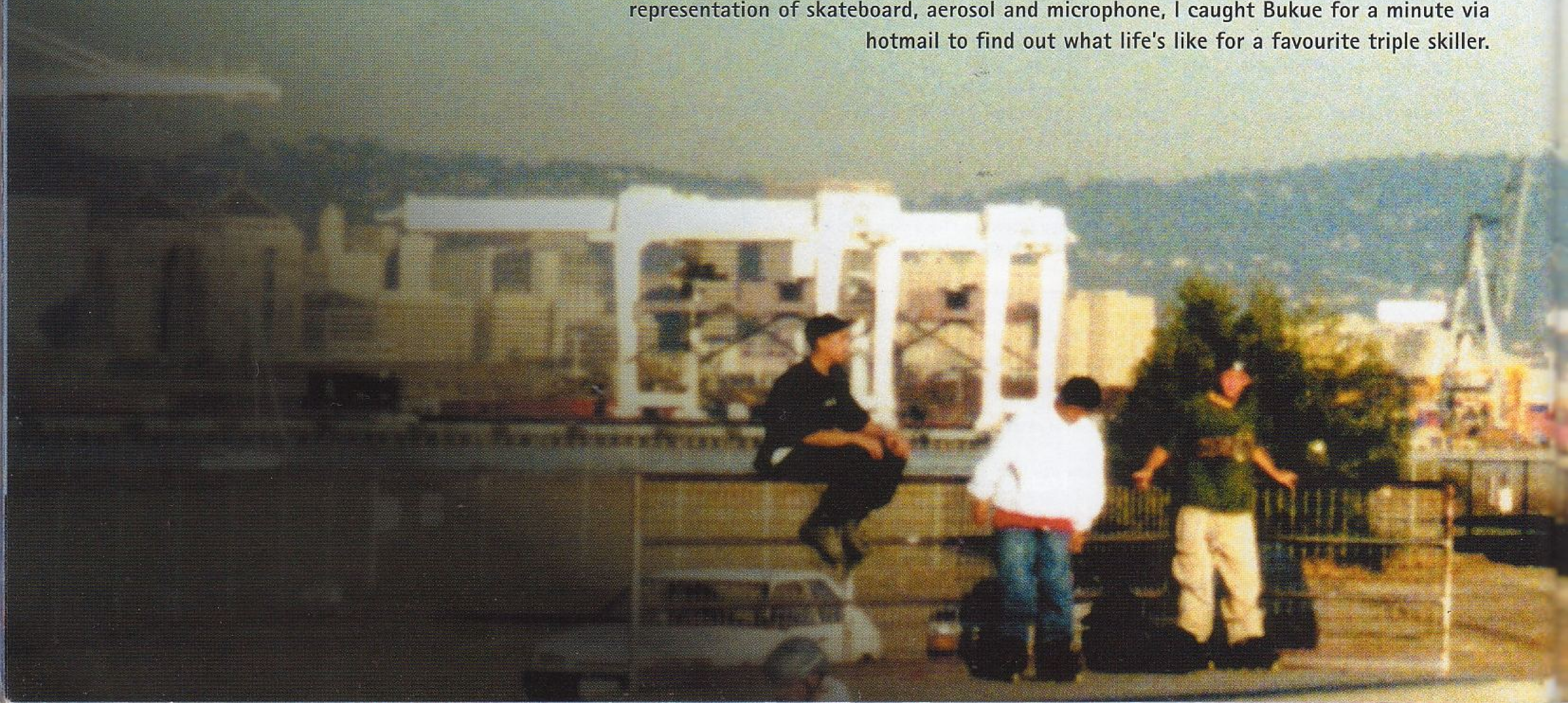
BOMBROCK
SKATEROLL

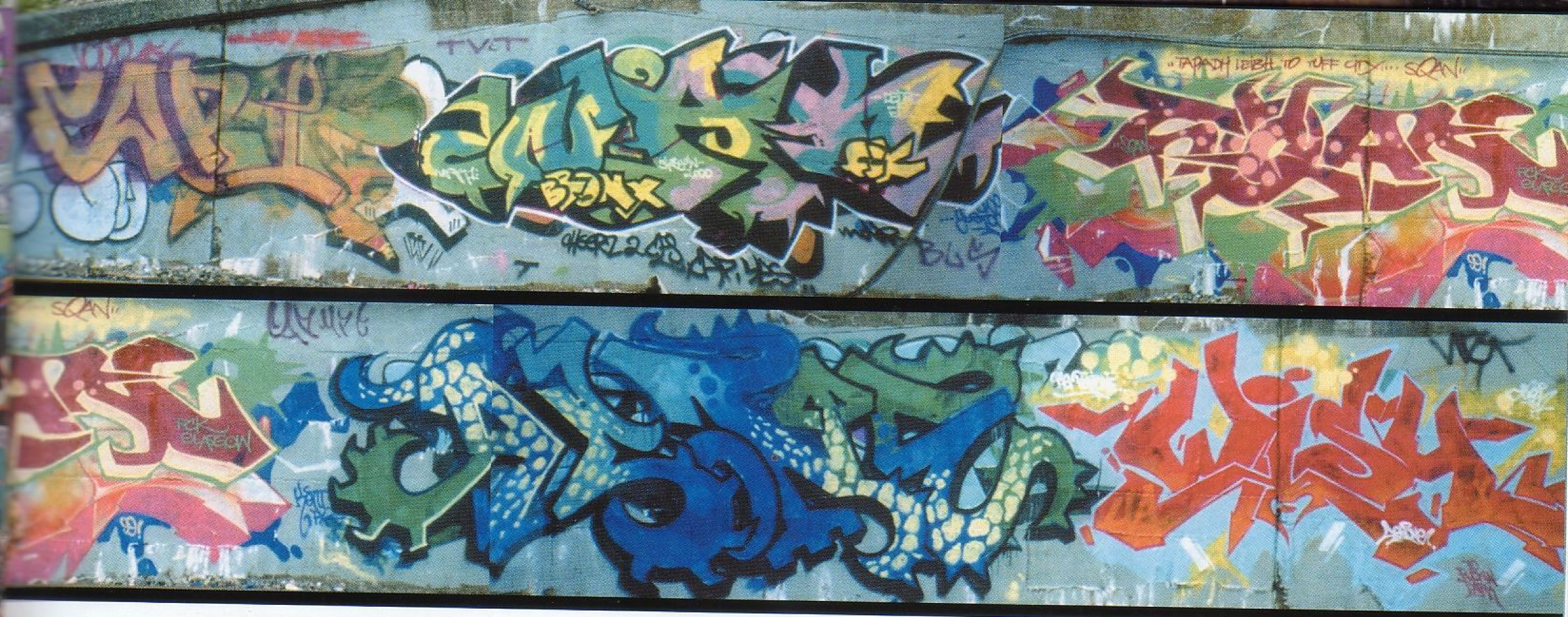
Bukue One is most known for his skills on the mic. The Cali MC has pushed out tapes and tour rolled with the likes of Aceyalone in Australia. Add to that his pro skate prowess and paint editorials and we have prime rump steak perfect for grilling



l-r: BukueOne - Canada 1999 • BukueOne - Cali 2000

I first spied Bukue outside P.S.1/Phun Phactory in New York, where, being nosy, I asked to see the outlines he was showing Luchazza, from San Francisco. Cotching down on the kerb with them an impromptu writers bench formed featuring: the three of us, several NYC old-timers, two (female) West Coast writers and London's Haw. Maybe it was the sunshine or maybe it was the beats from DJ Logic spinning in P.S.1, but these bods just emanated an aura of creativity right there on the sidewalk. Charmed by his three-tier representation of skateboard, aerosol and microphone, I caught Bukue for a minute via hotmail to find out what life's like for a favourite triple skiller.





from top l-r: Cap, Mak-One, Sqan, AsOne, Ces

the Rattle and the hiss

When Glasgow's FCK went rumbling in the Bronx and lived out their childhood fantasies, James Graham recorded the tale. Swap Jackie Chan for FX crew and a notorious special guest star and you've an action movie with a parental guidance rating: Popcorn dreams, boo

Upper East Side, sitting on the uptown subway late one Thursday evening. The driver's voice cuts through. "Last Manhattan stop. Next stop the Bronx, repeat, next stop the Bronx." A few middle class *Friends* lookalikes snap out of their moneyed slumber and scuttle off the train. They've probably lived in New York their whole lives and never made that short trip across the Harlem River. Nor would they have reason to. FCK Glasgow branch, however, are here for that express purpose. Most of our week here has been spent in the Bronx, but tonight is something special. Tonight we have a writer's agenda.

The glossy sheen of Manhattan is enough to seduce anyone, but for a writer the destination is uptown; across that river where the lights don't shine so bright. By our second day in the city we'd had our fill of sightseeing and were Bronx bound. Under the river and up and out into sunlight, rattling along the elevated tracks looking down on the bombed projects, listening to the subway preacher deliver his bug-eyed sermon.

It was a privilege and honour to spend so much time at the tattoo shop doubling as central HQ for the FX crew - New York's finest regularly dropping eye-pleasing productions whilst retaining the hardcore Bronx style undiluted. The shop seemed to be a constant stream of graf legends, up-and-comers, current kings and pioneers who'd been bombing since the early 1970s. I sat in the corner, kept my mouth shut and soaked it all up. Ces was solid gold, quiet, thoughtful.

A king without a royal ego, he treated us as equals and understood we weren't there just to sightsee. "Don't worry guys," he said. "I'll make sure youse get your name up before you leave."

So, Thursday comes around. We leave the hostel in Harlem and once again we're rattling uptown back to the Bronx, but this time it's night and our plans cover more than just hanging out. Being in the Bronx after dark wakes you up. You start to feel like Eagle Eyes Action Man, as eyes swivel left, right, left, right, one slip of confidence and they'll notice, the street corner packs with the Wild West stares. We get to the tattoo shop and the usual suspects are busy winding up their day's business. Standing in the middle of the room is a huge, rough looking guy slugging beer from a brown paper bag, laughing like he's stepped right out of *Style Wars*. There's no mistaking the party hardy killer himself, the infamous Cap MPC.

Aye, that's Cap, the man who declared a private war on New York and didn't give a fuck how many joined the opposing side, hunting down enemies throughout the city like some big game hunter on safari. A guy whose outlaw rep is rock solid the world over owns a presence that fills a room. Being in the same room is enough of a story for any Limey writer, but then Yes2 says, "Yo, you coming out tonight, Cappy?"

A guy whose outlaw rep is rock solid the world over owns a presence that fills a room. Being in the same room is enough of a story for any Limey writer, but then Yes2 says, "Yo, you coming out tonight, Cappy?"

Here we are, three jocks abroad, driving around the borough tuned into an old school station. Ces is at the helm, Cap's riding shotgun (of course), and crammed in the back are Yes2 plus all Glasgow FCK - Mak One, As One and me. Cap's infamy gets me thinking, "Fuck, how's this journey going to end...?" But as it turns out, he's OK with us. Our guides for the night are of Irish descent and, as Cap says, "The Scottish and Irish are like cousins." We stop off at Ces' place where he sorts us out with paint - my first Rustoleum - and we watch an FX video. Vintage transit footage fills the screen and Cap gets the thousand yard stare of a Vietnam vet. "Yeah, I did a whole lot of pieces back then - most of 'em over people, heh heh. Good old days."

I can't help comparing him to Colonel Kilgore in *Apocalypse Now* ("Son, someday this war's gonna end"). Cap smiles and warns, "Once we're finished tonight, I'm gonna enjoy going over you kids." We laugh and he says, "You think I'm fucking kidding?" We stop laughing.

We drive to the destination, the New York-Connecticut main Amtrak interstate train line, where we're to hit walls that'll be seen by countless passengers arriving in New York from the west. A cop car waits by the hole in the fence so we back up and seek another entrance to the lines. Cap is a good guy to roll with in such a situation. Firstly, 'cos it seems no one in their right mind would fuck with him, but, more importantly, 'cos he knows the Bronx inside out and is a good guide to the mean streets, the politics, history and ever changing tapestry of its ethnic make up. He talks politics: how Stalin betrayed the communist ideal and caused echoes through the ages, felt in the Bronx by the latest wave of Russian immigrants and East European refugees. I ask him where we are and he tells us, "Wakefield, man, Bronx Boulevard. This is a nice neighbourhood. But over there," he jerks his thumb. "Fuhgeddaboutit. Bloods, buddy."

"You mean gangs?"

"Yeah, Bloods. They live like fucking animals over there."

Ces looks out for us in his own way, simply by expecting us to follow his lead. He comes here on lone bombing missions. Once, at the same wall we're heading to, he was surprised by cops, cops with dogs. The luck of the Irish was with him, though - he outran both dogs and pigs that night. I follow his every move, his mind is on the job. We scramble the fence and through the undergrowth. Cap strolls in from the opposite direction: "The gate was open ya fucking dummies!" We get down to the tracks and decide which order the pieces will go then, all of a sudden, a train is bearing down on us. Amtrak super fast. No time to run to the end of the wall to hide in the bushes, we all hit the deck right in at the wall, faces turned in as the train thunders past just a few feet from my head. Five hundred feet of train zooms past in seconds and is gone with a clattering echo.

Down to business we start painting in the pitch dark, I can hardly see but still try to pull off a semi-wildstyle. No one talks for an hour and a half, silence except for the rattle and hiss. Cap, finished with his five minute bomb, spots trains when they're still a twinkle in the distance and gives a military whistle. This is our cue to scatter and find hiding places. We disappear. During these moments, it feels like I'm alone out here. The train takes nearly a minute to reach us, it's peaceful and dark and all I can hear is a sea of clicking crickets. It gives me time to realise where I am and what I'm doing, and I smile and thank myself for keeping those childhood ambitions alive... Then the train roars past and I can see America sitting comfortable and warm in the lit up windows while here I am, a Scot in the Bronx, crouched in the undergrowth on the edge of their world.

And then it's gone. That eerie track echo in its wake, silence seeps back, the sea of crickets return to earshot and I see five other shadowy figures creep out of the darkness. Crunching footsteps and the rattle and hiss resumes. We finish up quick and quiet. As One isn't finished yet but if Ces says it's time to leave, then it's time to leave - up and over embankments, across a maze of interconnecting train lines 'til we're back over the fence, back on Bronx Boulevard. I've been waiting a long time for tonight. "Aye, fucking years, mate," says Mak.

We drop off Cap at his apartment and hands are shook. "Peace to you guys. I'll probably never make it to Scotland. I know it's a beautiful country and all that, but..."

I say, "You never know."

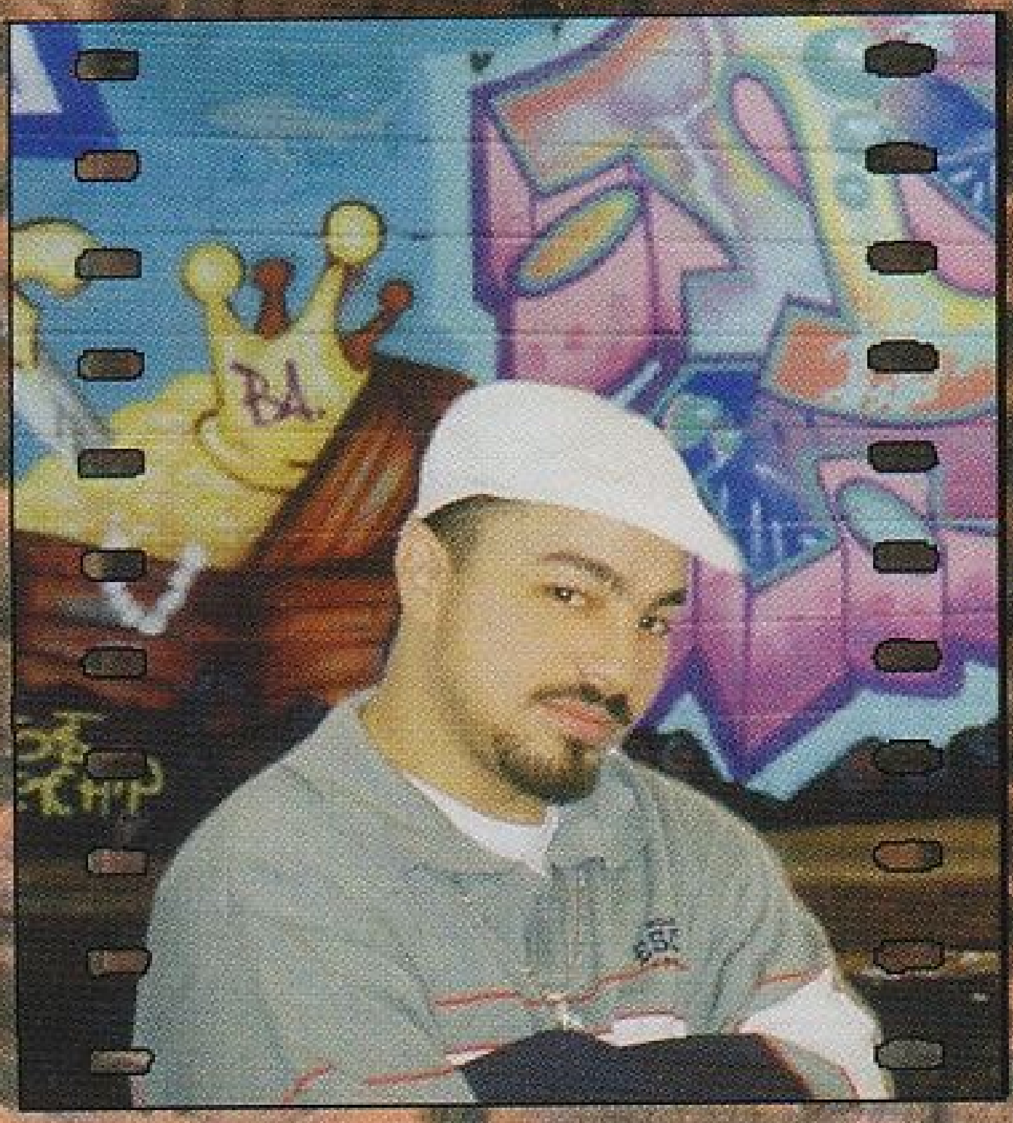
He invites us for a drink later in the week, at his local in Morris Park, although this never happens. He's not the kind of guy you can track down easily.

Ces drops us off at Morris Park subway station. "When you walk in this station, the doorway on your left is the central office of the MTA vandal squad. So keep it together, don't let your cans rattle, keep your hands hidden, heads down, go about your business," he advises.

It's two O'clock in the morning, the subway rumbles us back to Harlem. The occasional night time passenger gives us a sidelong glance, probably wondering what language we're speaking. I sit with a sense of achievement like a kid who's just done his first piece. The impact we've made on the Bronx is tiny compared to the impact the place made on us, but our names are up and out there for what it's worth. I'm leaving the borough, back under the river, but I've left a part of me up there in Wakefield. At least until Cap feels the need to assassinate the latest additions to the Bronx roll call.

Kim Waters

Brian MacDonald

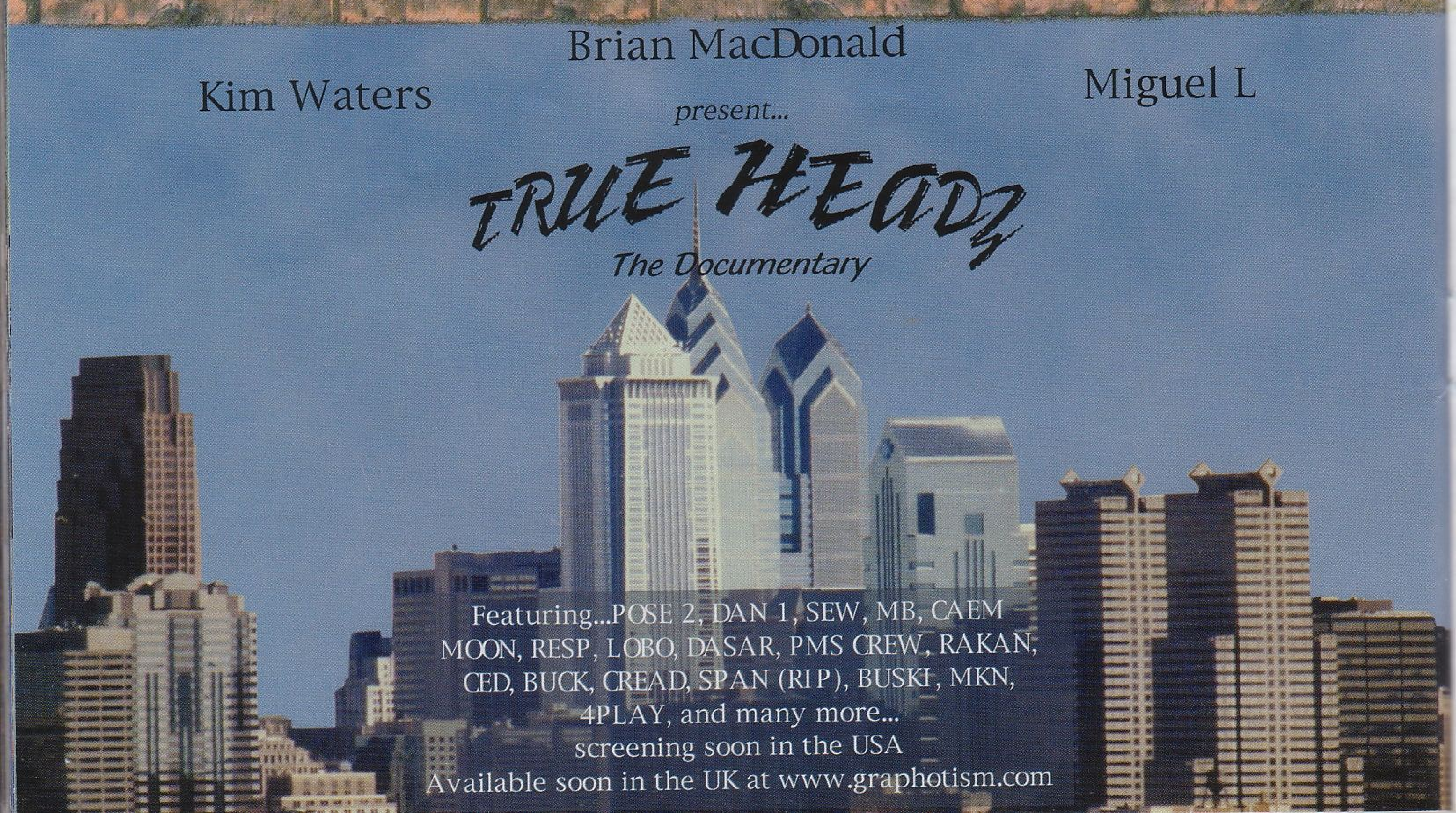


Miguel L

present...

TRUE HEADZ

The Documentary



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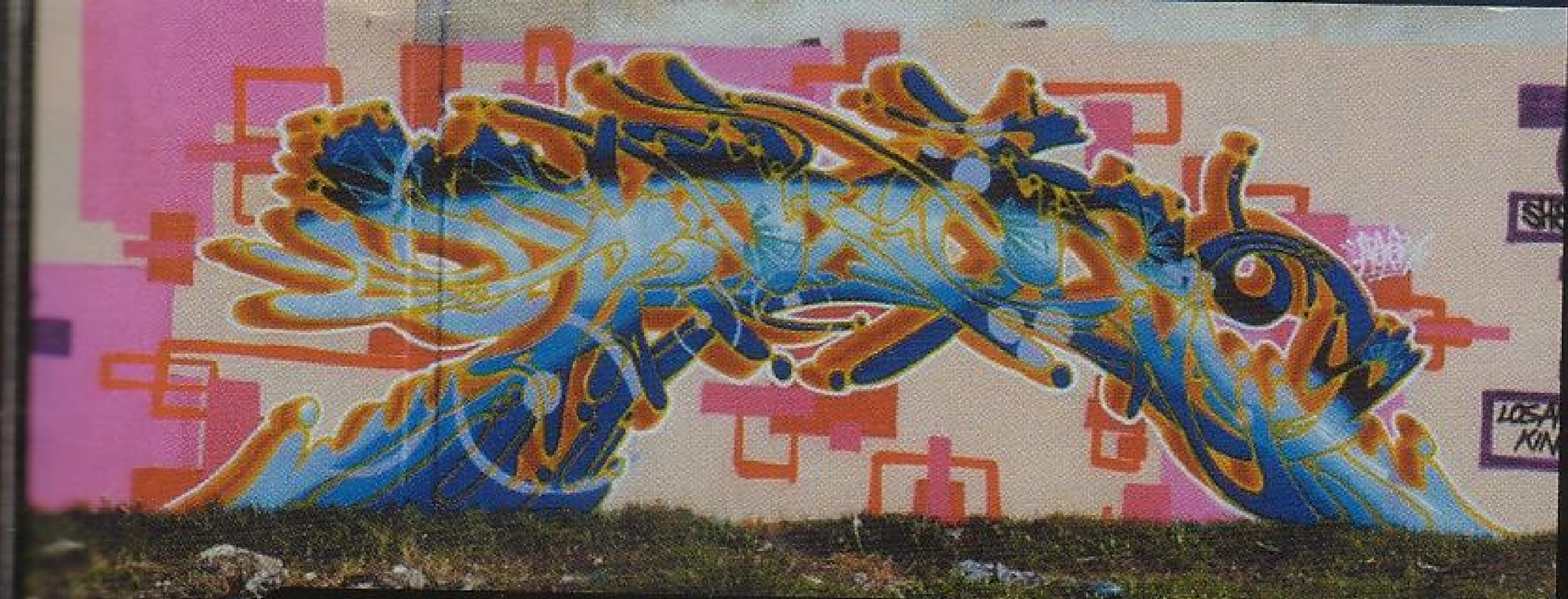

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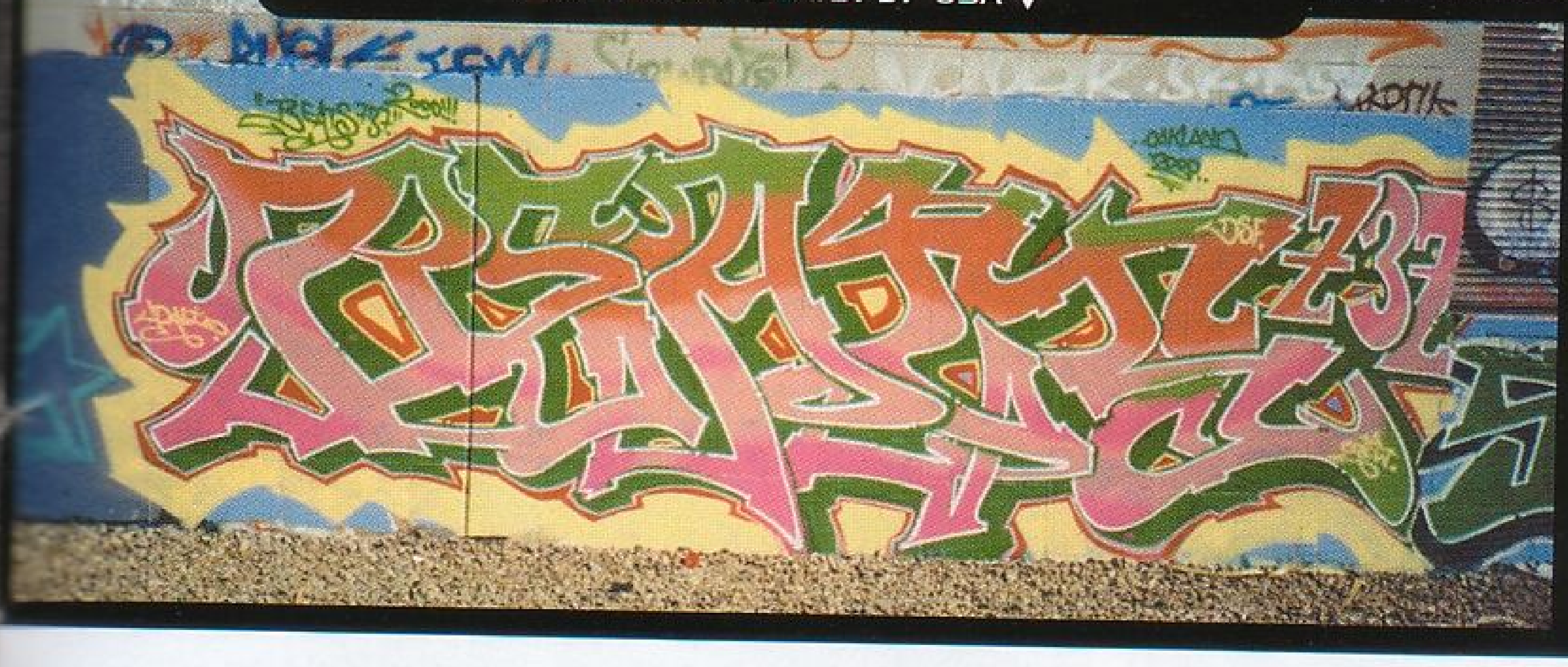

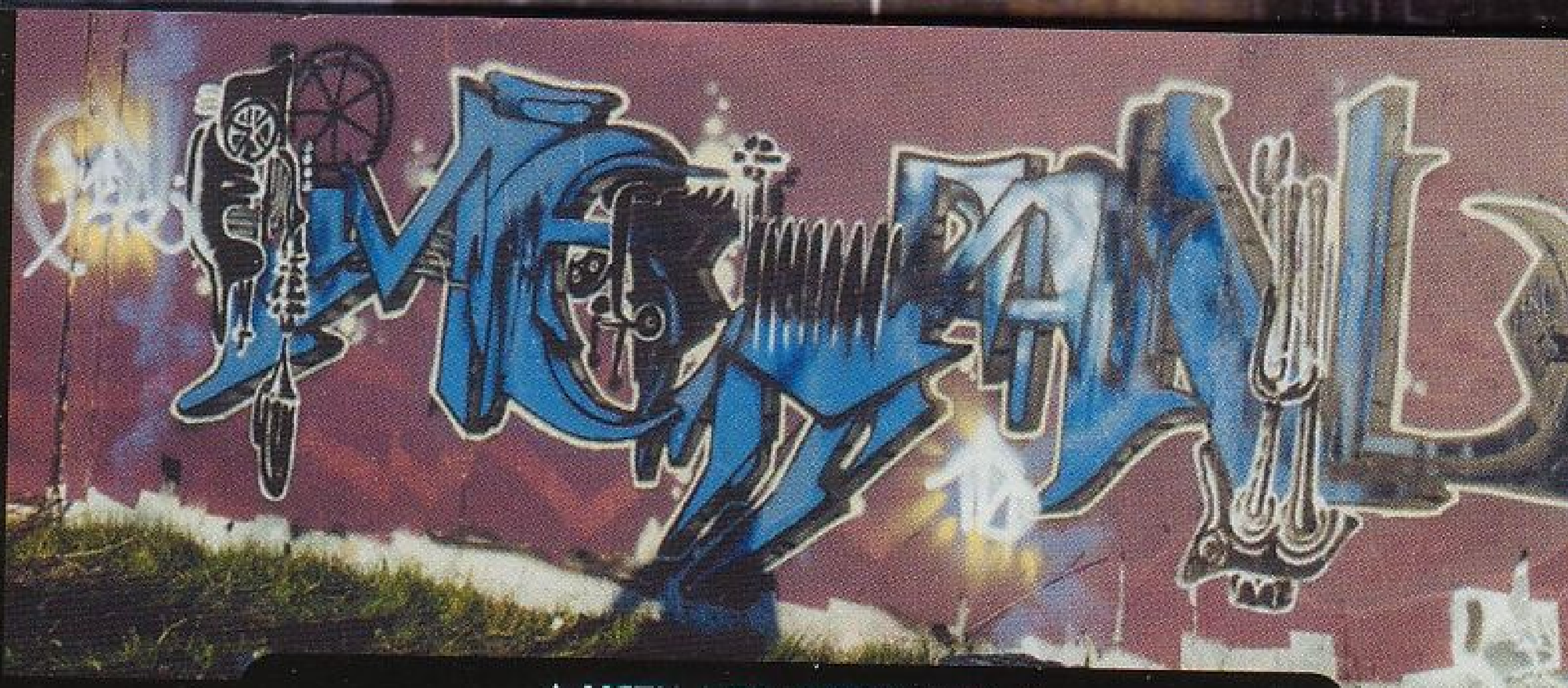

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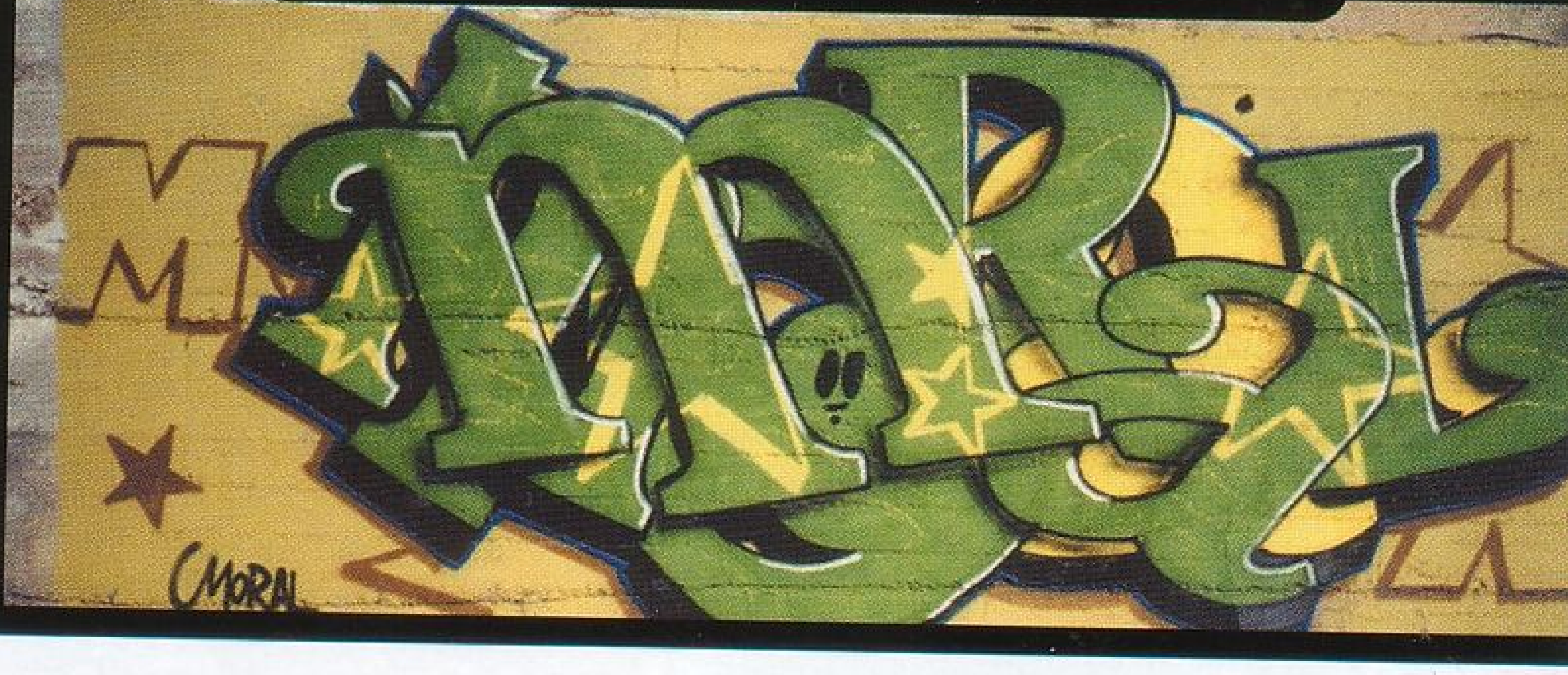

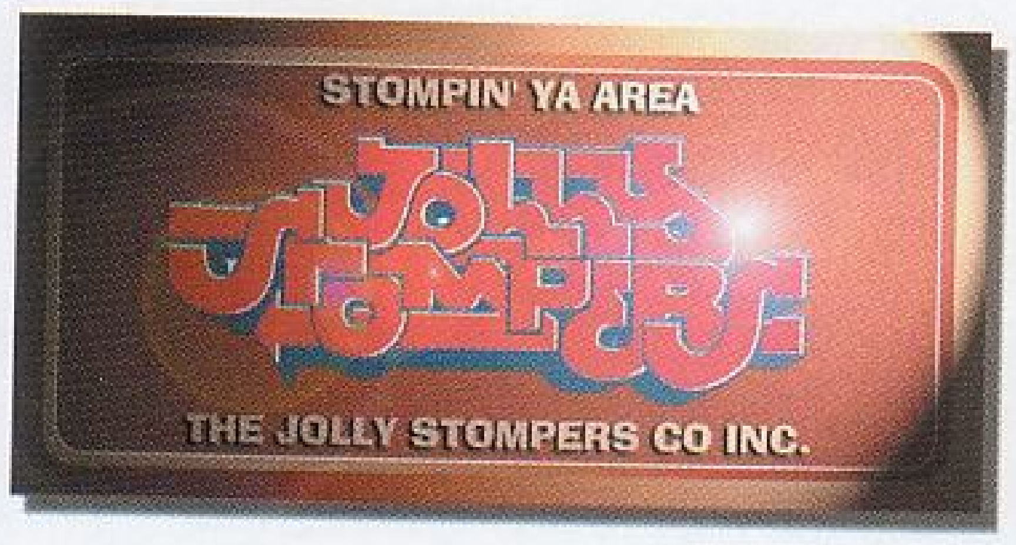
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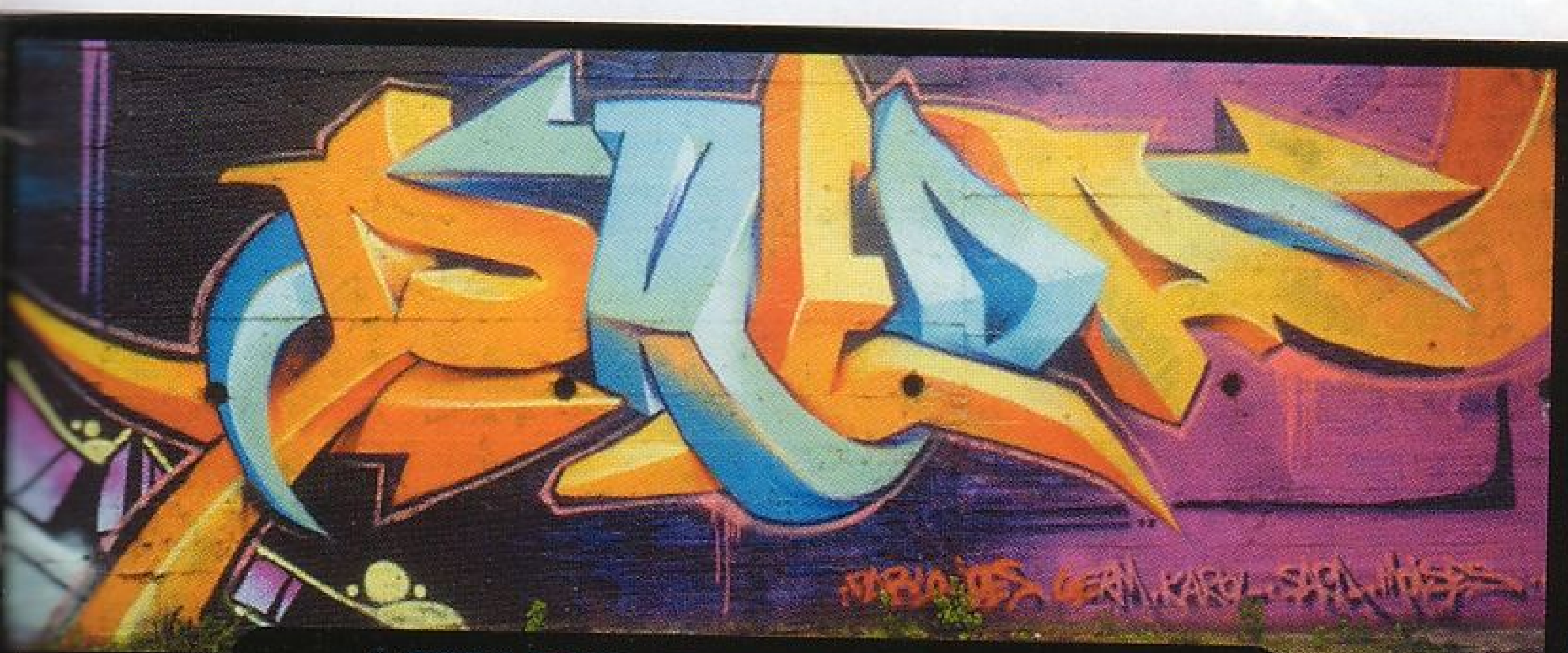

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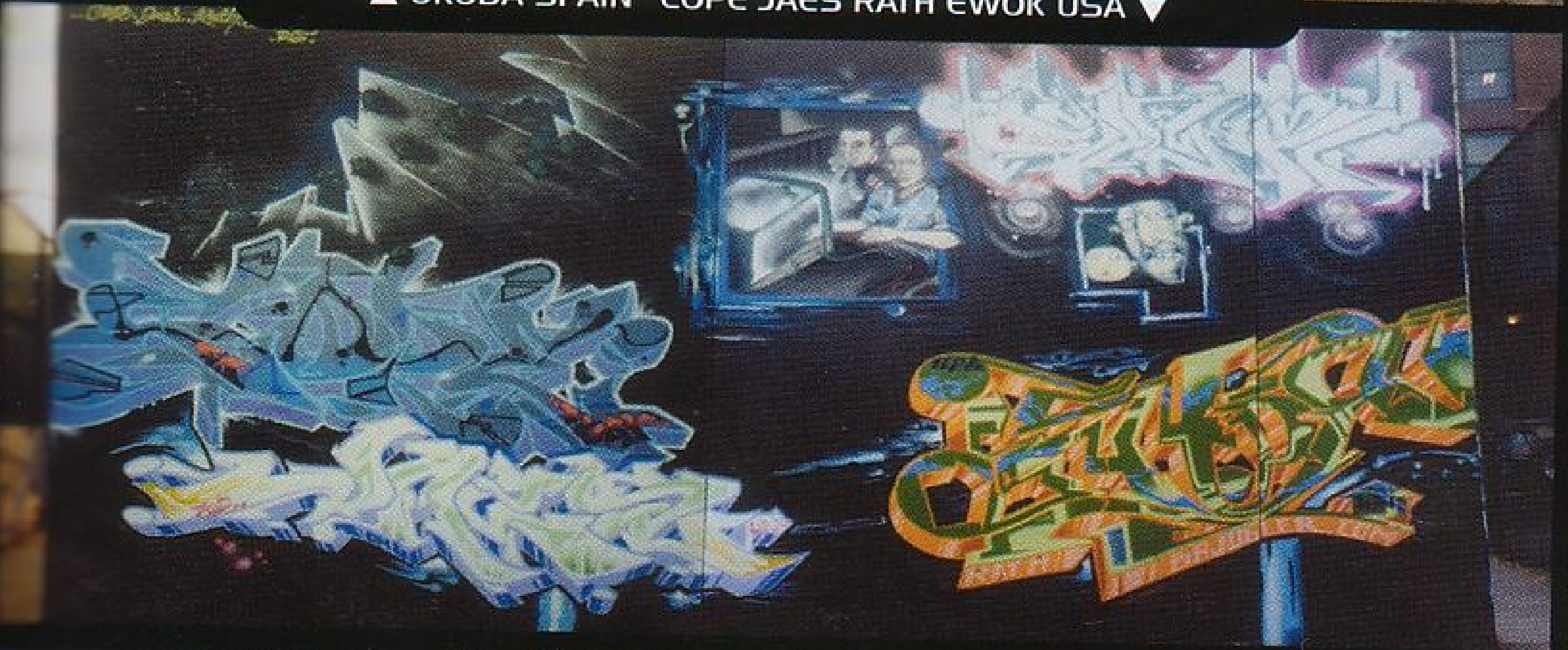

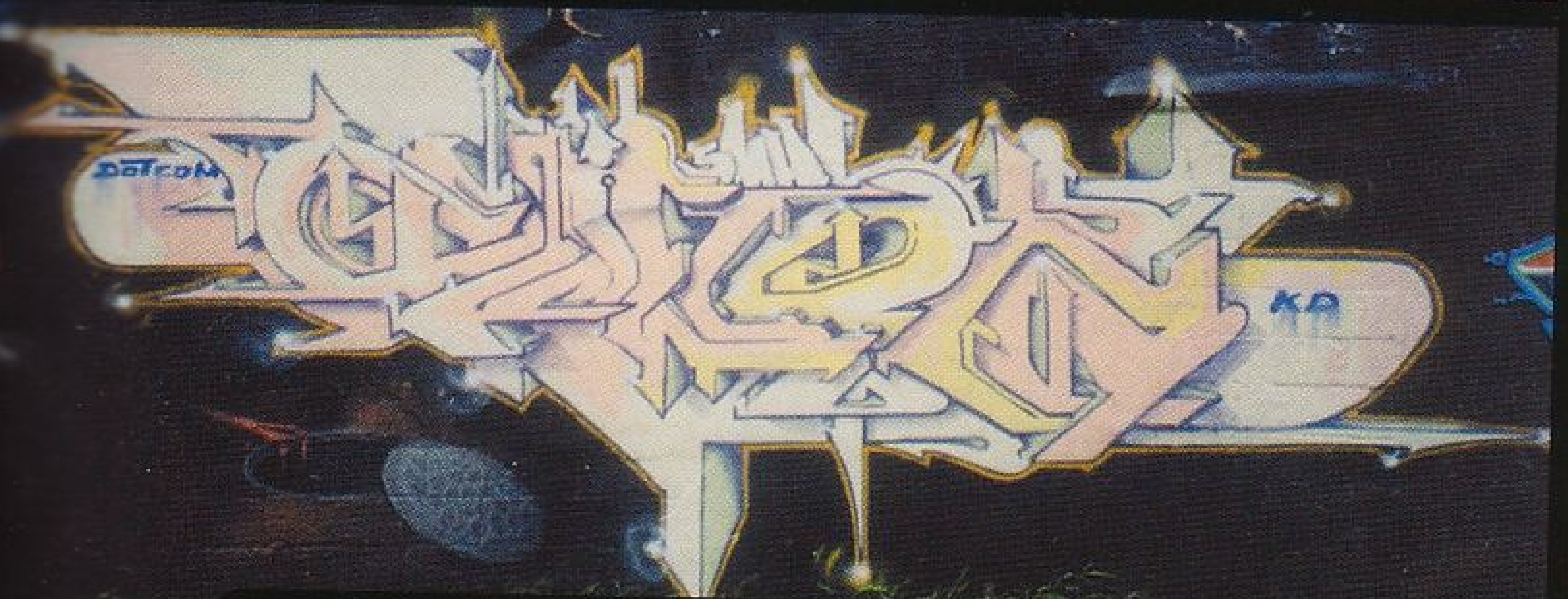

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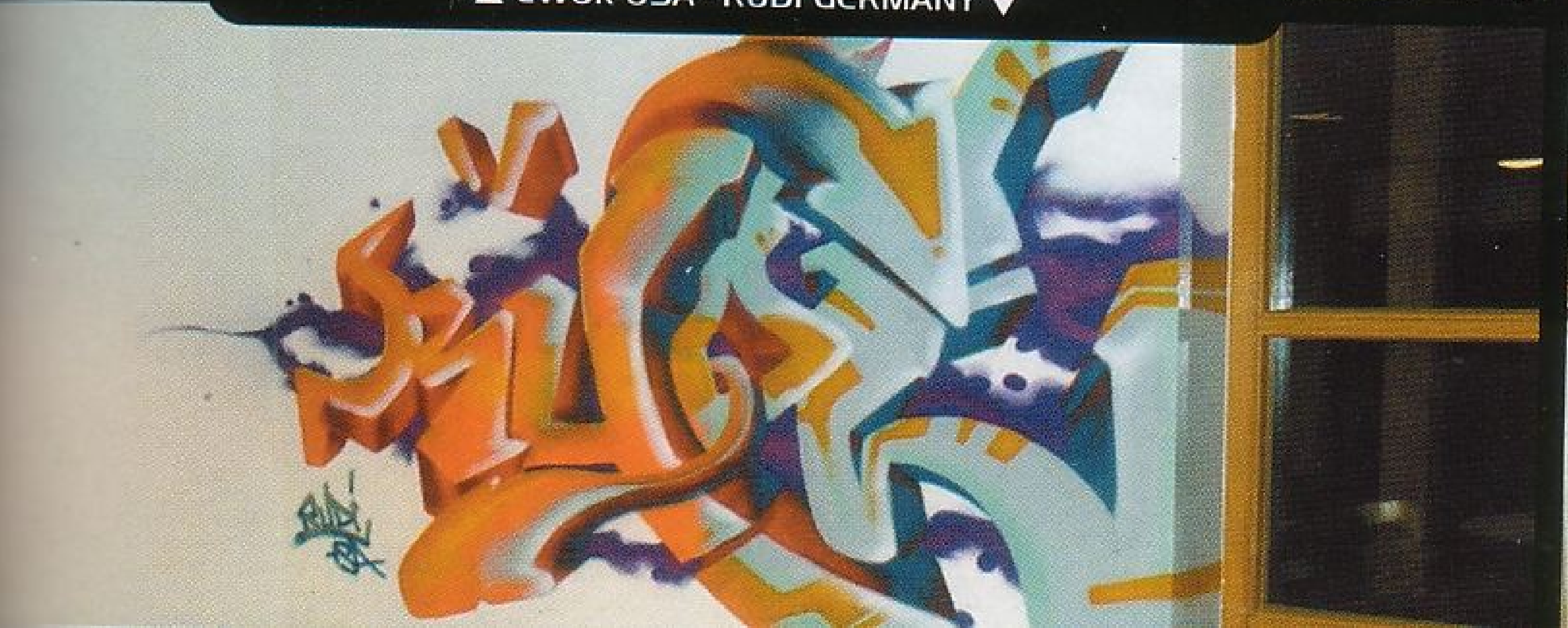

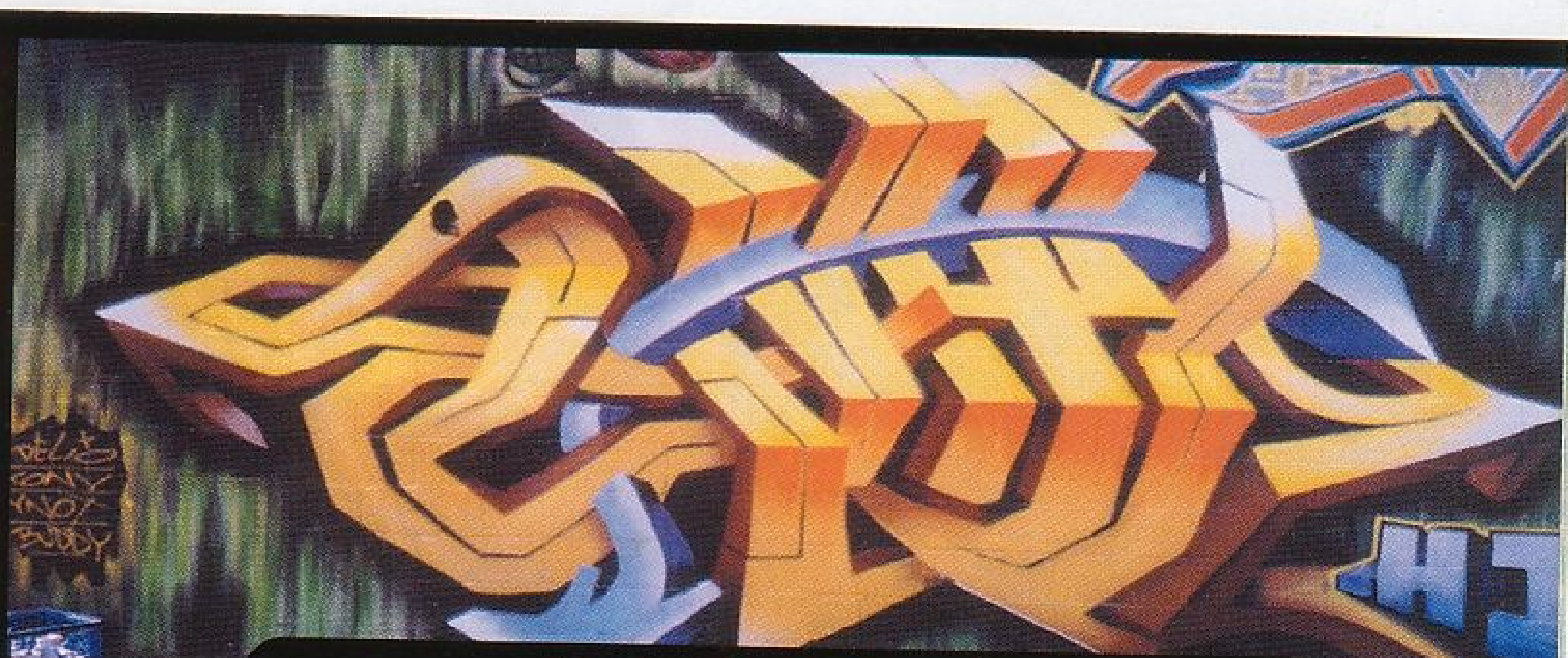

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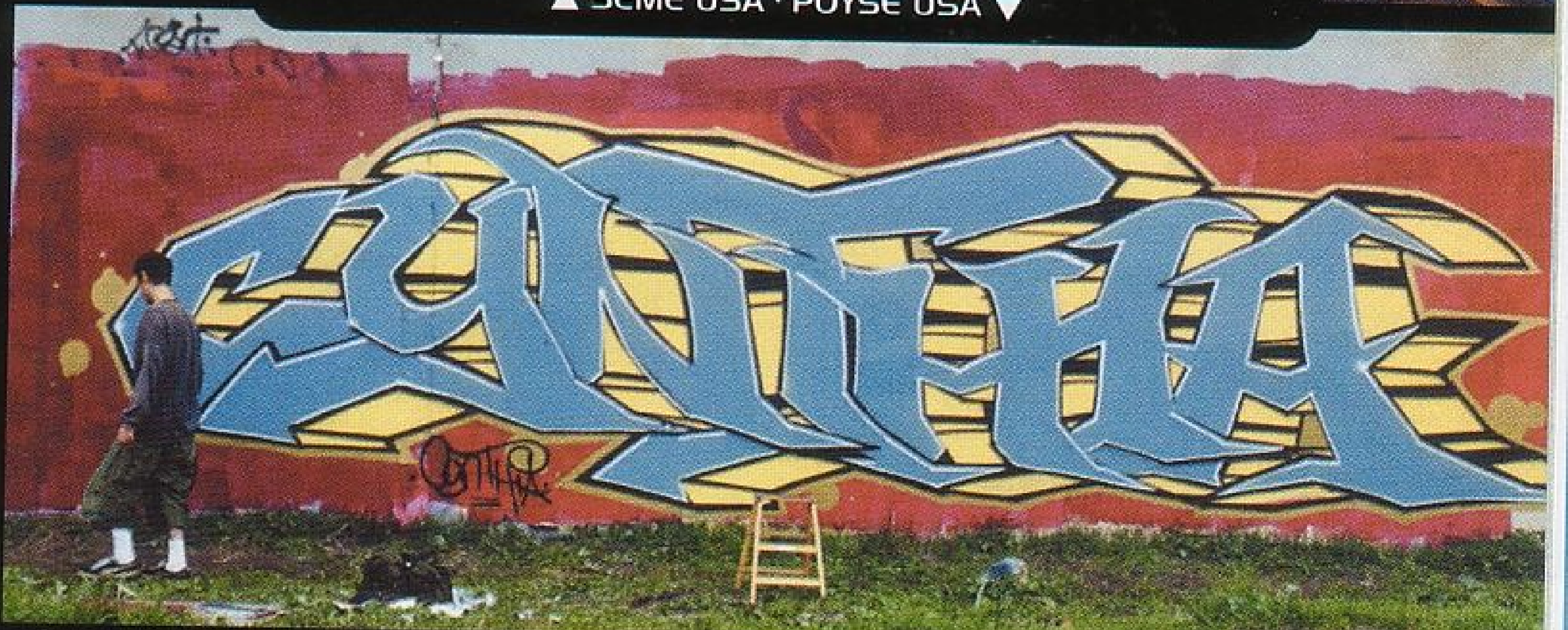

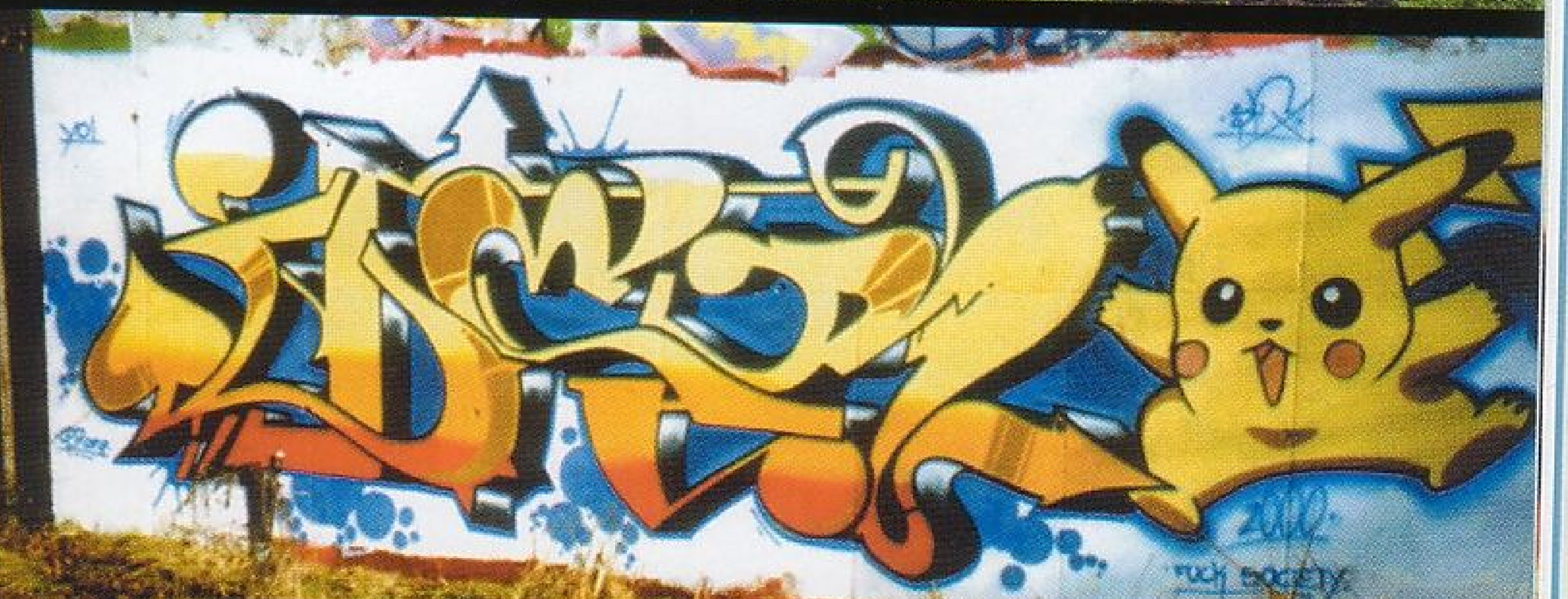

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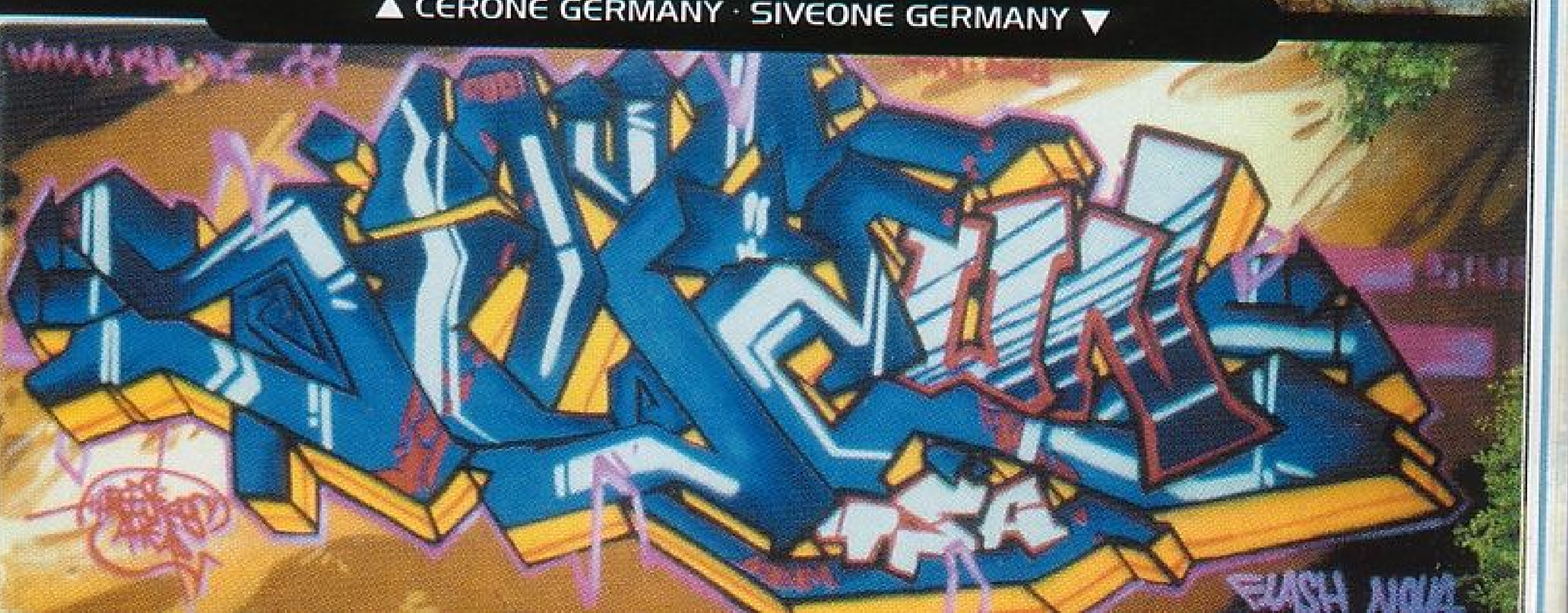

READERS LETTERS

Off load that weight on your chest because now you got speaker clout. Welcome to our brand new, just for you letters page. Where all dis missives are welcome. All love happily received. Where nudie flics will be treated with the respect they deserve and feedback on articles and interviews will be used as roaches. Don't be shy, come out of the closet. Don't delay, write in today. OK, fuck off then.

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STAR LETTER

HER LOVE DIDN'T COST US A DAMN THING

This of course, is not really a letter but something sent in along with a load of graf flics. No explanation was supplied and we have no idea who she be but it was the best thing the postal service delivered to us last month so we thought we'd print it as our first star letter. Since it's been in our possession, we've noticed longer bathroom breaks amongst the male staff and we had great difficulty locating the flic when the time to scan it came around. Take it from us, Stain Devil is a great spunk buffer

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AND THE SUN ALWAYS SHONE BACK IN THE DAY

I remember the days when your magazine wasn't just some sell out piece of colour shit that is only for wall spotters and toys to read; when you did fresh interviews that we haven't all read a million times in a million magazines; when you had more pictures than adverts; when you represented the UK scene not your ever bulging wallets; and when you did more about the UK scene than some country no one really gives a fuck about. The UK is struggling at the moment and it doesn't need kicking when it's down by having a magazine (which is supposed to be representing it) publish endless pictures of foreign dubs on trains and walls. Any fool with a fat cap can dub a wall or a train and there are about a million UK writers who could bum these shitty little pictures on a fuckin' police station. And stop showing bent little flicks from New York's early history - everyone's seen *Style Wars* and read *Subway Art*, so what's the point in showing pieces that every writer in the world would now laugh at.

Read your editorial in issue 4. What mugs we are, you are doing exactly what you said you would never do except in a different format. Those were the days when "sell out" actually held some meaning and if you were whack you weren't printed in the UK's "premier" magazine. You're encouraging little toys to get there mum's to drive them to the shop, buy some paint and getting them to drive them to the permission wall and then spending six hours painting some fuckin' "burner", take a whole film of flicks of it and send them all into *Graphotism* in the hope of getting them printed. A couple of years ago you didn't let them near your magazine, now you ritually print them and congratulate them for it and put them in one of your little writer "profiles". Where the fuck you got that idea from I will never know but by printing shit like that you can make a writer massive in a few days, even if they have put no effort into writing.

Anonymous - UK
sent in by post two and a half years ago (we always keep the good 'uns)

TO BE A ROCKSTAR

Hi there, I wrote to you a long time ago. I wrote from Darco coz I had the idea of opening a graffiti store somewhere in the south of France... it was around 1993... never mind. We're in the new millenium and I have my shop! It took time but I got it (since 1998). It's more like a streetwear shop now but I'm going to open another one soon (strictly graffiti). But I'm not writing to you for abou that. I'm just sending you some flix of what's going on around here. Representing for my crew and friends. Maybe we'll know what it is to be a rockstar some day. Anyway, thanks for doing a real graffiti magazine! Keep it on.

AHE20 - France
sent in by post

HAPPY SHOPPER

Dear Graphotism. I would like to thank you very much for publishing my work in your excellent mag. Here are some photos of my lastest work, and I hope you guys like it! Thank you very much for the incentive that you are giving us. I am very happy. A great hug brothers.

Doismil - Brazil
sent in by post

CANADA LOVE

Graphotism, Whats up? Your mag truly represents writing on a global scale. Man, I can't wait to go there. You English are the shit!

B. Sorie - Canada
sent in by post

ASSOCIATION TIME

I have been a reader of your magazine for the last 2 years and I thought you could do a section in your magazine for people who are in prison or unable to send photos in. My tag is D**** and I've been doing graf for the last couple of years, and have never once been in your magazine (yet). I am from Peterborough, and there are loads of dedicated writers down my ends such as Chef, Dine, Blies and my breadwin Igoe. At the moment I amin a Youth Offenders Institution, and while I've been here I've linked up with some other writers and we feel the same way about you doing a section for mans in prison. If I send some outlines would you print them so all my breadwins on road can see them in the near future. I've seen this type of thing done in other magazines and I thought it would make your magazine more open to other writers. I'm always on the trains going down London to get your magazine (but I know I am unable to for the next 12 months). I've already been in 6 months and my breadwin sends me a copy of your magazine. I hope you decide to get this section up and going as I am a big fan of your excellent magazine. So I'll be waiting to see if you do decide to consider my idea.

D - UK
sent in by post

NEW ZEE SCREAMER

What's up Graphotism? Having only recently been exposed to your magazine I would just like to say I'm glad to see a good quality magazine coming out of England. I appreciate the layout, in-depth, interesting interviews and am glad to see your magazine is not just full of ads (which generally overfill other graf mags and distracts from what theyy are really supposed to be representing - graf). I have seen a Webs piece in issue 17 and understand that in issue 19 the TRA writers get some good exposure. I haven't yet seen this issue yet but it's good to learn that New Zealnd's writing scene is finally getting some attention. Please find enclosed some flix for your mag or personal collection... whatever, the flix are from some NZ writers you may not be aware of. In closing, I hope you appreciate the flix and I know that your magazine is appreciated here in New Zealand. You'll always have our support over here as long as you keep promoting our culture in the righteous way you always have.

Scream - New Zealand
sent in by post

Hello. I am here in Montreal, Canada. Just wanted to drop you a line to show you what we are up to out here. Canadian freight funk is always in full effect. Hope you like the flix and continued success with the magazine - it never ceases to impress. Take care.

Dan - Canada
sent in by post

Graphotism publishes ALL articles and photographs purely as a historical & cultural record for future studies. We do not encourage or support any illegal activities whatsoever.. The views expressed in this publication are not always those of the publishers but we believe in giving a voice to those that hold different or opposing views to our own. We would also like to note that many photographs that are published are sent to us anonymously with no way of tracing the photographer. Keep it tight. Peace.

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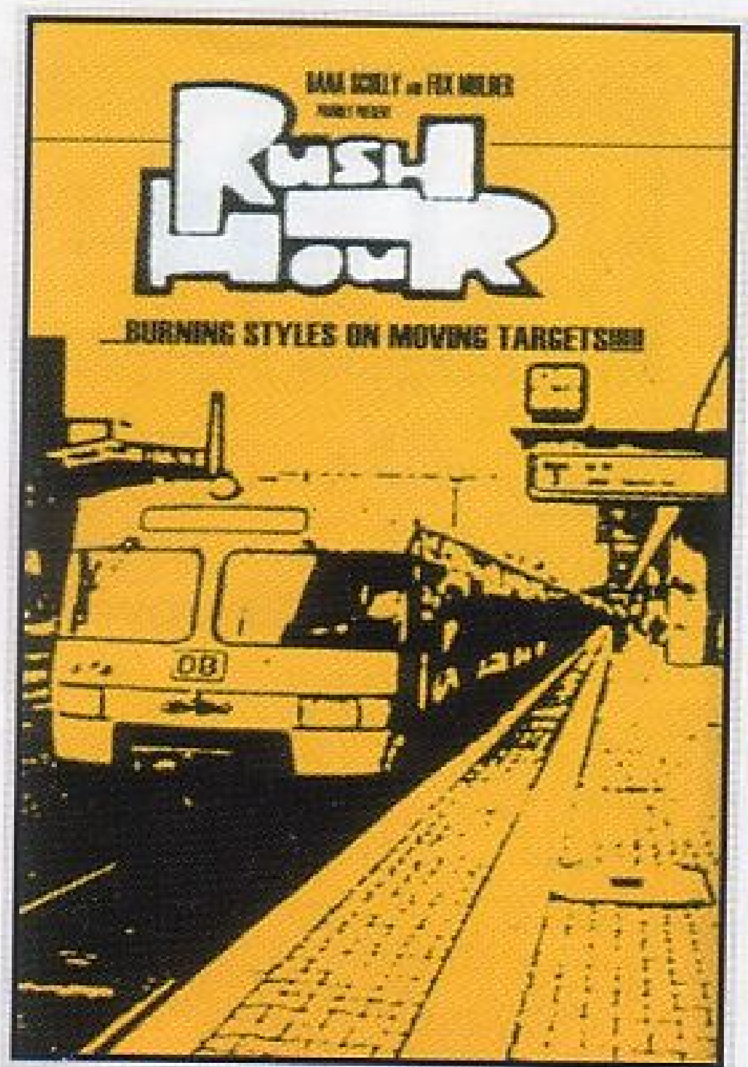


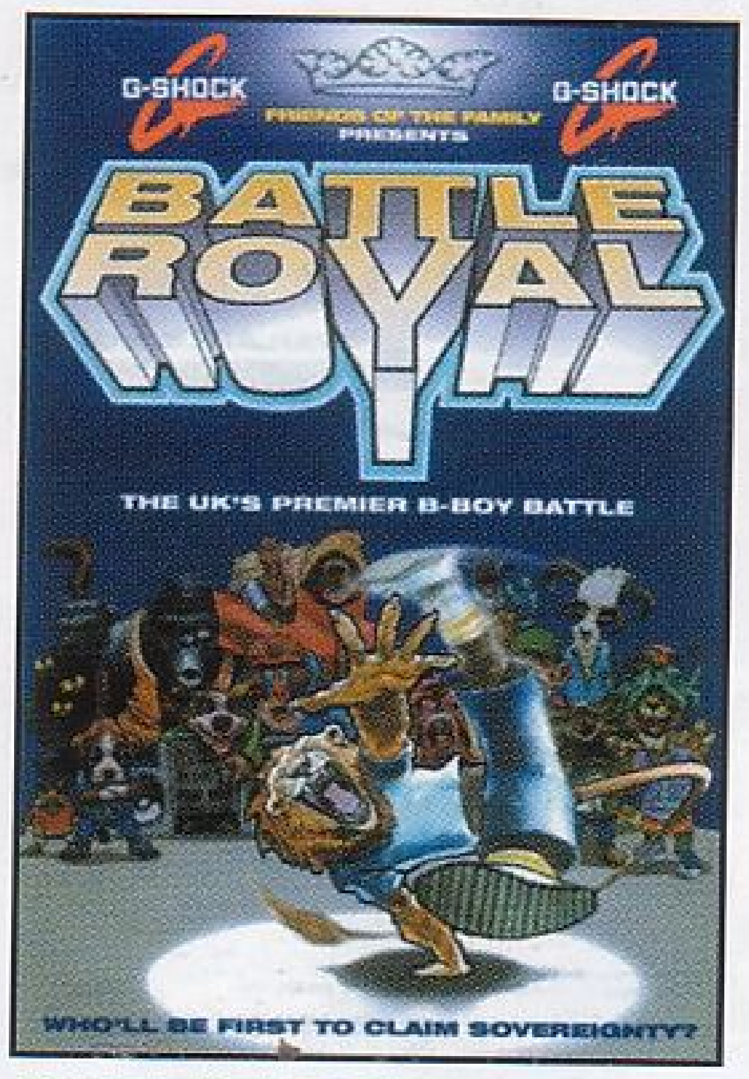
RUSH HOUR
produced by:
SCULLY & MULDER

"Rush Hour... Burning styles on moving targets!!!! Rush Hour - directors cut - contains the following crime: crazy actions, stupid cops, Frankfurt's finest, Rhein main rockers, Munich stuff. Every fucking move on this video is ILLEGAL so don't try this at home. unproper use by stupid cops is forbidden."

Rush Hour has been out for a while but for one reason and another I've failed to bring warning of its "100%" steelyness.

Fanboys of Germany's steez will no doubt be in possesion of this already but for the uninitiated the drill is a familiar one. Music over spray stained rolling stock either does it for you or you prefer something set at a milder pace. The complete video set of *Last of The Summer Wine* maybe.

running time: 60mins
VHS / PAL
out when: NOW

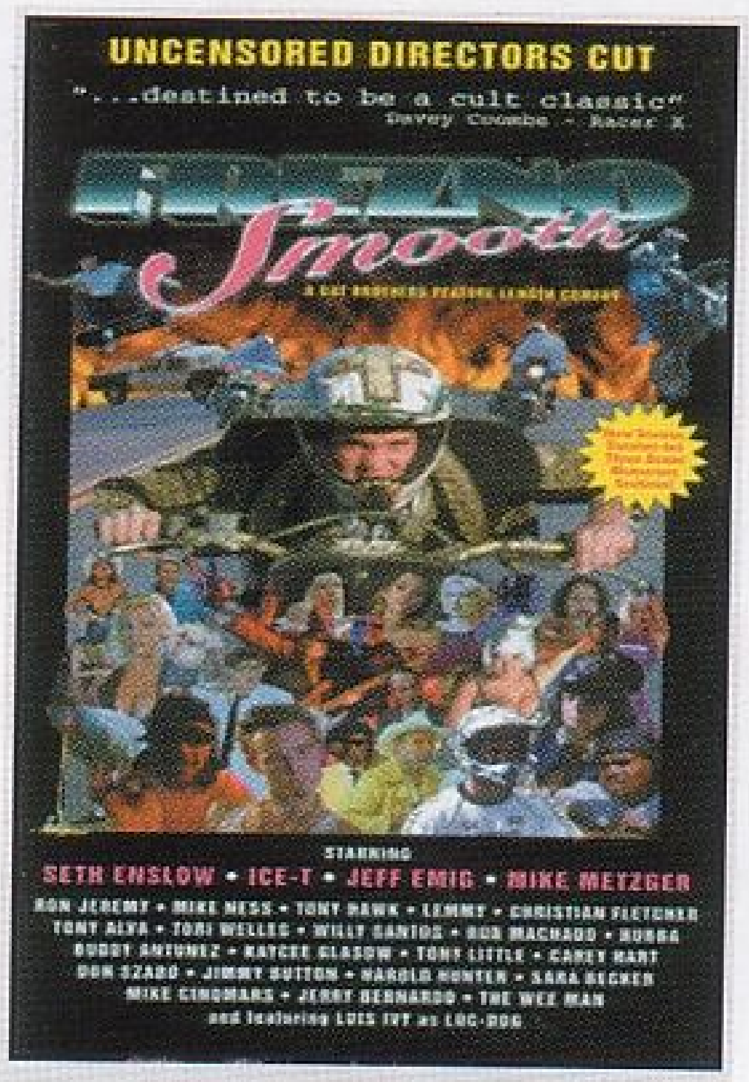

G-SHOCK
FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY PRESENTS
G-SHOCK
BATTLE ROYAL
THE UK'S PREMIER B-BOY BATTLE
WHO'LL BE FIRST TO CLAIM SOVEREIGNTY?

BATTLE ROYAL
produced by:
FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY

"Hosted by Ken Swift with El Da Sensai/Artifacts, DJ Kaos & Mike Zoot, First Nature Break DJs: Leacy & Skye. Battle Royal - The UK's premier b-boy battle stars: Aktuel Force (Paris), Vietnam and Rock Force (California), Evo (UK's undefeated), Poe One/Style Elements (California), Storm (Germany), Out Of Control (Denmark), Julian & Baskin (Belgium), Tells One (Miami), Connexion (Paris), Forrest Gump (NYC), Mr Freeze/Rock Steady Crew (NYC), Division Alpha (Paris), UK Rock Steady Crew Second 2 None, Force 10, (UK)"

That's the line up filmed in that pro-am manner you must be used to if this is your kind of video. I'm sure this is your kind of video you breaking nut.

running time: 75minns
VHS / PAL
out when: NOW

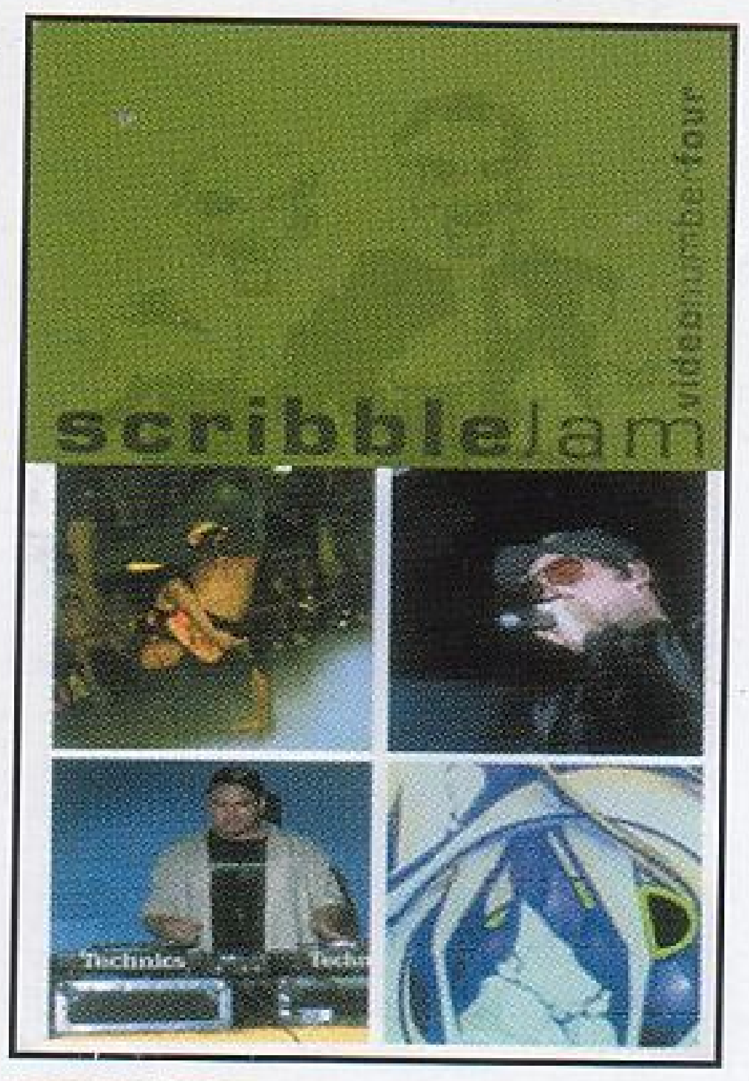

UNCENSORED DIRECTORS CUT
"...destined to be a cult classic" Davey Coombs - Racer X
Frezno Smooth
STARRING
SETH ENSLOW • ICE-T • JEFF EMIG • MIKE METZGER

FREZNO SMOOTH
produced by:
THE GUT BROTHERS

Frezno Smooth stars Ice T, Mike Metzger, Tony Hawk, Ron Jeremy, Tony Alva, Harold Hunter and most of your other favourite characters from the netherworlds. The story runs thus: "When a corrupt judge wrongly bans motocross legend Seth Enslow from entering an upcomingfreestyle contest, Frezno explodes into a chaotic spree of riots, parties,and white trash insanity." One way to describe this relentless mess of the uncensored directors cut released on video last year. The feature length comedy is how God intended life to be I'm sure but the religious fanatics didn't quite get it.

An essential watch for those who like their sickness spread on thick it, this new version includes outakes, new scenes and bonus motocross action.

running time: 75minns
VHS/NTSC
out when: NOW



SCRIBBLE JAM
produced by:
SCRIBBLE MAG

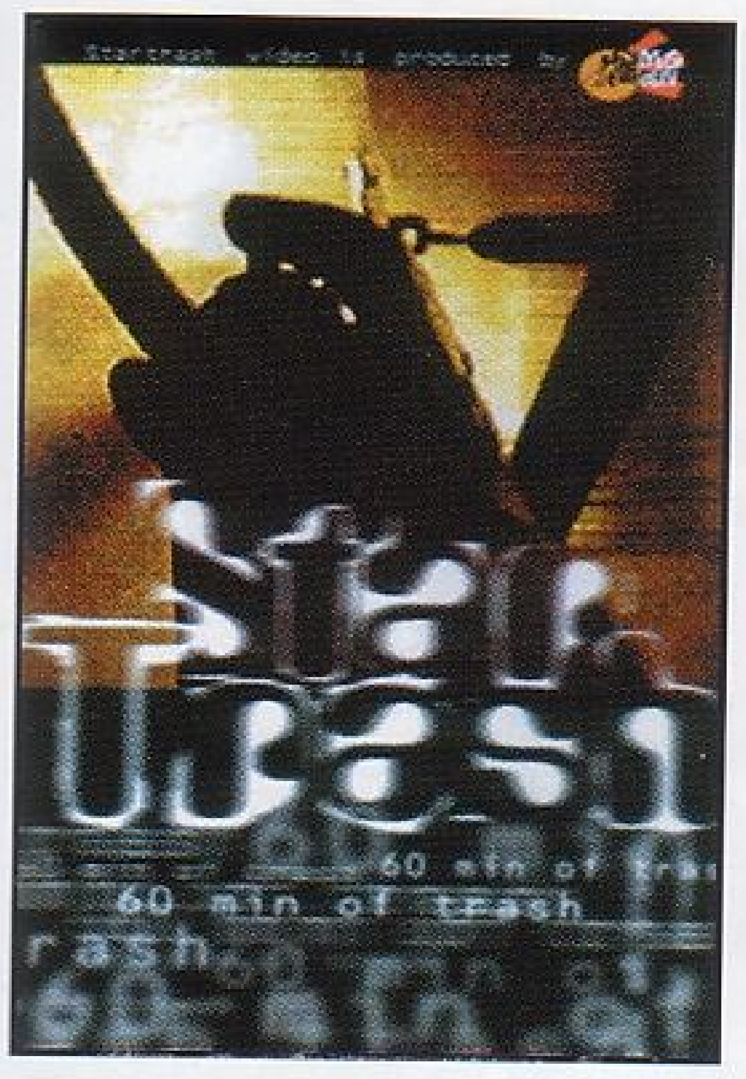
Scribble, the magazine delivering all those Midwest wall and freight shits bring us Scribble Jam coverage via the VCR.

"This video is a collection of the highlights from the Fourth Annual Scribble Jam... As always, Scribble Jam is the only hip hop event left in America that has over 40 graffiti artists painting actual walls. Emit, Jaser, Sage, Skrybe and Merz just to name a few of the great graffiti artist that showed up to burn."

Being a hip hop jam there's b-boy battling (won by Junkie Cats), MC mic fights (who is Sage-Francis?) and DJ slaying (Precyse leaves with blood on his hands) all put together with a soundtrack provided by Mr Dibbs and filmed and edited by YT, Fat Nick and Dave Herr respectively. Solid.

running time: 45m
VHS / NTSC
out when: NOW

LATEST NEWS: In the last episode of 'The Skinny & Good Looking', Peter discovered Beth was his father and Jane, the woman he was about to marry, was his mother's daughter. Confused, he shot Bill...



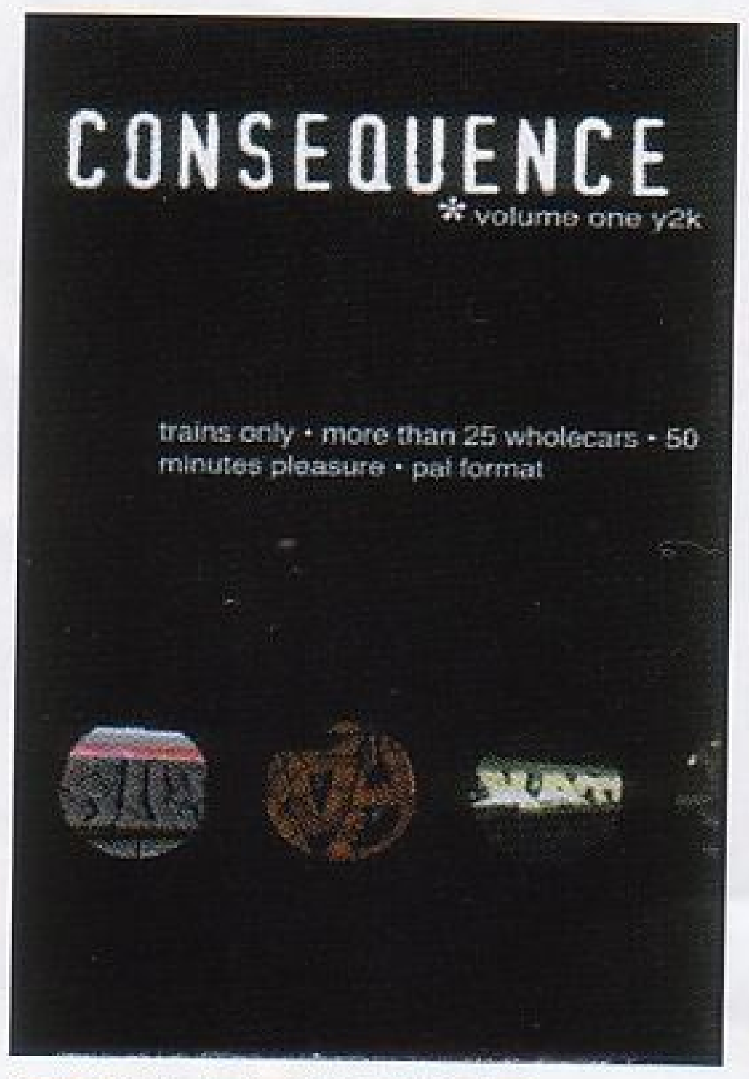
STARTRASH
produced by:
THE MG FAMILY

I'm lucky. I get to see a whole load of graf videos gratis. But the more I see the better the vids have to be to get me anywhere near an impressed state. Possibly I'm getting jaded, no longer happy to watch train roll into station, then watching train roll out over and over again to a mind-numbing backing track. I was hoping the video playas would have moved on a bit or is this asking too much?

Anyhow, Star Trash was a welcome one as a graf vid doing something to buck the blandness.

Neat editing and decent music helps no end in making their 60 min. trip fly by. Rome trains, New York Subways "from Zurich's masters", animation, comedy and your fill of other footage make this a fromage of frothy flyness.

running time: 60mins
VHS / PAL
out when: NOW

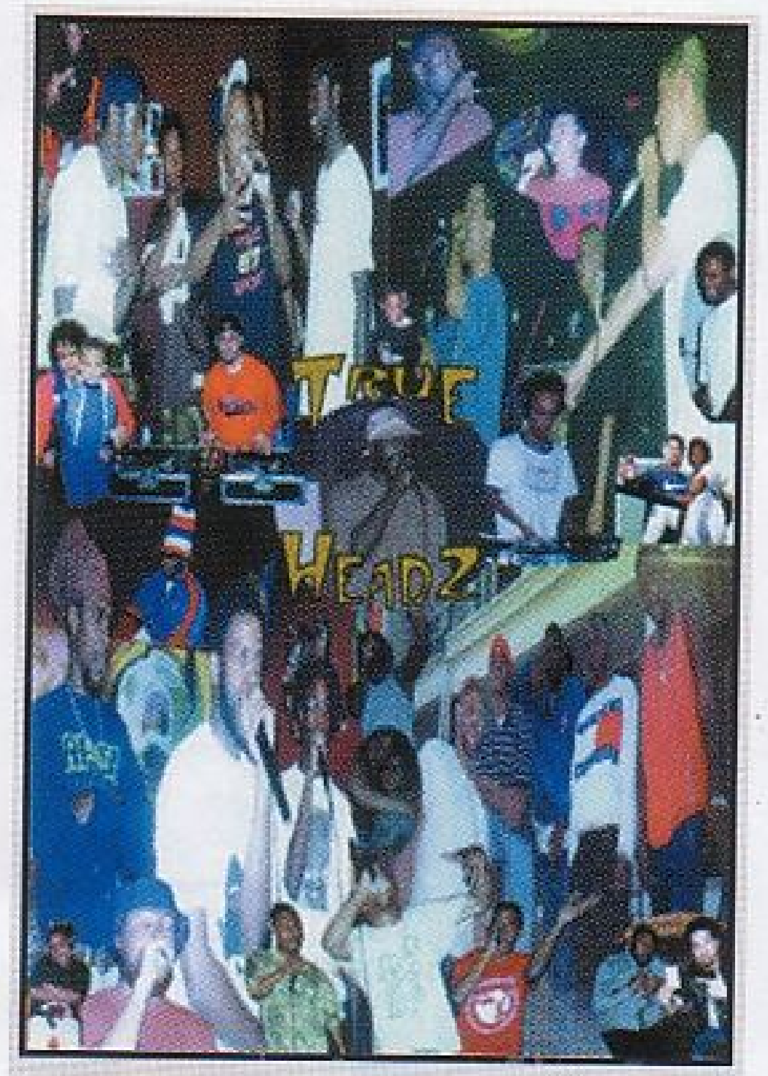

CONSEQUENCE
* volume one y2k
trains only • more than 25 wholecars • 50 minutes pleasure • pal format

CONSEQUENCE
produced by:
From Here To Fame

And then we get back to normal service. Consequence's saving grace is that the pieces painted come from more than one country (Brazil to Denmark, France to Germany) otherwise it's what you might file in the run of the mill folder.

"Trains only: panels, whole cars (over 25), live actions." come care of one Peter Michalski, whose footage this is and seeing as the full title is Consequence Volume 1 Y2K, I hope volume 2, when ever it sees the light of day, steps up a level. Not a wretched vid, just average. But I'm just a cynical reviewer with a glue problem so what do I know.

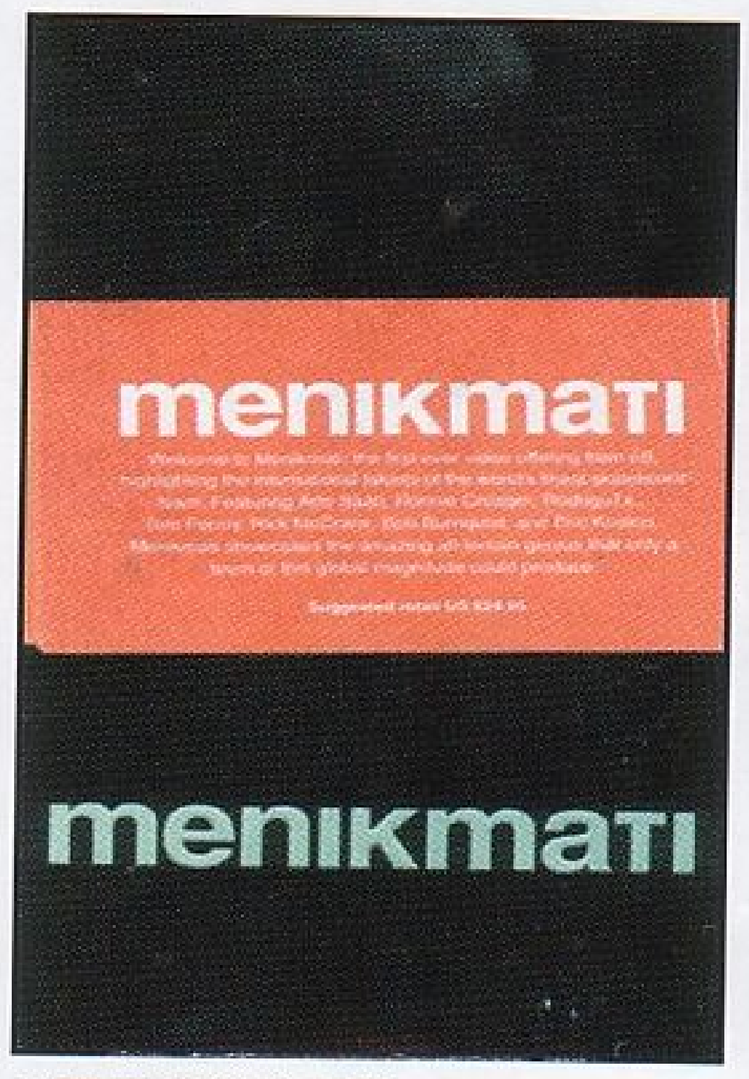
running time: 50mins
VHS / PAL
out when: NOW



TRUE HEADZ
produced by:
BLOODLINE FILMS

"Summer 1998. Brian and Kim, both fed up with the popularity of waterd down hip hop, decicide to take a stand and produce and direct a documentary focusing on the five true elements of hip hop culture." There the story began and the tree has borne fruit. True Headz: Pure Underground Hip-Hop Vol. 1 throws up the spirit that's easy to forget when we're stalked day and night by the horror of powder puff hip hop fluff. This double video doc. subtitled The Illadeph (much footage was shot in Philly), brings us raw basement cyphers, freight yard abuse, cats like Lil' Lep from NYC Breakers and exclusive Talib & Mos Def footage because it's real and shows the power of hip hop as street culture not BS industry excess.

running time: 120mins
VHS / PAL
out when: NOW



MENIKMATI
produced by:
eS

"Welcome to Menikmati, the first ever video offering from eS, highlighting the international talents of the world's finest skateboard team. Featuring Arto Saari, Ronnie Creager, Rodgrigo Teixeira, Tom Penny, Rick McCrank, Bob Burnquist and Eric Koston." Can't argue with the standard of skating on show , no sirreee. Each member gets their own slot to shine like crazy diamonds and speak up on how skating changed their lives, their first spots etc.

The one thing jarring big time was the whole thing shouted coporate presentaion video. It was kinda too sanitised, lacked some soul in its change, do you get my drift brother. Not saying everything needs to be aggy, but this was kinda too bourg', too tasteful, y'know.

running time: 55mins
VHS / PAL
out when: NOW

BBoy Summit 2000
BREAK

B-BOY SUMMIT 2000
produced by:
ASIA ONE

Y'all, don't mess me about sayin' you never dun heard of BBoy Summit out the US of A. Yoo must think I's hella stoopid or somethin' 'coz I know you can't be playing me for no Krusty tha Clown nigga, uh, uh no way Ralgex breath.

B-Boy Summit 2000 Volume One was subtitled Best of Highlights, but I guess Asia One had highlights to kill a man because this is Volume Two and the standard holds steady (if ten minutes shorter than the original). So what do you get? "Scorching all new tag team battles; funk styles segment with the Electric Boogaloos; b-boys and and b-girls flexing styles and power in circles; ill after party footage; and a bonus of unseen footage fromBBoy Summit 99." Ya heard.

running time: 60mins
VHS / PAL
out when: NOW